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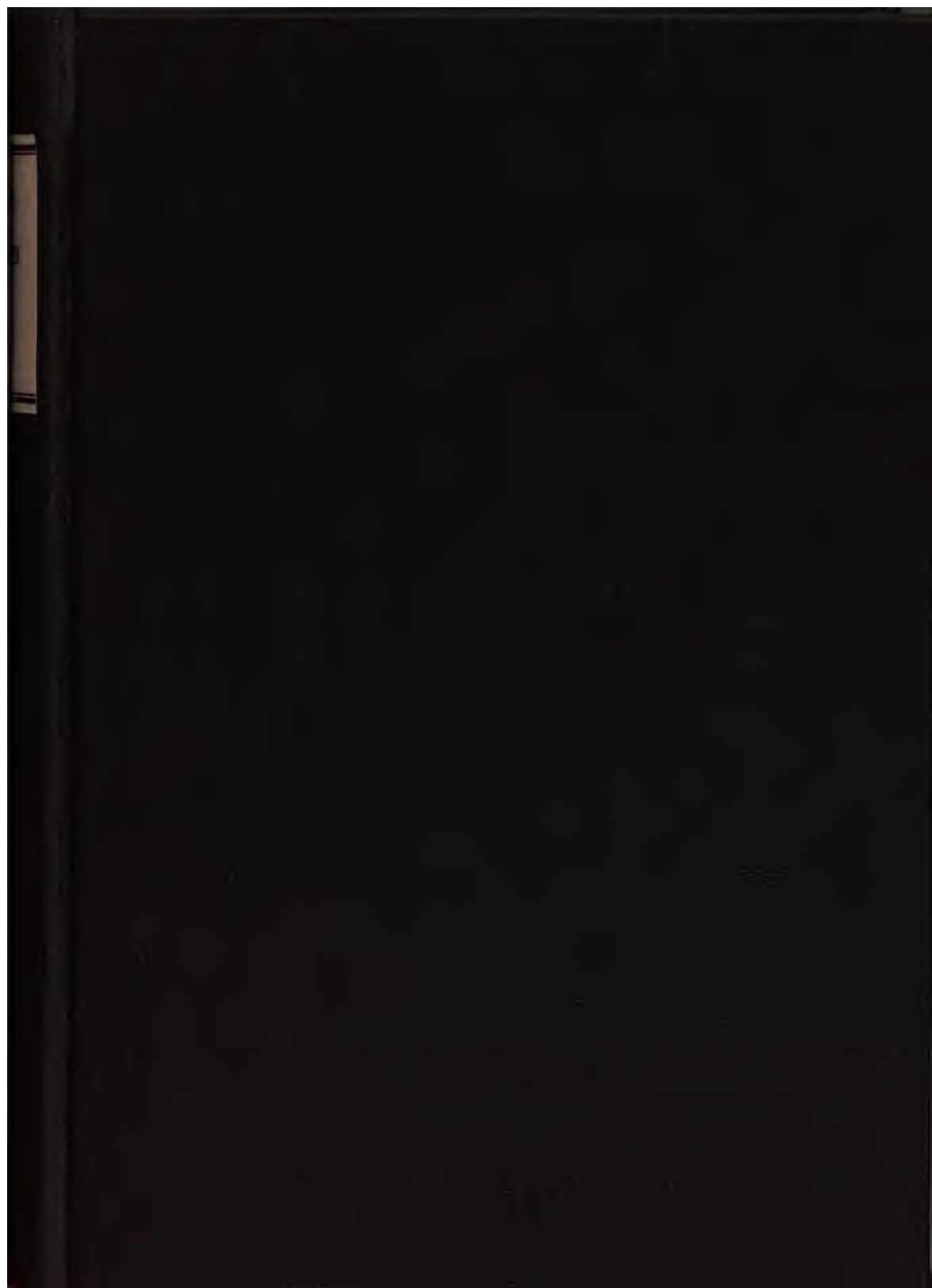
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E. C. ABOUT 1858.



CHAPTER I.

FROM MRS. TWISTLETON'S DEATH TO THE BEGIN-
NING OF HER SON EDWARD'S ILLNESS,
1862 TO 1885.

To J. E. C.

BEVERLY FARMS, July 3, 1862.

. . . Darling, in the Eternity where things that cannot be spoken shall yet be known, you will find out what peace and comfort your endless, patient sympathy, that never forgets nor leaves undone, has spread over the heartache that will never quite cease while there is anything left of me.*

. . . Edmund was in the train the day we came down, so that I had a nice little talk with him in spite of the children. He enlarged on your article on art in the "Atlantic," and gave me an amount of intelligent sympathy about it that I have never had before. You have never given me any at all. He is a brother worth having. It certainly is a profound pleasure to have some one agree with you, but you never will agree with me about your own works.

* Mrs. Twistleton died in June, 1862.

TO MRS. PARKMAN.

BEVERLY FARMS, July 21, 1862.

. . . You are and always were perfectly good to me. I don't know how the Lord came to give me such a wonderful unfailing affection in any one except Elliot. You mustn't be anxious about me. It is perfectly true what you say, that this is the first vital loss I have ever met. There can be no return to what there was before such a loss, but that desire to get back the old times and the old self must be a weakness; surely the new times are the best ones, and I try not to yield to that feeling. I am not in the least unhappy. Elliot has helped me more than I could have believed one mortal could help another, and nothing but such a sorrow could have taught me all he could be and do for me, so that through all I feel how precious and beautiful life is to me with him and the children, who are great darlings and as yet small anxieties, for they cannot sin much and death for them is but going into better care and truer love. To a degree I seem to have unravelled what was at first a bitter dreary puzzle to me, the causes and sources of the terrible mental and moral suffering in which the Lord allowed my darling to live and die. This was my "apparition," as you say, and it has spoken, and I feel an infinite relief. Her physical suffering does not weigh on me, for that and the causes of it one knows end here, but spiritual suffering which tortured her far more than Edward knows, I thank Heaven, one has a different feeling about; it contains a fear for the

future in it, and one must needs understand it. The lesson you take to yourself, dearest Mary, is one we all need as much, at least, as you. It is a touch of despair which makes us let any gifts or powers we have lie lifeless or out of sight, because our life is rendered dreary and rebuked in other parts. I suppose despair is being out of temper with the Lord, only we do not recognize our relations to him half so vividly as we do with our fellow-creatures, or take half so much pains to keep them loving and unshadowed and continuous. It is perfectly delightful to me to see how you understand and learn to love Edward, that he and your darlings have such beautiful times together. I think by his immeasurable loss he, too, has gained something, for you two could never have had such an introduction to each other (literally a leading in) as this has been in any other way, and there can be no receding after such real knowledge. I love him most dearly, but I do not believe I understand him as well as you do now. How beautiful it is of him and of your children to love me. I count it simply as one of the Lord's works, for it surely has nothing to do with me, only with them, and an infinite blessing to me.

Thank you for the copy of Edward's notion for the inscription. It is beautiful and touching and true, but seems to me dumb beside the reality, but anything would, and I like this entirely.

Elliot has given you one of his sotto-voce accounts of our lodgings and our children, of both of which I should speak in different terms. We are very comfortable here, and the children, however expansive, fit into snug

quarters very amiably and are only squeezed enough to be wholesome.

TO MRS. CLEVELAND.

BEVERLY FARMS, Sunday Evening, July, 1862.

. . . How dumb, how ungrateful I must seem to you all these days when you have done so much for me and sent me such living words of love and faith. I have thanked you to the uttermost in my heart. No one seems to me to have such a kindred to our beautiful as you, dearest Sarah. Yesterday the angels and the book seemed so heavenly good to me and all day they have helped me.

Think of me, darling, as peaceful and sometimes able to realize her blessed gain so clearly that I feel myself the gainer, too. You must not let your heart ache over me. A great grief is surely a great gift, and God will help me hour by hour, so do not count me among the unhappy, but among those who are trying and hoping to learn.

TO MRS. BULLARD.

BEVERLY FARMS, July, 1862.

. . . I did not mean your note should have been unanswered so long, but have had much writing to do and find I am not quite as strong as I am sometimes. I wish we could have been nearer this last few weeks, darling, for I could have said many things to you that I cannot write. I am very well and find great refreshment and comfort in the children, and find, too, that a sense of peace and rest comes to me often and

sometimes more than that, such a vivid perception of my darling's blessedness that my own loss is quite swallowed up. No one knows better than you, darling, how strangely life looks to me without her, but I try to live only from hour to hour and feel deeply how much the Lord gives me to be hourly thankful for. I know I shall learn to walk in the new path and, though it seems comparatively solitary, I do not forget what treasures yet remain close to my side, and think how often it has seemed to me that such happiness and such companionship as I have had could not last. It was more than earthly to have each hand held by a best beloved.

TO MRS. PARKMAN.

BEVERLY FARMS, Aug. 2, 1862.

. . . Your letter was really almost a surprise to me (so impatiently does one throw aside all, because a part is taken away). I often feel now as if I had no sisters at all, and sometimes as if I never had had any, so I will leave you to judge whether it was a pleasant surprise or not.

I understand all you say about Edward. I shall have to write to him sometimes for my own sake, for I love him very, very dearly, but I am such a very dumb and awkward creature, much more so than ever before, that I fear he will get nothing from me that can give him any pleasure. It was so nice of you to have Daph.* there for him when he came home. I feel as if I should like to wash that house with my own

* A pet dog of Mrs. Twistleton's.

tears. I love it more than I do our own, it seems to me. I am glad you have been able to go through it again and leave it in a more satisfactory condition to yourself. One would not deprive Edward of any smallest consolation he may have in leaving it as he does, but I think he is quite mistaken in his little notion that any one will care for or appreciate it as it is, and if he would only take the contents of her rooms bodily with him wherever he lives and let us have what he has not room or place for, and leave there only the materials for housekeeping it would seem a great deal more comfortable for him and for us, but then this world is not intended to be very comfortable all the time, and it isn't any matter if he is really happier to follow out his own idea. I think it must have come from the vivid pleasure he takes himself in seeing the places where great or good people have lived or even stayed, and the imaginative way in which he enters into all the details and works out all the surroundings. I never shall forget his taking me into a horrid little hole in Leipsic because Goethe used to go there for his beer and his cigar. If I had felt about Goethe as he does I might have been interested in it, but it meant very little to me as it was.

I realize most vividly your visit to Oxford and know how you must have enjoyed it. I always wish I could make for Elliot such a place to study in as some I saw in Oxford, where peace and quietness and seclusion and elegant cultivation and scholarly retirement seemed to breathe out of the very walls. He would make such real use of such arrangements and his life would be so adorned by them that it is just the

setting I should like for my jewel, but I suppose the Lord likes his looks just as well without any setting — and he doesn't want anything he hasn't. . . .

I think you had a worse time over the Richmond repulse than we did. Here it came gradually upon us; at first it was almost represented a victory and it never has been called a defeat, though it certainly leaves the effects of defeat. We have not fully understood till within a fortnight how very grave a reverse we had met with, nor how insufficiently provided we are for any advance. Now we do understand it I think, and are gathering ourselves up slowly and soberly to try again. It is a hard time, but not so hard as the time after Bull Run. There has been no cowardice now, our army and our officers have behaved well, as far as we know, and we keep up our faith in McClellan, still believing him to have been baffled by the devices and ignorance of politicians and to have done well in saving his army. There seems to have been terrible mortality from the air of the Chicahominy swamps, and the reënforcements of the rebels coming on us at the time when we were weakened by disease obliged us to fall back.

TO MRS. PARKMAN.

BEVERLY FARMS, Aug. 16, 1862.

. . . I was afraid you would find a terrible hole between our letters and accounts of Richmond and the accounts that would reach you from other sources. At first we really did not know what had happened ourselves, and it has been slow work finding out; now

we are very ignorant of causes. We don't know who was to blame, or whether any one, and from day to day we study out as we may both past and to come, but we do not feel any discouragement. The draft (which you must remember the rebels came to long ago, and which is the cause of their great reënforcements) has been received without a murmur, and in many places will not be levied, because there are volunteers enough for both the new calls — Brookline among them. Nobody seems to think of "giving up" any more than if we had met with a great success. Some people feel terribly down, but not those you would care about, and not those who have met with the greatest losses. No doubt we are going to have far worse times than we have had yet, but then we have hardly had anything to bear yet, it seems to me, certainly nothing like hardship. There is more cheerful news for the public this week in Pope's advance, but terrible private loss and coming very close to us. Richard Cary, Stephen Perkins, Goodwin, and Abbott killed, Harry Russell a prisoner at Richmond, and to be treated as a felon, solitary confinement, and no decent fare or accommodations, but with all this no one gives way. Charlie, by the way, had just got his commission, as second lieutenant in the Second Regiment, when this news came. The very men he wanted most to be with gone. He went off, however, last Friday, with good courage, to do what he could. The Fourth Battalion, in which Edmund was to have gone last May, but which was mustered out then in two days, Stanton's flurry being over, is now being raised to a regiment, Frank Lee, colonel, Edward Cabot, lieutenant,

ant-colonel, and Charles Dabney, one of the captains. They are nine months' men, and expect to be off soon. Sarah Lee is fully up to the time, Martha hangs fire dreadfully, Susan Dabney I have heard nothing of. I do not believe Edmund will go. Ellen, I imagine, is wholly opposed to it, and he does not feel it a necessity. The officers are to be elected by the companies. He stood for a captain the other day, but did not get it, and apparently will not push it.

As for Elliot, he will not go in the ranks at present, as there will be no drafting in Brookline, and he has no idea of his own fitness for any office. I only say, "go the first moment you think it best," and believe he is the best judge.

Of final defeat no one even speaks; one hears less of the war's being over in six months, certainly, but who ever believed that kind of talk, and isn't it far better that we should have a reverse which shall teach every one what they are about before we go further?

TO MR. TWISTLETON.

BEVERLY, Aug. 19, 1862.

My Dear Edward, — Your letter of July 26th was and is the greatest comfort to me. For a few hours I felt as if I had heard again from our darling Ellen, and the unutterable longing and homesickness ceased. I read your letter over and over again, and thanked you with all my heart for it, and for the hope you give me of writing again. Edward, dear, you cannot tell how precious your words are to me, nor how I cling to your affection and remembrance. You are the only

person in the world who can fully understand all that she was and all that she did, and every hour I think of you as loving and remembering and longing for her with me, and wish that I could ease your heartache by one word of sympathy. I am learning to be more patient under the pain of separation, but it does not grow less. I do not see how recovery is possible from such a loss. You might as well strike a planet out of the heavens, and then try to persuade yourself they were as beautiful without it. No doubt the other stars shine, but as long as life lasts that place stands empty and the light is gone. I have a most blessed home; my children and Elliot are the most delightful occupations and companions, and I am thankful, even when I am most sad, for these present blessings, but I love her endlessly, she was my darling, my delight, my joy, ever since I can remember; she always seemed to me to supply everything that I had not, and I only feel now that I did not love her half enough while she was here. One cannot reason such grief away, one can divert and occupy one's self for a certain time, but then the pang comes back with fresh bitterness, and there is nothing can soothe it but that faith in the Eternal Goodness and Wisdom which quiets pain and stops questioning and makes one forget one's self. I think so often of those lines of Mrs. Browning's:

“ And having in Thy life-depth thrown
 Being and suffering (which are one),
 As a child drops his pebble small
 Down some deep well and hears it fall
 Smiling — so I. Thy days go on.”

You did not tell me about the journal I have of hers. It is waiting to come to you, but you must say when and where that I may send it safely by the first private opportunity I have. . . .

I sympathize entirely with what you say of the retreat from Richmond. It was a very keen and a very sobering disappointment for the North, and it leaves us in doubt about our general. We are recovering from it, however, and the recruiting has gone on most satisfactorily, and the men are from a far better class than ever before. Men with good business and large families are going now and going with a very clear perception of the necessity of the case. We do not feel in the least discouraged, on the contrary many people consider that our affairs stand better than ever because the people are more resolute and more comprehending than ever. We are expecting every hour to hear of a great battle, and on its results we are hanging infinite hopes and fears. Should we be successful now, we shall feel as if it were the beginning of the end, if we fail again it will be a disaster far more difficult to endure than any other we have had, but I believe it will only be the signal for fresh efforts and still more costly sacrifices. More and more we realize that we are struggling for our national existence and that we must succeed at whatever cost. I have the deepest feeling of gratitude to those few persons in England who still sympathize with and defend us and I wish from my heart we might have a little success, if it were only to encourage them.

TO MRS. PARKMAN.

BEVERLY FARMS, Sept. 1, 1862.

. . . I don't know of any one in the world I would write to to-night, dearest Parkman, except you, for here we are right in the middle of an awful battle, we don't know whether we're alive or dead and shall not these three days probably, so that certainly if I did not know an unsatisfactory letter was better than none I should leave you to study the newspapers as we do in the vain hope of finding something in them, but never succeeding. You may think we are better off to be on the spot but we are not. We hear nothing but rumors and these take every hue of terrible disaster and overwhelming success in turn. The government gives us next to nothing, probably because there is nothing settled. There are no newspaper correspondents allowed with the armies, but these rumors come incessantly from private letters. There is no doubt that Pope has retired to Centreville, within twenty miles of Washington, and it looks now more like a defence of Washington than an attack on Richmond. Jackson is a genius; I shouldn't be in the least surprised to hear of him coming up with all his army in the middle of Washington to-morrow. When he fights he beats, when he is quiet he brews the most awful kind of mischief and always befools us. Of course at the bottom of our anxiety we still have a great fountain of hope, but we have no men to depend upon. Pope lies so that his despatches carry no comfort with them, McClellan

has failed from some cause or other and we no longer look to him for great things. In fact we are still proving our generals and still fear to find them wanting. The levying goes on well. Nobody entertains a doubt that both quotas will be easily filled and in many towns without drafting. Yesterday was a wonderful day in Boston as your "Advertiser" will tell you. A sudden demand for hospital stores from Washington sent 1,500 women to work at the Tremont Temple, and filled the streets with people, running with supplies of brandy, lint, linen, fruit, and all that was needed. Ten car-loads were despatched last evening to Washington, and the sidewalk in front of the Tremont House is still piled with empty cases, waiting to be filled by the workers in the Temple. Between six and seven thousand dollars were subscribed on the spot, besides the rest. Boston is a prime little place.

Your babies, Frank and Edward, are well and handsome and happy. They are the only creatures I see that don't look anxious, bless them.

TO MRS. CLEVELAND.

CHRISTMAS, 1862.

Dearest Sarah, — How heavenly beautiful is this fountain and how can I thank you for sending it to me with such a halo of loving and believing words! Rome means to me such a wonderful combination of happiness and enjoyment in places and things and people that I look back to it as a kind of earthly paradise.

For weeks and weeks I lived there with Ellen and Elliot and Edward and thought every hour of the day that merely to be alive in such a place and with such friends was happiness enough. I knew such days could never come back, but I can never lose them either, and to have this beautiful fountain in daily sight will be an endless pleasure, as all recollection of Rome is. Dearest Sarah, I do believe as you say that the shadow of this unspeakable loss shall pass into an eternal glory, if only one can worthily and faithfully bear it. I think I am a most inapt pupil, for still the separation, the absence, hangs like a leaden weight at my heart and even while I thank God for her release and for her happiness the anguish of my own loss is keen as ever.

I will not sadden your dear heart with such words, however, for the Lord in his own good time will teach me, I know, and you are and have been His ministering angel of mercy.

TO MRS. PARKMAN.

BROOKLINE, June 29, 1863.

. . . Every day I grow more economical of sympathy in suffering, I think. If I am anxious or worried about anything, I am thankful if Elliot is away so that he may not share it and so I feel about you. When everything goes well and smooth I miss you, but if anything goes ill I am simply thankful you are not here. American life now is brimful of things going ill and though one's faith in the ultimate result does not fail, the daily mortification and disappoint-

ment is pretty wearing even to me, and to you it would be intensely so. Therefore, I raise a daily pæan that you are all away, where you can't get so much of it and that you are soon to be with Sarah, whom I consider the nearest to an angel of any living person, and if we all die before you get home, I shan't care in the least; there are enough of us here to take care of each other, and one of these days we shall all be together again in a better place, and as for arranging to keep together for the sake of the sickness and sorrow that may come, it is humbug I am sure.

TO MRS. PARKMAN.

BEVERLY, July 19, 1863.

. . . What words are there to tell you how grieved I was to hear Friday morning of darling Harry's having been so very ill?

I cannot help picturing to myself the torture you must have been through, for anxiety I consider the worst suffering in the world that does not include sin, and to bear it in the solitude of a foreign land must make it beyond measure harder. I know you always do everything and bear everything up to the last point and then if you are ill in consequence you will have Sarah close at hand to take care of you, but I can't help wishing I was your unmarried brother and could take the steamer Wednesday instead of sending this flying note by it, and wouldn't I be at Schwalbach before you knew it and be Harry's slave all summer long!

Elliot sends his love especially to you and Harry, and feels all I want him to.

TO MRS. PARKMAN.

BEVERLY, Aug. 23, 1863.

. . . You are profoundly mistaken if you think that I shall not have to doubt as much as you do, not only when my boys are thirteen years old but all along, as to whether I am treating them rightly or wrongly. Edward will never want purpose, I think, but in Frank I see the same susceptible nature, the same absence of a strong bent that you think you see in Harry, and am continually attacking Elliot to see what we can do or let alone to help him. Elliot's theory is to guide him with an unswerving firmness wherever it is necessary, that is, at his age, about his food, his hours, his dress, and his treatment of other people, so as to keep him within bounds, and beyond that to leave him to himself as much as possible, not to plan his occupations for him, not to watch him or question him, but leave him to find his vocation if possible. So far he has the most perfect frankness possible; it has never occurred to him yet to say what wasn't true, but I anticipate that entertainment very soon, for it is a phase through which almost all children pass, apparently. Don't you suppose that, as these little creatures grow older and their consciences develop, that that will make a protection for them from evil and lead them to good, though they may never make the finest sort of men?

TO MRS. PARKMAN.

BEVERLY, Sept. 7, 1863.

. . . You will hardly be surprised or sorry to hear of Mr. Cabot's* death, for since it must come it is better that it is over.

Mrs. Cabot thus far is as well as usual and she has been so gradually and thoroughly prepared for it that the shock is as little as possible. Still the hardest part is yet to come, and think what it must be to live without a love which she has had close at her side for fifty years! He did love her so thoroughly. She sent me down the other night some letters that he wrote her when he went to Conway two summers ago, and they were delightful to read. One signed "Yours with my whole heart," and in every one so many times he tells how he misses her and how he longs to see her. Nothing ever gave me such a sense of the value of expressions of affection in letters. I thought I never would write to any one I loved again without telling them so. I shall miss Mr. Cabot very much. He has been the kindest and most courteous father-in-law to me and whenever he has known that I was sad or suffering he has always let me feel that he was sorry, though he never said so. I think he was a very just man, a very delicate and refined person in his feelings, and a man who, though rich, never loved his money. I suppose he used to have an irritable temper, but of late years he certainly overcame it, in spite of very poor health and sensitive nerves. He was an incomplete person, but

* Her father-in-law.

that is no matter; he will be completed now, and he leaves behind a memory that his sons and his grandsons may gladly cherish, and we who live on the place shall miss him for many a long day.

TO MRS. PARKMAN.

BROOKLINE, Oct. 19, 1863.

. . . Lenox seems to be just as charming as ever to all reasonable beings and since we were there has found out how to make its visitors comfortable. Elliot requires "the forest primeval" and Alps to arouse him to a state of enthusiasm and therefore takes mild views of the hills in Berkshire, but his mother is perfectly satisfactory. They brought me no end of pretty and enticing things from the Shakers. Such packages of lavender and such bunches of mats and such a whip for Frank as would cheer the coldest heart. I, in the meanwhile, have been having a beautiful time all to myself getting carpets down and curtains up and everything tidy for winter. The children have been very good and perfectly well and I, though I laid awake one night with a toothache, didn't mind it and was only thankful Elliot was away where he couldn't know anything about it, for what is the use of two people having a toothache?

TO MRS. PARKMAN.

BROOKLINE, Nov. 21, 1863.

. . . Perhaps to-night you are safe in winter quarters in Rome. I have such a distinct vision of the sight you are to see from your windows all winter

long and count on Easter illumination for you without your stirring from home, if you like. Then you will have lovely walks on the Pincian at sunset and will not have to go down the steps to get to your apartment, which was always difficult to bring one's mind to do. Altogether, dear Parkman, I gloat over your little prospects as a child does over some newly acquired, long-desired toy, for I have wanted you to have a good time for many a long day.

TO MRS. PARKMAN.

BROOKLINE, Dec. 20, 1863.

. . . Sophia went home last Wednesday after being here and hereabouts for three weeks, and now I have no plans, except to keep very quiet and indulge my little self till this job is over. Ginn is at liberty now and will come to me January 6, and have a week here at leisure if I am correct in my calculations. Katie surpasses herself with the children and all the women are thoroughly considerate and attentive. Sadie does all sorts of sisterly things for me and Mrs. Cabot treats me like the apple of her eye. Sam comes out in a pouring rain to look after me and altogether nobody ever was so well treated. Elliot doesn't need mention, as my only concern about him is his extreme goodness and grace.

TO MRS. PARKMAN.

BROOKLINE, Feb. 1, 1864.

. . . Hello, Parkman! How are you? I'm as well as ever; the baby* being three weeks old to-day. Out of deference to the prejudice of some of my friends I still stay upstairs most of the time, though I spent last evening in the parlor with Elliot and intend to do the same to-night.

Seriously I haven't been ill at all, only stayed in bed a little while and then on the sofa a little while and now I am up and dressed and have "the liberty of the yard," as Ginn says. Ginn has been as illustrious as usual; she has persistently called the baby "a handsome boy" ever since he was born and I have no doubt will force him to become one as she did Frank. Everybody has been perfectly good to me as they always are and I have had nothing to do but to rest and be thankful from morning till night.

I wish you didn't have the neuralgia so. I think you sew too much. You have no business to sew at all. Harry Lee constantly assures me he is laying up money for you. Now, Parkman, please stop sewing and lay up less money because you've got a great plenty and I know you can't afford to sew yourself and can afford to have somebody to sew for you. Mending is destruction to mind and body and you mustn't mend. I have entirely stopped and therefore speak with certainty. Now don't write me a letter explaining why you mend, because I only wish to

* T. H. C. born Jan. 12, 1864.

throw out this suggestion and if you continue to mend shall think it all right.

TO MRS. PARKMAN.

BROOKLINE, Feb. 15, 1864.

. . . I don't know that I can better give you an idea of our whereabouts than by giving you a short history of my day. It began at half past six by a visit from the cheerful Ginn and No. 3. About half past seven I arose and at half past eight went to the dining-room, where my breakfast had been arranged by Ginn. There were Elliot and the two boys having their morning romp and the entry and dining-room were lively for half an hour with their pranks. Elliot plays boy No. 3 on these occasions and is a horse or a tiger or Joseph Gutterson* just as his masters please. At nine the children disappeared to the nursery and Elliot made ready for town and I returned to my own room and the baby again. When he had finished his second breakfast and I had collected my mind, I went to the nursery where were the two boys playing happily together on the floor and Sarah (the seamstress) peaceably sewing at the window. Katie at her washing. I sat with them for an hour, when they went to walk.

TO MRS. PARKMAN.

BROOKLINE, May 8, 1864.

. . . I write to-night partly because there is no telling where we may be to-morrow if news should come from the Army of the Potomac. We know

* A man who worked for Mrs. Samuel Cabot.

there must have been a great battle before this and everybody is thinking of it, but nobody says anything. Elliot I know is thinking of it on one side of the table and I on the other, Mrs. Cabot and Sadie over the way, but we all hold our tongues because we are too anxious for speculations.

I went to a meeting of Boston ladies this week who are trying to organize a movement to check the extravagance of the times and I rather think a very decided change will be made in dressing at least in the next six months. There were two memorials presented, one in general terms promising to attend more strictly to all branches of expenditure, household matters, dress, etc., and the other cutting off merely certain luxuries — silks, velvets, laces, embroideries — for three years or the war. Almost every one at the meeting signed the general memorial and a committee was appointed to circulate it through New England and to confer with ladies in New York and Washington, where similar Associations are being formed, to see whether it could not be made a national movement. It was a very “interesting” meeting and all our particular friends were there. . . .

There were about sixty ladies there and they certainly behaved in a most parliamentary and business-like manner and were thoroughly in earnest and perfectly free from pettiness or vanity. One woman did say “how silly” when Mrs. Lamb bleated out a set of futilities, but Mrs. Bowditch listened blandly to her notwithstanding, and propriety was maintained. I hope the end of it will be that the definite plan will be appended to the general, for many people

need some fixed idea to go upon and would much prefer giving up silks and satins to being generally careful. The men smile blandly upon us and write encouraging letters to the committee. It seems that we spent thirty millions in silks alone last year and this does seem a mortal shame when gold is so high. I really feel proud of my "sect," Parkman.

. . . Our war news to-night is indecisive but favorable, but we have an awful week of anxiety before us. General Wadsworth is undoubtedly killed, but every one says an honorable death is the best thing that could befall him. There is a telegram from Theodore Lyman on Saturday, "all safe." He is on Meade's staff. Charlie is with Burnside, you know, and they were no doubt a reserve in Friday's battle, but we have no news of their having been in action, though two of Burnside's aides are reported killed. Butler seems to have done well thus far and on all points we are stirring and certainly have started better than ever, so let us hope that we shall not be slaughtered by thousands for nothing this time. How glad I am that you are away, for these days of suspense tormented with telegrams and vague rumors every hour are tremendous to live through. I have never seen Elliot feel nor felt myself the terrible pressure of this war as now. One cannot help feeling as if it were for life or death this time.

So now, dear, good-night. I have been driven from pillar to post all day and find it difficult to keep long enough away from the newspapers to-night to write anything.

. . . "Cooks is very scarce" as there has been a

regular stampede to California this spring, but by the autumn I daresay they will be coming back again and somehow or other we always manage to have servants in this family, I observe. My cook and chambermaid were to vacate this spring, but I did nothing about it, merely laid down on Providence, and kept clear of intelligence offices and my cook has taken me back again and my chambermaid has arrived from Pictou without my stirring. I think we have a delightful run of luck about servants.

I am cheerfully contemplating to-day whether Edward will not have to be whipped to bring him to a sense that there is anything but "good fun," as he calls it, in the world. Elliot laughs so when he tries to bring him to his senses that his attempts generally end in Edward's rolling giggling on the floor and Elliot letting him drop from sheer exhaustion at struggling and laughing at the same time. I am happy to say that I can make him cry, but I don't know how long it will last. So you may prepare yourself for the next six or seven years to see me struggling to preserve decency in the rising male, for they always career freely if I have company, so that other folks see the worst of them and I come in occasionally for a placid interval.

TO MR. EDWARD TWISTLETON.

BEVERLY FARMS, Sept. 12, 1864.

Dearest Edward,—It was, as it always is, an intense pleasure to hear from you. You cannot tell how daily I long for one word with you, just to tell

you how I love you! I know, Edward, how you carry Ellen in your heart and shall always know it, even though nothing ever told me so in words or acts. I know that such love as hers for you and yours for her is a part of your very existence and believe in its life as deeply as I believe in death and immortality.

I am afraid my separation from you will always be a cross to me, though I don't mean to make it so. But I should so like to have a chair in our house that the children would know as Uncle Edward's chair, and something to do for you, if it was only to mend your gloves, would be such a comfort to my sisterly weakness. Can't you send me, by post, a pair of gloves with a great many holes in them, that I might mend them and send them back to you with my love sewed into every stitch?

Mary and her children have come home in delightful frames of mind and body. Harry certainly shows no signs of overwork. He looks, I think, more vigorous, decidedly, than when he went away and seems as simple and free from what we Americans delight to call "foreign notions" as if he had never left Boylston St. Nelly is truly a delightful child. There is a shining sweetness in her face and an enthusiasm in her affectionateness that makes her a real piece of sunshine. I have not seen much of them yet. They came here last week for a part of a day, but only stayed long enough to make me wish they would stay longer. This week they are passing at Cambridge with Anna and will come to us for a week when we return to Brookline, the last of this month.

Thank you for telling me that you liked Elliot's

article. Mary did not even tell me that you had read it, as those little matters are apt to be forgotten in writing. But it is a great matter to me and to Elliot that it should have given you pleasure. I liked it very much but felt when it was printed that it was too obscure for most readers. There were not more than a dozen people here that cared for it, I think, on that account; it was hard work to them to read it and most people here read only for amusement. This did not trouble me, for Elliot works, in those things, wholly for his own satisfaction and finds it in the process, so that no door stands open for disappointment, whatever other people may think about it and I have taken his point of view so much in those things that I don't care much for the opinion of indifferent people, but feel a keen pleasure in your sympathy about that and everything else.

Before this you have heard of the taking of Atlanta, and I trust feel, as the rest of us do, in better hope than a month ago. Richmond seems, at present, impregnable. No one here I think expects its fall in this campaign. We are gaining on the Southerners slowly, to be sure, but certainly and believe we shall come out all right, though we may have to wait a long while for it. The only way is to take very long views about the war and not to count one or two defeats or one or two victories, but believe in the end as one does in the final triumph of all good causes and be content to take the process as it comes. I suppose this sounds rather vague and rather Utopian to you, but it would not seem so much so if you were at the North and saw how in spite of all we

have gone through we do not yet feel the real pinch of the war. All our friends are living with just as much ease and luxury as ever. Prices are high, but incomes are large and everything still moves easily and cheerfully. Men, too, are by no means exhausted, though we have met with such terrible losses, and I do not believe we shall fail for want of military material for a long time to come. Whether our political condition will give way and the Republicans be defeated in the coming election is a more serious question, and of this even I, the most persistent hopper, am sometimes afraid. McClellan's name is a strong one, even with sensible people, and our hope lies in the division of the democratic party, which seems almost certain to take place.

It is rather absurd for me, however, to write politics to you who know so much more even about ours than I do, and I am afraid, if I do much of it, you will cease to feel that "awe" of me which you speak of as being awakened by my three boys. You would probably stand in something worse than awe of them, if you were to meet them some bright morning starting on their day's work. Your namesake would be a great amusement to you. He is the most decided little character and just of the age now to trample on other people's rights (if allowed) without the slightest compunction. He has just finished learning his letters and is very proud of his literary acquirements. Frank has fairly begun to read, which is a great mercy to him as well as me, giving him some means of keeping himself quiet, which is a sore task to him. He has conquered the multiplication table, too, this

summer and by the capital "kindergarten" system has without any difficulty learnt to do all easy sums in addition and subtraction in his head. His other grand resource is farming. He knows every cow and horse and ox in the village and just who is going to plough his field or get a load of wood among the farmers, and his father allows him to go with a few men whom he knows here, and follow the cart or the plough as it happens, so that his time is full of work, particularly at this busy season.

Good-by, dearest Edward, write soon again to your most loving sister,

LIZZIE CABOT.

TO MRS. CLEVELAND.

APRIL 7, 1865.

. . . We missed you and Lily very much, darling, but knew your prayers and hearts were with us, and at the grave your flowers were most lovely and we left them there to keep watch and ward and I kept thinking of the last time you gave Charlie* flowers and he said "that was what it was to have a doting great-grandmother."

Our precious Millsey went through everything yesterday like the saint and martyr that she is. She laid on the bed all the morning in her black dress and the white wreaths and crosses laid round her till the room was absolutely filled with them. She took the most grateful pleasure in each one and then Kate† and

* Lieutenant-Colonel Charles J. Mills was killed near Petersburg, Virginia, March 31, 1865.

† Mrs. F. H. Storer.

Fanny* took them to the church and arranged them all with loving hands. She went to the grave and saw the coffin lowered and then went to her carriage where the flag and his dear hat (the one he fell in), covered with the marks of use, and his sword and some of the wreaths were laid for her and clasping the sword to her heart (the only expression she gave and such a fit one) she drove home with Charles and Arthur. Mary and Edmund and Elliot and Eliza Dwight and I stayed till the last sod was laid over our darling and fastened your cross and crown over the grave. Dearest, I thank you for your dear words to me. In the bitterness of grief I can remember only my omissions towards him who so fulfilled all towards me, and how humbly now we all look up to him who used to look up to us.

To J. E. C.†

BROOKLINE, Wednesday, Nov. 6, 1865.

. . . Dearest, your note of Friday arrived yesterday morning and was enough to cheer the heart of a depressed crocodile and has kept me perfectly happy ever since. I am so grateful to you for telling me you love me, for it will always remain one of the marvels of Providence to me and, like those, difficult to recall strongly by one's self, though I know it with all my heart and all my understanding. Why don't you remember me as a fretful, peevish, unreasonable,

*Mrs. H. W. Foote.

†He was in the South on a shooting trip.

complaining, inefficient woman, instead of anything pleasant or cheerful? Thank Heaven you do not.

. . . I went in to see Ristori last night in Phædre, which is certainly one of the most awful and wonderful performances I ever saw or imagined. I can't imagine calling it pleasure or amusement to see such plays. It is diversion, certainly, but it is also a great diversion to return to one's peaceful home afterwards. I went and returned as comfortably as possible. Mac was very careful and attentive and on the whole it "paid" entirely and the carpet women and the children seemed like angelic beings in the morning after the hours of the evening.

. . . Frank really kept to his determination about his lessons and did them with alacrity and pleasure, in spite of various interruptions, which I thought satisfactory. Edward has gone on as usual with a kind of reckless integrity which commands respect in spite of one's self.

. . . I find no lack of occupation here and think I could pass my life in overseeing these boys and perhaps more profitably than in any other way. I think it would be very simple to do one's own nursery work and nothing else, but that doesn't seem to be a possible arrangement if there is a house to be kept in order and clothes to be made.

. . . I love you all the day long and am very grateful to the Lord for letting me be your wife.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BROOKLINE, Wednesday P.M.

(Autumn or Winter of 1865.)

. . . Your neglected note shall not be neglected any longer, but you must remember that my experiments are still unfinished and of little value, therefore, as experience, and must only take them as the best way I have been able to think out and not as deserving any respect from results.

I taught Frank, or rather I let Katy teach him, when he was about two years old to say "Now I lay me" and another little hymn of the same kind, not looking at it as a religious exercise but merely as a reminder of his Heavenly Father, and he always said it to Katy before he went to sleep. I thought the early habit of association of some value and I did not see what harm it would do him. Last summer when he was five and a half I thought he was old enough to understand something more about it and I had several talks with him and told him that I did not care to have him go on any longer saying these little hymns without thinking much what he said, and explained to him how I believed God listened to our prayers and helped and strengthened us against sin and temptation if we asked him sincerely, and I told him that I advised him now to speak to God as he would to me, to tell Him his troubles and ask His help, and that he might speak aloud or to himself as he liked, and then I told him that when he had nothing special to ask he might always say any of the hymns he was fond of instead. He received it all very comprehendingly, as he always

does such things, and began then to say his own prayers and almost always says them in a whisper to himself, so that I cannot hear them, though I always go to him if it is possible.

He tells me sometimes afterwards that he has said a hymn. He is very fond of "A little sparrow cannot fall," and of "God that madest earth and Heaven." I have heard him this winter pray for the slaves and often that he may be a good boy and do as he is told, though I have never suggested either to him. I explained to him once that I did not want him to ask for toys or pleasures, for that God would give us all that was good for us in those ways, but that I believed, as I do, that God did help a person more against their sins if they prayed for such help than if they did not. On Sundays I took Frank to church as long as we had church at Chestnut Hill because he always liked to go. Now I have begun to sing with him Sunday morning about ten o'clock, and then his father reads to him in the Old or New Testament as long as he seems interested to listen, which is from half an hour to an hour. He seems to like this and it makes Sunday a little different from other days, which I like.

Edward is now merely saying his little hymn when he goes to bed and I think he will be later about anything further than Frank has been.

[Two years later she wrote as follows:]

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

I send also now the air of "Nearer my God to Thee" and hope you will find it intelligible. It is a very sweet air and a great favorite with Frank and Edward. I was just going to send you the other hymns and tunes I sing with the children, but as you have arranged some perhaps you will hardly care for them. It would be no trouble to me, for I can do it at any odd minute.

Edward's hymns are:

"In Israel's fane by silent night."

"Lord, teach a little child to pray."

"By cool Siloam's shady rill."

"This is the first and great command."

"Our Father, who in Heaven art."

"God that madest earth and Heaven."

. . . Parlor deportment is another knotty subject. I make it a rule that the children shall not touch the knick-knacks in the parlor, nor pull the books from the table, nor jump on the chairs, nor do anything to make the parlor disorderly or uncomfortable for other people, explaining to them that it is not like the nursery, a place on purpose for them, but a place for everybody in the house and for grandmamma and that they cannot be there unless they remember it. If they don't mind I send them out of it, but I never have much trouble with them, except when I have visitors, when, as you know, they often torment me excessively. I wish I had more, so that they might get used to it. I always try to read to Edward a

little while after his dinner, but always, too, expect him to take care of himself part of the time and have some playthings in the parlor on purpose. If I read to him long he gets demoralized and will not take care of himself. Frank having arrived at reading to himself very seldom now gives me any trouble.

In playing I do not attempt any distinction on Sundays in the house, out-of-doors I try to have them a little more quiet, but my notion is to make Sunday a different day from others by adding to it more of their papa's and mamma's society and attention both outdoors and in. As for the beginning of religious instruction, it seems to me naturally to begin as soon as a child begins to ask who made the flowers and trees and themselves, and that one cannot go far in morality without the idea of God coming in, unless one takes pains to avoid it.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BROOKLINE, Sunday, Nov. 25, 1867.

Dearest Lillie, — Sunday afternoon was always my time for writing to Ellen Twistleton and seems to be the right time too for you, who come so much nearer to her place than any one else in the world.

Frank has done famously ever since he went to his school, which seems to me a very good one. He is interested in his lessons and anxious to do them well and shows at last some result, I think, from all the teaching he has had. He walks down and back again in all tolerable weather and never seems tired, on the contrary has grown fat on it. On the whole, though

there come days like yesterday, when my head whirls with the noise and the roughness and the bad manners and the quarrelsome ways and the disorder of every kind that I have to fight with, I feel generally encouraged about the boys and believe that they are improving.

To J. E. C.

SUNDAY EVENING, November, 1867.

. . . You seem to keep up the joke of having a good time in spite of no ducks and no letters and I console myself with the reflection that it is a very different time from what you have at home, at any rate. We are all doing so well that I wish you knew it. To-night, though it is Sunday, I feel quite lively and able to look at the boys and the servants with my usual stock of philosophy. Jim* appeared here this morning about ten o'clock and proposed to take the big boys to walk, which was a most unexpected lift as I had just been to walk with all three and felt rather mild at the prospect of a continuance. He carried them off for nearly two hours and brought them back as mild as moonbeams.

. . . Dearest, I love you with all my heart and I think that to get you back again will be as refreshing to me as many journeys, so you see your absence, if it does you no harm, will be a great thing for me and you had better not hurry home so as to make the advantage complete. Your mother seems well; Cousin Nancy is there. The boys are very well and so much organized by their school that they are less trouble than usual.

* Their cousin, a son of Dr. Samuel Cabot.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

[After the death of Mr. Powell Mason, Sr.]

BROOKLINE, Sunday P.M., Dec. 8, 1867.

Dearest Lillie, — I wish any words could tell you how I have thought of you and sympathized with you during this last week. It is so hard to sit with helpless hands at a distance and wait the end of any one so near to you. Now that it has come I trust you will feel a relief. Death always brings with it such a sense of peace, I think. God seems nearer then than at any other time, so that the first days of any such loss are the easiest for all.

Since then I have heard of Ruth on the Common with Katie, as cunning as ever, and now in a few days I hope I shall be able to see your mother. I can't help thinking what a comfort and alleviation in every way it will be to her to have little Ruth there. A child's voice in the house makes such a difference in the silence and solitude. The last time I was there Ruth's voice came down the stairs as soon as the door was opened, and sounded sweeter than a bird, a great deal.

Winter has begun in good earnest and to-night we have a driving northwest wind which makes us all glad to sit by the fire and keep warm. The boys are all with Elliot in the dining-room carpentering and drawing and I am peacefully in my dressing-room writing to you without a boy to molest or disturb. What a comfort husbands are in this age of the world!

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BROOKLINE, Sunday Evening, Jan. 26, 1868.

Dearest Lillie, — How I wish we had you and Walter here to sit down with Elliot and me over our nice wood fire and talk instead of writing. I don't think when Sunday evening comes and the children are all safe and snug in their beds that even Rome has much to boast pleasanter than our cosy evenings and the sense of home and peace that nothing but the rigors of our climate could give to indoor life. By daylight I think of you, not with envy for I couldn't envy you anything, not even Heaven, as I feel (there, you needn't tell me to hold my tongue) as if nothing was quite good or pleasant enough for you, but with an intense pleasure and a most vivid recollection of the almost celestial beauties of the climate and the scenery around Rome. Walter speaks in one of his letters of the exquisite lights on the hills that stand round the Campagna and I certainly think they look fit to be the entrance to Paradise sometimes.

I believed your prominent feeling about your father would be rest, for no one can wish a protracted invalidism for any one they love, but I can well understand how very hard the separation must have been to you. One clings to the last days and words and looks inevitably and longs to express then to the uttermost the tenderness and sympathy which active, healthy life seems often to shut up or shut out. I do believe, dear Lillie, that real affections are a part of our immortal natures, for it is impossible to believe in retaining one's identity and yet losing what sometimes

seems the larger part of ourselves, and it is equally impossible to conceive of anything like happiness if we were separated from those whom we love with all the best part of ourselves. Therefore, as I believe in Heaven, I believe in meeting again those friends whose existence is indissolubly connected with our own. As for your darling Ruth, I am most thankful you are so at peace, but instead of thinking it "almost cold-hearted, perhaps," it only proves to me how, from the very depth of your heart, you left her because in duty bound and in the Lord's hands. Those absolute self-renunciations for duty's or love's sake bring this peace so surely. I know what a delight she must be to your mother and can imagine how you love to think of the unconscious cheerfulness of her little life in your mother's loneliness and sadness.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BROOKLINE, Sunday Afternoon, Feb. 16, 1868.

. . . You do not know how much I am enjoying going to hear Dr. Hedge this winter by way of contrast to a Sunday morning in the Pamfili. After long indecision we at last decided to take a pew at Dr. Hedge's and give up Chestnut Hill, where Mr. Mudge's platitudes made me restless and gave Elliot no satisfaction, and I made up my mind to go alone rather than be without a church, thinking that Elliot would undoubtedly be bored by Dr. H. But Elliot thought it would be better for the children if he went too, and with that motive began to go and has really been interested by Dr. Hedge's preaching or at

least so satisfied with it that he likes to go. So I have a beautiful time singing the hymns and sitting in the church, which is of itself a rest to me, and hearing Dr. H., the vigor and integrity and fearlessness of whose mind and character is a constant satisfaction to me. Now if I could only provide for the boys, I should be entirely satisfied. They go with us and get some pleasure out of the music and the fact of doing what we do, but it seems to me children might have a service provided for them which should go on while their parents were in church and thus leave the parents at liberty, and if I were only a woman of leisure and of genius I should certainly try to start something of the sort, but as I am neither, shall only growl about it till some one else does it.

To J. E. C.

CHICOPEE FALLS [Spring of 1868].

. . . Frank, on the whole, has done well. He has done his lessons voluntarily every day and has really tried to be well mannered and considerate, but the irregularities of the household try his patience severely and he really suffers from anxiety about Tuppy.

He says, "Mamma, when I am at home I know nothing can go much wrong without my knowing it right away, but now I am afraid all the time something will happen to him." His chief anxiety seems to be that Frank Cabot and Edward will take him out and abuse him, which I assured him you would not allow. . . .

. . . I am counting on coming home to-morrow, for nothing on earth (or it seems to me in Heaven either) can be half so good as getting back to you.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BROOKLINE, Monday Afternoon, May 18, 1868.

. . . I *will* have the fun of writing to you this P.M., Lillie darling, even if the button-holes in those two last collars of Edward's are not made and the packages of tea in the trunk-room are not labelled so "that he who runs may read" before Wednesday.

You say you don't write entertaining letters, which isn't my view of it, but no one's letters ever were more satisfactory than yours or broke down more completely the icy wall of absence than yours do. They make your love and yourself and your pleasures and doubts and hopes as present to me as if I had seen you, which I consider the best sort of letter-writing.

I have had a most happy and peaceful month since I last wrote. Living at home exclusively is always delightful to me. I hate the conflicting claims of a life that has much variety in it and could very easily turn into a thorough stay-at-home woman, "buried," as people say, in my own household if I thought it wise. The children have had one of those lucid intervals that come occasionally even in a family of boys. Edward has been devoted to his school and his bow and arrow. Frank has been gentle and affectionate and more companionable than ever, much interested

in his music and in Scott's "Guy Mannering" and "Ivanhoe." Handasyd is always the most fiery and the most demonstrative and loving of children and Charlie is at the roley-poley, jolly stage when everything is a joke. I have been perfectly well and comfortable, settling down into our new rooms with the greatest satisfaction, and finding infinite relief in having boys and boxes in their own and their proper places.

. . . I have had a very busy fortnight with dentist, seamstress, and Frank and Handasyd both down with heavy colds, such an unusual occurrence for us that I suppose I make more of it than I need. They have both returned to their usual routine again and, except "an ear" which still lingers about Frank, I believe are none the worse, while I found a good deal to enjoy in the captivity which reduced them to most gentle and docile companions, instead of the rampant boys who make me casual visits in the course of the day.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BEVERLY FARMS, July 16, 1868.

. . . You ask, dear Lillie, for a slight sketch of the average learning of a boy of eight. My knowledge is very limited, and neither Edward nor Frank are just in that place, but perhaps you could judge between the two. Edward is probably the most like Harry, having an excellent, clear mind, and a strong grasp of what he takes hold of, but decidedly slow. He reads now, but with hesitation, still he is beginning to

read for amusement; he spells in a spelling-book and with ease, after a little study, words of two syllables even where there are silent or double letters. He writes legibly but very slowly and laboriously with a pencil, and often forgets how his letters are made, though he can make them quite well. He knows his multiplication table to twelve, but cannot say it rapidly. He does sums in addition, multiplication, division, subtraction, and long division in an intelligent manner, and in geography is studying Guyot's Primary, which is a delightful book, carrying the children on journeys nicely illustrated all over the globe, and teaching them an admirable system of map-drawing. E. can draw the map of North America, without assistance, from memory very accurately. He has studied English Grammar only by reading with his teacher a delightful little English book which you no doubt could get, — Mrs. Marcet's "Little Mary's Grammar." It is the best introduction to English Grammar I ever saw. His teacher has also read to him a "Life of Washington" this winter and given him a general idea of the American Revolution. This interests him so much that he really knows a great deal about Washington and reads his life at home. Edward will be seven in September and I know he is quite well prepared to go to Mrs. Head's school this winter, which is considered such an excellent school. Frank is nine and a half and reads with entire ease to himself and very clearly and intelligently aloud. He is a born speller and can spell everything that I can almost. He writes quite tolerably with ink when he tries, which isn't often. He has just begun French

and music, not Latin yet. In arithmetic he has arrived at fractions and must review, but only because he is careless.

. . . Think of me as fat and happy, trying to civilize my barbarians, to mend their clothes and their manners, and succeeding much better with the clothes than the manners.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BROOKLINE, Sunday Evening, May 2, 1869.

Dearest, dearest Lillie, — It is a week to-morrow since our hearts were all rejoiced by the news of you and your dear little daughter.* How glad I am I have no words to tell you. That you, precious and beloved as you are, are safe and that you have this new and beautiful blessing for you and for Walter and for Harry and for Ruth! It seems just perfect, as we look at it from across the water. A boy would have been of little use as a companion to Harry with so much difference in their ages and a sister for Ruth is invaluable, as I know better than most people. Bless their darling little hearts, what beautiful times they will have together and how you and Walter will rejoice over them.

Louis had a most charming wedding. . . . I wish you could have seen Nunniet† conveyed to the luncheon-room by Shepherd Brooks. She must have had a beautiful time, for she nearly cried her eyes out, so that it must have been nearly as good as a funeral.

* Elise.

† An old family nurse.

To J. E. C.

BROOKLINE, Tuesday Evening, Oct. 19, 1869.

Dearest, — Your letter of Sunday evening I found at the office on my way to Charles Eliot's inauguration, with Sadie and Percy Windsor, and it made me feel as contented and comfortable as could be. Your letters are like a glimpse of the mountains, perfectly refreshing and delightful and by the time you come home I shall be quite sure that I have been at North Conway myself. I think you show great goodness in saying nothing about coming home and fully appreciate that it is my fault. If you will really stay away a whole fortnight I shall feel as if I had earned a slight right to the joy of having you home again.

. . . I did wish for you all three at the inauguration to-day. Charles' address was admirable, much better than I expected, forcible, liberal, dignified, and without a word too much. The whole affair was intensely interesting to me. I cried and laughed and felt when I reached home a good deal as if I had been to the opera. Emerson was there, right in front, listening and smiling and assenting, Dr. Hedge near by looking friendly and attentive, Theodore [Lyman] and Sam Eliot side by side, Theodore exultant and Sam jolly.

Charles' short address on receiving the office from Governor Clifford I would have gone a hundred miles to hear and, as his manner was more than the words, you will not get it from the papers. His voice was full of feeling, but clear and strong, and the intense sincerity and manliness of his whole bearing most impressive.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BROOKLINE, Dec. 8, 1869.

. . . Elliot is as busy as a bee and "as happy as a clam in high water" making ready for his university lectures* which begin the last of February. He gets up before light every morning and works till eight o'clock, then comes down to breakfast, goes to see his mother, and back again to his study, which he does not leave till six o'clock, except for a virtuous walk about twilight. Monday he takes for his town work and is gone from eight o'clock till seven. I do not see much of him except in the evenings but I am more than content, for I think the connection with the college a real advantage and pleasure to him, and it is no matter how hard he works so long as the work suits him. You say you wish you could hear his lectures. You can read them, if you like, for he means to write them out thoroughly, but I am not sure that they will not be too metaphysical even for you. Do you know, darling, if you were to talk with him about the things which puzzle you, you would find that the difference between you was only that he was content not to understand, not to see definitely. It does not trouble him that he doesn't know and can't know. He says we know enough for the guidance of life and it is not necessary we should know more, and having arrived at this point his mind naturally occupies itself with other things. Don't you think this is one of the greatest differences between men and

* On Kant.

women and isn't the difference partly in training and partly in mode of life? It seems to me very few of us have enough mental occupation. We ought to have some intellectual life apart from the problems of education and housekeeping or even the interests of society. It is the reason that I cling so to my music, that it gives me something impersonal to think about, and as I have more leisure I hope to study. When you buy the Sullivan Warren farm and come to live in Brookline we will study something together.

Home education does not work well for our boys; they are too irritable, too sensitive to each other's faults, to bear the constant contact. Oh, Lillie, how I envy the sweet-tempered, gentle, docile children that I see! How constantly I question: Are these temperaments the result of my influence? Is there any use in the devotion of time and thought and heart's blood when you make so little impression? Am I the weakest and the worst of women or simply the most injudicious? These are the questions which "vex my heart and brain" and which I have to silence with the patience of hope and the conviction that I do the best I know how. The boys are not wicked, but they are rude, inconsiderate, careless, and full of little restless tricks which I cannot obliterate. Edward shows a strong bent for natural history, collects everything from skunks' bones to butterflies, but you probably would think him the most unpleasant child you ever saw.

TO MRS. STORER.

BEVERLY FARMS, Aug. 27, 1870.

. . . I forgot to mention that Harry Guild came and spent a week with us. The boys enjoyed his visit immensely and wished he would stay longer. He, however, firmly declined, which made me fear that he did not like our "tigers" as well as they liked him and when you get at his private opinion of them you can let me know. He is a very nice boy, almost faultless it seemed to me. Richard remains as sunny and saucy as ever. He has not been so sociable with any one since you went away, though he is very amiable to Anna. He still plays horse and sings "Tom, Tom," and hears "Brownie" read as nearly at the same time as he can contrive and intersperses all his entertainments with kisses. Charlie continues to sew on his blanket and to follow my movements with an unswerving eye. He is growing fatter every day and taller at the same time. Elliot has continued just and mild all through the hot weather and has hardly been to town at all, which suits my book uncommonly well.

TO MR. TWISTLETON.

BROOKLINE, Dec. 18, 1870.

Dearest Edward, — . . . Our boys are all well and brimful of work and play. My life alternates between intervals of profound repose, when they are all at school or out-of-doors, and other intervals of extreme

activity of mind and body when I take the head of the table or my seat in the parlor and preside over their endless projects or endeavor to instil good manners and righteous dealing generally.

TO MR. TWISTLETON.

BEVERLY FARMS, July 23, 1871.

Dearest Edward,— . . . I should have written long ago, but that I am just recovering from my confinement which brought us a great disappointment in the death of the dear little child that we hoped would bring new happiness into our home. He died within an hour of his birth from an accident which could neither be foreseen or prevented, and all that remains is a sweet vision of a dear little peaceful beautiful creature with folded hands, who came to us and left us in silence and with empty arms. Such a thing is not to be reckoned among the great misfortunes of life, nor for a moment to be compared to the losses of friends and companions, which are so hard to bear. It is the gentlest form in which death can enter a household, but still to the father and mother it leaves a regret and a longing which it takes time to quiet, and to me it brings an entire change of purpose and plans for the summer which it has taken me a while to become accustomed to, and even now I scarcely feel like myself. But enough of this. It is over now and it only weakens one to dwell on it. . . .

Your most affectionate sister,

LIZZIE.

TO MR. TWISTLETON.

[BROOKLINE], Monday, Oct. 14, 1872.

My Dearest Edward, — I must write to you on your darling's birthday even had I not three delightful letters to thank you for, which lie unanswered in my desk.

Nobody ever before, dear Edward, fulfilled so perfectly as you do all that a fervent heart like Ellen's could have wished towards those she loved.

To me you are a never-ceasing well-spring of love and sympathy and forgiveness for all omissions. To Mary Parkman and her Ellen the most hospitable of hosts, the most attentive and loving of brothers and uncles, to Anna an unforgetting friend, to Edmund a companion, a friend, a counsellor, as he needs.

Your letters to me are one of the very greatest pleasures I have. The day they come always has a glow and cheer about it that others do not have however happy and prosperous they may be, because they bring me not only a word from your dear self, but also, as it were, a breath from Ellen, still lingering behind her.

I have just now received your delightful congratulations for my two new boys which are particularly welcome, as most of my friends regard me as the victim of a grievous calamity.

Nobody can think so much of the duties that might be performed towards seven boys, or feel more humbly how utterly imperfect and full of shortcomings will be my fulfilment of them than I do, but fortunately my temperament carries me along from day to day

with more hope than fear, and my hourly pleasure in the children keeps me feeling young and ready for work. Elliot, too, stems the rapid torrent of all their impulses and desires as only a man can and, as I tell him, takes the brunt of the work. As long as we can work together my life will be easy, happy, and serene, and instead of feeling overwhelmed I daily lift up thankful heart and hands and rejoice that I have so many boys to love and to do my "prayerful best" for.

As I write, the three eldest boys are rushing to see a torchlight procession for "Grant," the four youngest are asleep in their cribs, Elliot sits reading by the wood fire, and I feel as if I held your dear hand in mine as firmly as when no boys of ours were in the world to learn through you all that is best and most delightful of England and a true Englishman.

Your loving sister,

LIZZIE.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BROOKLINE, November, 1872.

Dearest Lillie, — Thank you for the handkerchiefs, which after all your doubts seem to have resulted in entire success and look beautifully.

The "cadeau" for the twins is delightful. It is a pure pleasure to receive from you the ease and freedom which I hope this arrangement will give me, and the security and tenderness for the darling babies, and I ask myself whether I am or can be grateful enough to God for giving me a second time in my

life a sister whom I can love so profoundly that the sense of "mine and thine" is merged in an affection which makes all giving and receiving simple happiness and as natural as the sunshine and the air. So it is, darling.

To J. E. C.*

BROOKLINE, Monday, March 3, 1873.

. . . Our Shakespeare readings every evening have gone on in spite of colds, though the effect upon our voices has been somewhat remarkable. The boys are decidedly interested and we read about an hour. We are now half way through the second part of "Henry IV.," and I think perhaps I had better leave the historical plays and take something entirely different like "As You Like It," or "Midsummer Night's Dream," and then go back to "Richard II." I wish you could see a lovely vase of white azaleas and heliotropes with one red, red rose standing on the table. It refreshes me every time I look at it. Charlie brought me the flowers yesterday as you were not here to do it, and his favorite place since he has been at home with his cold is curled up in your chair, which does not look nearly so empty when he is in it.

To J. E. C.

BROOKLINE, Friday Evening, March 14, 1873.

. . . I feel as if I had seen Magnolia and its surroundings, so delightfully vivid are your descriptions of all the birds and trees and flowers and colors and

* He was in Florida convalescent from pneumonia.

climate, but you tell me far too little of what I want to know about, your own beloved self, but I dare say you know but little about him, as you never know much but what I tell you. Perhaps as I can't see for myself you would please try and find out a little for me and mention a few facts as to appetite, sleep, cough, strength, besides any mental phenomena you can extract from him.

To J. E. C.

BROOKLINE, March 19, 1873.

Dearest, Dearest,—I am made so happy that the world seems like Heaven by yours and Lillie's letters of the 13th and 14th. Lillie tells me so much about you and says so many delightful and perfectly true things of your health and your lovely care of her and your delightful companionship, in short comes so near realizing what an unspeakable blessing you are to everybody that has anything to do with you, that I feel almost as if I had been with you, which is the only place in the world I ever care much to be in. I know you will laugh at me for saying all this, but no matter, the birds must sing and the winds must blow and occasionally I must have it out.

Let alone William Hunt and the charcoal and bring me some of your very lovely water-colors, which are worth all William Hunt's put together.

We have just finished dinner and the boys are so tremendously lively that I hardly know whether my head is on my shoulders or off. They only need bleeding, however, as you have wisely said so often,

and are all going out immediately as there is no lancet at hand.

To J. E. C.

BROOKLINE, Wednesday, March 26, 1873.

. . . How I wish I could put Richard and Charlie into my letter and send them down to you. They are growing more and more charming every day it seems to me. This morning they have been playing together ever since breakfast without the least help from me, perfectly happy and perfectly good and nothing but a clear pleasure. Richard is learning to spell and read in the most remarkable manner, and reels off a long list of words that he has learned to spell as he lies kicking his heels on the rug.

Size and Edward have taken refuge in popguns, as there is really no possibility of devising any play outdoors. Frank has several hens setting in the play-room, who are expected to bring out large and flourishing families very soon. All the boys are lovely to me and show plainly who their father is.

To J. E. C.

BROOKLINE, Saturday, March 29, 1873.

. . . Size flew into a rage when he heard what his uncle * said, and flew round like a "March hare," calling names and abusing and reviling generally. Even now he is totally unresigned and declares he doesn't care whether it is "good for you or not, he wants you to come home." There is something so delightfully

* Dr. Samuel Cabot.

young in his utter recklessness of consequences and his unbounded desire to have you at home which is so refreshing that I hardly had the heart to explain to him why his Uncle Sam wasn't what he freely called him, "a d—d fool." I laughed till I cried, but he only grew more and more angry at my heartless behavior. It is awfully stupid being good and I think of stopping and behaving as Size does and making a rush for Florida or whatever place you happen to be in.

. . . Don't be homesick, dear, and remember that however much I may privately agree with Size I have an old habit of doing my duty. Yours,

LIZZIE.

To J. E. C.

READVILLE, Friday Evening, Aug. 13, 1873.

. . . I am quite satisfied with your account of your family. Frank does as well as we can expect, I suppose, and I doubt whether my reminders are any real use to him, though they mitigate the symptoms a little. Hannah's* system of wholesome neglect impresses me more and more, and I doubt whether it is worth while to do anything more for education than attend to your children's clothes and pay for their schooling and set them a good example when convenient.

. . . They have Mill's book on "Women" here, so I am having the fun of reading it and like it ever so much. I think I shall make you a present of it that you may see how very dreadful my position is com-

* Mrs. Samuel Cabot, with whom she was staying.

pared with yours and what a slave I really am, however I may appear.

To J. E. C.

BETHLEHEM, Sept. 28 (Bless the Lord), 1873.

Dearest,— It has been as beautiful to-day here as it was sixteen years ago to-day, but where are you? The mountains do not make up to me for your dear face nor are they half so beautiful. (This is a perfectly correct statement and you mustn't laugh.) I bear it well, but I want you dreadfully.

To MRS. STORER.

BEVERLY FARMS, Friday Evening, September, 1874.

It's all very well, Katharine, for you to say you don't wish to dictate etc., etc., and Elliot likes you and thinks you a very sensible woman and all that trash, but I know you better and am not taken in.

My breath is a good deal gone and my brain whirls after perusing your epistle, with its startling suggestions. However, I will try to go on the 24th or 25th. How long should you expect me to be absent, please, ma'am? Don't suggest our steaming round on the Hudson, for that would be unmixed misery. How should you like to have us go to Conway and "excuse" in wagons from there, returning to wholesome food and wood fires every evening. However, Elizabeth should have her choice as to whereabouts. I could be gone a week but the rest could stay without me. I think Lillie Cabot would go and be a good addition. Do you wish me to say anything

to Elizabeth, on the subject, or not? I have not heard from Mary Guild, but it makes no difference as to your insolence—understand that. I should like Charlie for escort thoroughly, but should think he might find three or four middle-aged women slightly mild as companions.

I like your club views.* Ellen Gurney would like to join, I feel sure. I will ask Lillie to attack Fanny Cunningham, and if you are ready Mrs. Slade. Answer me that. Lizzie Parkman is always desirable. Mrs. Charles Bowditch I should think would be too much afraid of us all to be happy. Wouldn't it be better to ask her as guest for the first winter until we knew her by sight, which I don't, Mrs. Storer, which perhaps you think of no consequence.

I like your bill of fare, but shall "mull" over that and refuse to be hurried. Now you can write again and answer my questions and by that time I shall be ready with some more. Do you think there is any hope that Fanny will get down here? Elliot sends his love, and I think has a great deal better opinion of you than is worth while.

Yours ever,

ELIZABETH CABOT.

TO MRS. STORER.

BROOKLINE, Dec. 28, 1874.

Dearest Kate,—I saw that little cream-pitcher and fell in love with it, but carefully refrained from buying it. So now goodness is rewarded, and it will

* Refers to the plan for starting the "Country Ladies" lunch club.

spread a spirit of contentment wherever it shows its chubby, cheerful little self. Thank you, and a Happy New Year to you and Frank. . . .

Ever yours,

LIZZIE.

To J. E. C.

MT. DESERT, Monday Afternoon [August, 1876.]

. . . I have a nice front room now with a most lovely view, so lovely that it keeps interrupting my writing. It is up three flights but I prefer that, as it is more quiet and the view is all the finer. One story down is a balcony where I can sit as much as I please and where it is very quiet, and in the afternoon perfectly shady. I am having just as good a time as I can without you, but that is only half a good time at the best, and I am longing all the time to know what you would say at the beautiful looks of things. I think you would sketch and say but little.

Edmund says he is dreadfully driven having me here. He has no time to rest and has a great deal on his mind. To-day what with moving and going to the post-office and to see the Indians he feels quite exhausted, and he must go by and by with me to make a call.

To MRS. STORER.

BROOKLINE, Wednesday Evening, Jan. 4, 1877.

Dearest Kate, — The beloved little mustard-pot arrived last evening and is a perfect darling. I shall want to have corned beef every day. Where did you

find such a blissful object? Still more, dear, I thank you for your note, which made my heart glad. You needn't suppose you have the thankfulness all to yourself, for I daily give thanks for my precious Eliot sisters and that you and I are able to live a little like neighbors owing to your generous loveliness in coming here if I don't get to you.

Now about the lunch. I shall be at home next week Thursday and hope to have you all. I shall write Lizzie Parkman and Mary Coolidge and wish you would write me whether you are quite sure you would like to have them made members. I mean to have a very frugal lunch and take no trouble.

Your loving

LIZZIE CABOT.

To J. E. C.*

BEVERLY FARMS, Monday P.M., June 11, 1879.

. . . The boys began the Sunday morning with a great deal of playing ball, diversified, on Richard's part, by some very unpleasant expletives, which however ceased at my request. Then he and Charlie came in to hear me read a "very short sermon," Charlie willingly, but R. compelled thereto by Charlie's wise remarks. After that I brought the big portfolio of your sketches and we all looked them over together, the boys greatly delighted with them and picking out about twenty to be framed immediately. We had just reached the last one when Pauline and Ida† appeared, and finding the sketches, pounced

* He was camping with the two eldest boys.

† Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw and Mrs. H. L. Higginson.

upon them and looked at them with the kind of appreciation which I enjoy. Pauline said she should bring "Quin" to see them, which would be highly proper. They were both delighted and I enjoyed their visit highly. The big boys, in the meanwhile had gone for a bath and the twins, as usual, were peaceable and busy. Then I read to them and soon it was near dinner-time, and I made ready for James and Mary Farley and Wells. They duly arrived, and at five I took them to drive in the Essex wood, again leaving the boys to their own resources. Charlie went to ride on the Clafin, with whom he had a pitched battle, coming off conqueror, and the three others when I returned at seven were peacefully playing on the rock. Of course I found the parlor a scene of desolation, newspapers broadcast, my basket overturned and all its contents on the floor, my writing table filled with Richard's books etc., with a beautiful unconsciousness that ink-stands and mucilage bottles should stand upright. This, however, did not trouble me at all, and I thought they were dear nice boys. In the evening I surrendered myself to my headache and Charlie was very nice trying in every way to make me more comfortable.

BEVERLY FARMS, Monday P.M., June 11, 1879.

. . . After three unsuccessful trips to Beverly the boys yesterday brought home their boat in triumph, and Handasyd, whenever he isn't practising, is making ready for a race (on Saturday), and between his cello and his boat finds the days very short. The twins

career as usual and are at present much engaged in extracting the fish from a collection of shells found on the beach, a pursuit which has its objectionable side, but which is profoundly satisfactory to them.

To J. E. C.

[BEVERLY FARMS], June 18, 1880.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift cometh from the Father of light."

My Dearest, — Twenty-two years ago to-day I put this text in my diary for your birthday, and to-day it seems to me more fit than ever. You are the best and most perfect gift that ever God blessed any woman's life with, and I am with my whole heart,

Yr. "LIZZIE-ELLIOT."

To J. E. C.

NEWPORT, Sunday Noon, September, 1880.

My Dearest, — Here I am feeling very far away from you and rather homesick, but still able to believe that a week will pass in seven days and I shall get back to you at last. I had hardly left you when, from the telegraph man at Prides Crossing, and from Mrs. Holmes who was waiting there, I heard of the attempt on the President's life, which they supposed successful, so that my drive to Beverly was taken in rather a horrified state of mind and I longed to turn back to talk it over with you. In the train I seated myself by a very sensible looking man who told me

there was hope of the President's life and who had sound ideas about Arthur and the wretched prospect before us were he to come into power.

Of course I could think of little else, and coming on top of the Harvard defeat I went blundering round doing my shopping and found myself so tired that I had to stop and go for some dinner.

I found a parlor car in the train for Newport and thought it was wise to pay an extra half dollar for my seat, to have a nice quiet and comfortable journey, which I accordingly did, and came along very peacefully, arriving here at half past six. Anna [Ticknor] met me with the carriage, very pleasant and cordial, and brought me home to this peaceful little house which stands near the bathing beach, in a very quiet corner, with houses very near on every side but one. There is no view of the water and on the open side you look over two large open fields with houses beyond. Aunt Ticknor looks remarkably well and seems cheerful and comfortable. We sat and talked all the evening, but on going out to see the comet came on an extraordinary white arch crossing the whole sky, at the zenith, with the ends touching the horizon, luminous and very beautiful. It paled gradually from the ends and the symmetry of the white band became somewhat broken, but it was very beautiful and very remarkable, and I wished for you to look at it with me and to tell what it could be. As Anna said, in old times it would have been taken for a portent good or bad of the President's condition. This morning comes better news from Washington, and I cannot but think that with his vigorous constitution

he will recover. Will anybody vote more carefully from the fear of Arthur?

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BROOKLINE,* Wednesday P.M., March 23, 1881.

Dearest Lillie, — We were rejoiced to get your postal card this morning from the station and to know that your journey was so comfortable. To-day we have been watching the clouds and trying to follow you on board the boat and down the harbor and now I am afraid the tenter hooks are all driven and you are on the sofa "experiencing." Here all goes well. Your darlings had a cheerful evening. Susie and Maggie came to dine and the girls all worked together in the dining-room, and I think lessons and laughing alternated to say the least. Harry and I sat reading and writing in the parlor, until at nine o'clock Harry found that his literary interest was exhausted and went to bed. Handasyd practised devoutly, and the evening was gone before I knew it. When I went to bed I looked at the girls both sleeping soundly and thought "how blessed is youth."

To-day has been half bright and half cloudy. They were punctual at breakfast and, tell Mabel, Elise took care of the bird and the plants before she went to school. They came back at 2.15. Philip and Hugh came to lunch and now have run off and we are all writing. The two girls sit together at their father's desk and have now and then a little consul-

* She was living in Mrs. Walter Cabot's house during the latter's absence abroad.

tation to carry on, and they have given me your desk so as to make sure of my being comfortable. They are so sweet and attentive to me that I shall be entirely spoiled I fear.

I have already made Mrs. Cabot two little visits to-day, one to carry over your postal, which was a great comfort to her. . . .

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

[BROOKLINE], Friday, April 1, 1881.

. . . Elise asked yesterday whether you had been gone a week or a fortnight, which showed how long it had been to her, but she never seems the least out of spirits, and Ruth is as agreeable as a summer morning all the time. Elliot has been with us all the week and I enjoy so much having him see your children as he never could except in their own home. The girls, too, are beginning to find out how much good cheer there is behind his quiet face and it is very nice. Ruth and Size have had a good practise together each evening, and it is a luxury to me to listen, for when I am playing I cannot half hear. . . . I am writing from Louisa's,* where little Norman has a threatening of pneumonia and I came down for an hour or two to help her about poulticing as she had never done it.

I wish there was none but good news to send you from every one, but you would rather have a whole slice of the loaf I know and take good and bad together. I wonder if I succeed in making you

* Mrs. Edward C. Cabot.

realize how delightfully everything goes on at your house. Our routine is very regular. After breakfast the girls practise and I write in your dressing-room till the wagon comes to the door, and I go down to say good-by and ask Barney to do lots and lots of errands for me. Then about ten I go to Mrs. Cabot's for half an hour or so and then home for the morning or to town as it happens, and we all get back to lunch together at 2.30, then the girls write or study and go out if it is pleasant and I regale myself by sitting with them and often take a nap afterwards or go down again to see Mrs. Cabot. Then at 6.30 come Elliot and Size and Harry and dinner, and we have the cosiest of meals, with flowers supplied by Willie* constantly, and Katie like the very spirit of kindness taking care of us all. Then Elliot settles down in Walter's chair with his tea and his cigar and the little parlor is delightfully comfortable, and we talk and read and the children practise and nothing is wanting but to know that you and Walter were happy and at peace. God keep you, darling, and at least be at rest about all here for nothing can be easier or pleasanter.

With love to Walter and your darlings, ever yrs.,
LIZZIE.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BROOKLINE, Monday, April 25, 1881.

. . . At our house I have had a week's dressmaking and a week's tailoring, and begin to feel as if summer were approaching. This week I shall put

* W. R. Cabot.

away my woolens and some of yours, and wish I knew if there was anything else I could do to make less for you to do when you get home. But if all goes well we shall neither of us care whether there is much or little to do.

The boys are all well and good. Charlie has been here with me for ten days and is so happy here with the girls that I hate to send him home. Edward dined here with us yesterday and then we went to tea with Elliot. We are all so mixed up that we hardly know where we belong, and you mustn't be surprised to find us straying round your house after you get home without warning. It really works wonderfully well thus far, and if the children and Elliot keep well I see no difficulty in going on and we certainly are enjoying it just as much as is possible while we are so uncertain about you.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BROOKLINE, May 1, 1881.

My Dearest Lillie, — It seems in vain to attempt to tell you how happy we all are, but it is not needful as you and Walter have been even happier yourselves if it is possible. Yesterday we received your letters of the 17th, Easter Sunday, and for the first time dared to trust ourselves to believe that Mabel was really recovering. Your letter of the 15th telling us so fully all about the operation arrived on Tuesday, and that of the 17th not until Saturday, so that though your telegram was later than the letter of the

15th, we still feared that many complications might have occurred and dared not trust our hopes too far. Then yesterday morning came the letter of the 17th, which made me feel so confident that knowing what a comfort the very latest news would be to Mrs. Cabot, as well as to every one else, Elliot and I and Willie ventured to send the telegram to Dr. Meredith to ask, "How is Mabel?" We sent at eleven A.M., and his answer came back at five P.M.: "Mabel is up and quite convalescent." This completed our rejoicing and to-day we are trying to take in more and more what has happened. Oh, dearest Lillie and Walter, how can I ever tell you the joy of having your darling given back to you and your lives restored to the happiness which seems to belong to you, if it can to anybody. Till now we have tried to be ready for bad news and not to be too confident and the five days' silence, which must have been some accidental delay of the steamer, was a little hard, but I felt only that it brought me an atom nearer to the suspense that you went through, and when yesterday we knew that all was going well, it seemed like being in Heaven. I could not sleep last night for very happiness. Mrs. Cabot glows all over and Elliot is silent but so at peace that it is lovely to see him. Ruth and Elise I do not think have felt much anxiety since the first telegram, and have not known, I hope, that I was anxious, so there was no such great change to them, but Harry looks as if a mountain had fallen from his back and goes singing and whistling about the house. Yesterday was pretty much passed in sending the good news to everybody. To our great

delight we succeeded in reaching Annette and your Uncle Henry just as they started, so that they went off looking forward to finding you well and happy on the other side. I hope long before this you have laid aside any regrets at your prolonged absence prolonging my stay up here. It is truly only a pleasure to me to be here. Being with your girls and their friends seems to transport me back to the old times when I lived in an atmosphere of sisters, and it is very refreshing and very delightful. I am afraid it may spoil me a little for the hurly-burly of my own boys, but at any rate I get great pleasure from it, and I hope I shall learn something.

There has not been a moment's anxiety yet, and if the next month may only be as prosperous as the last we may hope to see you back again, and then all this separation will seem like a dream. If God will let me see you all together once more under this roof well and happy, it seems to me there will be a fountain of gratitude in my heart for the rest of my life which will carry me through many a hard fight. This letter is full of feelings not facts, but I must say it once. The great fact here is Mabel's resurrection, and we are all living on it.

. . . Your darlings could not be in better health or sweeter or more dutiful than they are, and I am ever yrs. and Walter's happy sister

LIZZIE.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BROOKLINE, May 3, 1881.

My Dearest Lillie, — It is pretty difficult to write about anything but Mabel, or say anything but "Hallelujah," but the world will move on, though when one is happy and thankful one wishes it would please stand still a little while and give us a breathing space.

. . . I spend every leisure moment in picturing to myself your happy faces in these blessed days of convalescence. How seldom joy takes the place of such bitter dread! Almost always the cup must be drained to the last drop, but such a release as yours makes hope more abundant and vigorous for every one that knows of it.

TO J. E. C.

BEVERLY FARMS, June 2, 1881.

. . . The boys and I went to drive and went shopping in Manchester yesterday afternoon, and the boys enjoyed the beauty of the woods as much as I did. Hugh thinks much about his rabbits, and told me he should put some dirt into their house as he considered it "absolutely essential to their happiness." I thought what an easy thing to supply, and what a pity the rest of us couldn't take the same view of dirt. On the whole, though, a great many people are getting their living, if not their happiness, out of dirt.

. . . Peep* and Hugh are as jolly as ever, and every morning want to know where you are. I tell them

* Philip.



BROOKLINE HOUSE.

you have gone fishing, and then they ask where the fish are and whether you are coming back.

To J. E. C.

BEVERLY FARMS, June 17, 1881.

. . . Your note of Thursday reached here yesterday just as I was starting for a drive, and made me feel for a moment as if you were not quite so far off. Thank you so much for your dear little scolding. My trouble is that God does not say it is good. To me He seems to say "not good" all the time, in various ways of failure and disappointment and solitude. It seems to me He is punishing me for I know not what, and that is hard to bear.

I know He is good and, therefore, I try to be patient and wait to see, and when I can see your dear face, that fills the universe to me and seems to cover me from myself. I do not believe in dwelling on such thoughts as these and keep my day busy and get on very well, and am grateful for the great blessings round me, but I cannot escape the logic of life and I know that suffering means that some of God's laws have been broken.

Now please scold me a little more, for it is a great comfort.

To MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BROOKLINE, May 3, 1882.

. . . You will have realized how last week was absorbed by Emerson's illness and death. We were all ready to go up there Monday morning when they

telephoned us not to come, and from the beginning there seemed no reason to expect recovery. They sent for Elliot to come up and see him, and he went on Thursday and he thought Emerson seemed glad to see him, but he could not understand what he said to him. He died that evening, and on Sunday we went up for the funeral. The services really lasted from one o'clock till six and it was very fatiguing, but very interesting and beautiful, and I am thankful to have gone through it. It seemed like a long farewell to him and as if he was very near to us all the time. Ellen's face as she welcomed us in his study standing at the head of the coffin was truly the face of an angel, calm and sweet, almost joyful. It was very lovely and uplifting. . . . Ellen Parkman and I went to the cemetery without waiting for the procession and made our way to the grave, which is at the foot of a large tree on the highest point of the whole. It was just sunset, and we stood and saw the long procession wind slowly and silently up bringing their burden. It seemed to me that the peace of God was over us all as we waited there. . . . Elliot has been working constantly at the papers all this week, and I think will feel an impetus about the biography which he has not before.

To J. E. C.

CHESTER, ENGLAND, Sunday Evening, July 16, 1882.*

Dearest, — Here we are (if it be really I and the rest) sitting in the pleasant parlor of "The Gros-

* She was abroad with Ted on account of her health.

venor," Chester, with the horrors of the voyage behind us, and well and in our right minds. I feel all the time as if I were dreaming, and though it is a pleasant dream, how thankful I should be to wake up and find myself at home with you. Everything has gone very smoothly with us. We had a rough wet day in the Irish Channel so that I stayed below all day, and the dear Ted, inspired by his relationship to you, came and read "Trollope" to me and kept me amused and happy. Also we knew all day that it was the last on board, and even sea-sickness is soothed by the sight of the end.

[After arriving at Chester] we crossed the street where the "Grosvenor" stands, and turning into a little alleyway mounted some old footworn steps and found ourselves on the wall of the old town. There we roamed and delighted our happy eyes with the cathedral towers and close, the ivy-covered gables, the endless picturesqueness at every turn. Ted and Marian [Cabot] were in ecstasies, but Ted was so afraid of turning sentimental that he made no end of fun, though it was obvious that he was drinking it all in. It is certainly most beautiful and as new to me as to them, and gives one at first such a draught of the old country atmosphere as makes a capital beginning. We walked about till nine o'clock and then, though it was still perfectly light, I thought it behooved us to go in.

. . . Sunday morning was bright and clear for a wonder, and we all felt nicely rested after a comfortable night, and soon after ten Marian, Ted, and I set out for the cathedral service. There for two hours we sat

and listened to the most beautiful and satisfying of all religious services, and I longed for you to listen with me to the sweet boys' voices and the great answering response of the congregation who sang their part of the service so that the whole cathedral was filled with the strong subdued tone. Ted and Marian enjoyed it thoroughly, and we sat through a sincere discourse proving that the fall of Adam was essential to show the mercy of God, and then thankfully and peacefully went out and back to the hotel.

To J. E. C.

LONDON, Saturday Afternoon, July 22, 1882.

My Dearest, — To-day in Westminster Abbey, where we met by agreement, John [Cabot] brought me your dear letter of July 4th, and there among the "cloistered arches" I sat and read it and could hardly keep the tears from my eyes for joy and peace at seeing your dear handwriting. I am a great big baby, there's no use denying it. It is such a dear letter, and oh, the comfort of it! I know it is sixteen days ago, but no matter, it is an infinite comfort. It is all you and nobody else, and I do not feel like such a waif and stray any longer. Oh, darling, this separation is awfully hard and it will not grow easier; things are pleasant, everybody is kind, but all the time my heart just aches for you, and nothing will stop it. But we won't make a fuss.

. . . I hope you will hear soon from the Emersons, and hope you have kept a copy of your note to Edward because I want it for poetry.

As for the biography you ought not to distrust yourself, for no one else can do what you can, and any one is at liberty to add hereafter whatever they can.

. . . Ted has gone at once to hunt up Mr. Lowell. That boy is more and more of a darling all the time. I am going to write you a private letter to tell you all his dear ways, for he fills me with joy and thankfulness.

On Thursday we drove to Rutland Gate. Ted, finding that I wanted to go there, had gone in the morning of his own idea, and asked leave for me to go over the house, which was kindly given, and we went together and a pleasant little maid showed us wherever we wanted to go. Of course all is changed but the shape and outlook of the rooms, but I was glad to look out of the window once more and to show Ted all the places where we lived and sat.

Yesterday after sending off our letter, Ted and I went to call on Lady Saye and Sele and found both her and her husband at home and as warm-hearted and kind as ever. They neither of them look a day older than they did twenty years ago. Not a wrinkle or gray hair has Lady S. and S. and he is absolutely unchanged. He looks like a nice old apple, as he always did, and laughed and laughed as he looked at Edward, and then talked away, but said uncommonly little. Carrie (I can't title her) said, "Are all your boys as fine looking as this one?" and her eyes were full of tears when she tried to speak of Edward and Ellen. It is lovely to have them so remembered, and though one can imagine that there might have been people with

whom we could have had more sympathy, their hearts are sound and true and their kindness to us proves it afresh.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND, July 29, 1882.

Dear Lillie, — Whenever I particularly enjoy myself I want to write and thank you for it, and here for twenty-four hours we have had such a delightful "time" (you see I am still an American) that it seems just the right moment.

When we returned to the hotel I went in to get ready to go to the choral service at King's Chapel, and Ted started for Mr. W——'s and in a few minutes came running back with a note for me to take to the vergers at the Chapel. The vergers treated me with great distinction and showed me at once into one of the stalls, and there I sat with my folio prayer-book lying on the crimson cushion in front of me and with the beautiful arches and brilliant windows rising round and above and the dear children's sweet voices singing the lovely vesper service. Whether it was I or an old monk or nun became very doubtful in my mind, but it was a heavenly pleasure, and when I shut my eyes it seemed as if Ellen and Edward might be by my side. When I am alone in these beautiful churches it seems as if the angels must be near.

While I was in the Chapel Edward was carried by Mr. W—— to the boat-houses, and they took off their coats and rowed up the river, he talking most agreeably and showing him all the different colleges, so

Ted came home very happy and then we dined. After dinner, though it was eight o'clock, the twilight lasted, and the full moon was rising. We started again for a walk through the college grounds, and turning into King's Court met our friend. He joined us at once, and for two hours devoted himself to showing us all the most beautiful places. He carried us into the gardens of King's College reserved for the use of the Fellows. The gardens lie on the bank of the river and are reached by a bridge leading from the Court. They are like a great lawn covered with the smoothest, most mossy grass, surrounded by old trees and beautifully laid out with clumps of shrubs and flowers bordering them, no paths, no gravel, but all set in this brilliant green turf. Here the Fellows come in the evening for smoking and tennis, and from here we got beautiful views of the colleges. Then he carried us over bridges and into courts and cloisters innumerable, and by this time the moon had risen and cast most lovely lights and shadows. Last of all he said, "Now you must see one of our Fellow's rooms," and he carried us to the rooms of the librarian of King's College. There we found a fire and a kettle and a goodie, and sat down and had tea. Three beautiful large rooms, two filled with books and another for a bedroom, all furnished with the greatest comfort and looking like a student's paradise. Three doors shut him out from the world and secured his quiet, and I could not but envy for our scholars the perfect fitness of surroundings which must make intellectual work so much easier. Mr. W—— was most agreeable. He is an American with a German father, and we soon

found that we had mutual friends both in England and America. He is an enthusiast for the education of women and much interested in Girton College, and when we returned to the hotel at 10.30 I thought I should never forget my delightful two hours.

TO MRS. BULLARD.

[SCOTLAND], Aug. 7, 1882.

. . . It was delicious to get your letter of July 19th from Mt. Desert in Edinboro' last Friday evening, and though you calmly say that I may tell you about things when I get home, I don't intend to obey that beautiful little flourish of disinterestedness, but shall have a good time telling you a little now.

As for M—— I feel the unsoundness of the relation as much as you do. It is destructive to him, and deteriorating to her. But it seems to be a law that powers that exist must be exercised. L—— has this power of fascination which should rightly be used to make some family of husband and children happy round a radiant centre, and since the natural life for it is denied, she unconsciously (I hope) uses it on men who prefer to adore her in solitude rather than to find their companion in some equal love. She would be a much greater woman if she could see that adoration from one creature to another has no place in God's economy, and that impoverishment is the sure result of it. Perhaps one might lead her to see the meagreness of M——'s life, that he is really a poor starving fellow, and it might occur to her that she was sapping the life out of him, but one could

only take the first step, she must take the second herself.

I am thankful Frank Storer is not ill. What vitality we have! That a man's life can be so shattered as his is, and yet his physical strength avail to carry him through the mental misery! That he should prove the stronger of the two, when he is the one who has seemed the delicate one! We do not know much who is strong and who is frail after all. I wrote to him yesterday because I could not help it. Kate's death has not yet become real to me, and I am thankful to say that I think death grows more unreal all the time; the absence is real, the solitude is real, the parting is grievous, but the sense that these beloved, precious souls live grows more and more real to me every day, and death seems a circumstance more forcible in our lives than in theirs. To us it presents an impregnable wall against which our poor aching hearts beat themselves in vain, but they have overleapt it and gone into a realm of intenser life and deeper love.

Edward said the other day, when we were talking over the college and I spoke of the fault that had been found with the president, "Oh, I have always thought he was a great man, and one of these days people will see what he has done." Then he said, "No one who accomplishes great things can help being criticised. People don't understand them." It was delightful to hear one boy who could appreciate the president.

. . . In England it was a great pleasure to be welcomed by Ellen's friends so warmly for her sake, to find

that her radiant life is still remembered and its memory cherished by all who knew her. Lady Belper* met me like an old friend, though I had never seen her before. Georgie Leigh† (now Mrs. Newdigate) came from the country and passed a Sunday in London so as to see me on her way to Germany, and met me as if we had never parted, beginning just in the old place where we left off, and talking over the twenty-four years since we met with the old frankness and courage and finding more little ways to speed one on the way in one day than most people discover in a year.

Lady Saye and Sele and her husband were warm-hearted and hospitable, and represent State and Church just as they always did. From all of them we have invitations for visits, and shall go on our way from here to see them again.

London seemed home-like and natural to me, and I enjoyed the sight-seeing and the shopping and was greatly amused by watching Ted's characteristic way of taking things, cutting off in one direction and drinking in from another with the same vigor that he does at home. He has proved an excellent traveller, business-like where it was necessary, clear-headed about arrangements and accounts, most tender and considerate and careful for me, understanding what I want without my saying it, and always looking out for my comfort and pleasure. On the other hand he has rejected most decidedly some things that I hoped he would enjoy. The cities he wants to get away from, and sight-seeing in the usual sense he hates.

* An intimate friend of Mr. and Mrs. Twistleton.

† Daughter of Lord Leigh, Mr. Twistleton's cousin.

Picture galleries and museums he despises, but enjoys intensely the cathedrals, the college quadrangles and gardens, the park at Richmond, Haddon Hall, and now these beautiful lakes and mountains. He will always have to get at things his own way, and though there will be narrownesses in his way from his fastidiousness and want of quick sympathy in certain directions, it will be deep, clear, and genuine, with enough sentiment and imagination in it to keep it from being prosaic or common-place.

I am very well as you will see, sleep and eat and do all the proper things. Of course I am homesick, but I sternly refuse to worry, and fortunately the eyes can see and the ears hear and much pleasure can be had without the unmixed enjoyment which perhaps doesn't belong to middle life.

BETA.

To F. E. C.

LEAMINGTON, Aug. 18, 1882.

. . . Occasionally I worry a good deal about your father, as I am somewhat afraid of his overworking in the heat and all, but I rest on your quick observation of him to know if he ought to stop. He might, at any time, get a change by going to Uncle Frank Lee's at the Lake where he had promised to go, but will make an excuse I know of my absence. His letters seem to me rather tired, but more by what they leave unsaid than by what they say.

. . . We are very well, perfectly well, both of us. I am getting used to being homesick as eels do to

skinning, and get along better with it, knowing its symptoms and its alleviations, for cure there is none.

To J. E. C.

LEAMINGTON, Friday, Aug. 18, 1882.

. . . I wish I could have heard you read Phillips Brooks' sermon, and wish still more that they wouldn't sing "Nearer to thee," etc., but I am glad that you sometimes have unreasonable feelings, because you deal with them so summarily that no one ever finds it out, and the rest of us can't be so superior, and that makes it lonely for us. You must have had tremendous heat, and I wonder it has not quite knocked you all up. I can't help feeling anxious about you, with all your work and all your worries, and though Lizzie Bullard writes me that you look well I want you to be very careful and to consider whether you cannot go to Lake Champlain, which you know you promised Frank Lee you would do.

. . . Your calendar of 1650 letters * seems to me a giant work in itself, and makes me long to be at home and help, but so does everything else, so what's the use of specifying.

By the way, in this same budget of letters came one from Harry Lee, saying that he had placed two thousand dollars in your hands for our journey and hoped that I would stay longer and spend more. I have written him as affectionately and gratefully as I know how that I cannot think of staying longer than Septem-

* Emerson's letters, which J. E. C. was arranging for the memoir.

ber 23d, and I trust you will back me up. Whatever good can be accomplished for me by change and amusement I am quite sure will have been accomplished by that time, and I will not undertake any longer this purgatory of separation from you and the children, which I consider only in the light of a possible medicine, and am by no means sure has done anything for me but deprive me of what I most dearly prize, in the vain hope of a help to strength and spirits. However, I mean that it shall do me good if any power of mine can make it, and will not yield to a hopeless feeling while so much money and kindness is being held out to me. But I want you to agree with me, and I wish you could say that you need me at home, for it would help me. I am perfectly well in every way, as far as I know, and I hope that the change will give me fresh interests and ideas and the absence of fatigue and effort will give me more endurance and better spirits, but if it is pushed too far it will fail.

. . . From Foxhall we went to Lady Belper's, as we expected, arriving there at five o'clock, and finding the little brougham to meet us, and Lady Belper sitting, with the former governess, Miss Becker, in a little parlor with the afternoon tea awaiting us. She received us with the utmost warmth, truly as old friends. She is a delightful looking woman, tall and rather stout, with perfectly white hair, brown eyes with eyelids drooping with a sort of weary look, a fine brow and smooth, fair complexion, and the most composed and lovely expression, though sad when she doesn't smile. Dressed in deep mourning, with her

widow's cap not unbecoming. Ellen used to call her "the Dove," now she might be a "Mater Dolorosa."

. . . In the evening we had whist for the young people and pleasant talk for me with Lady Belper, who pervaded everything with a lovely and considerate hospitality, which arranged for all and made us all comfortable. At bedtime she came to my room, which by the way was her own which she had given up to me, and when I said I could not bear to take it, she put her arms around me and said, "I love to have you here with all my things," this meant her husband's and children's pictures, Ellen's picture, her books, and all that one gathers in one's own place. How could I help feeling welcome? Then she sat down and we talked for an hour about Edward and Ellen, and she comforted me as no one else could by telling me how Edward is still honored and remembered, though his end is perfectly well known. It was truly pouring balm on a wounded heart, for I have grieved over it all, as you will understand.

To J. E. C.

LEAMINGTON, Monday Evening, Aug. 21, 1882.

. . . To-morrow we go to Broughton, and I have never told you how much better able I feel to go there after being with Lady Belper. She took the bitterness out of all Georgie Newdigate told me, by showing me how deeply she still loved and honored Edward. His picture was the first thing I saw in her parlor and his bust in her dining-room, and, knowing

all the truth, she still holds him in the most tender remembrance, without reproach or judgment, only love and pity and forgiveness. Georgie gave me such a feeling of disgrace that it made me heartsick that such as he should be dishonored by one single act of despair, after a life of purity and nobleness and honor, and I shrunk from going where I knew every step must remind me of him and of his bitter suffering. But now the sense of peace has come back and I can go and stand quietly where ended those passionate, loving, radiant lives, sure that in God's universe there is room for all that greatness, and certainly for all that doubt and fear, and calm for the surging feelings that found no rest here, and believing that they are nearer the great central peace which must be the final goal for such as they. I shall always count my visit to Lady Belper as one of the great blessings of my life.

. . . The time doesn't seem quite as endless as it did, and my spirits improve as the days grow fewer. Do you know I shall be on the ocean on our wedding-day? Please send me a little sealed note to open on that day, just "for greens" as the boys say, for it is our silver wedding. You know I can't help being sentimental and I want you to be, too. This letter is no good for any one but you, but then you are the Alpha and Omega for me. Love to all my darlings and to your dear mother from

YOUR LIZZIE.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BROUGHTON CASTLE, Aug. 23, 1882.

My Dearest Lillie,—Here I sit in the same chamber where I sat with my darling Ellen twenty-seven years ago (Queen Anne's room) while she made a sketch of the stone fireplace for me and grieved over my return to America. From a window cut in the wall I look down into the family chapel, where they brought her at the end and laid her among flowers, tenderly arranged, to wait the funeral service. I think that chapel has been in my mind every day since, and now I can sit and sleep close to it for a few days and it seems to me like holy ground, and truly it is good to be here. Therefore, dear, I long to thank you and Lizzie Lee here and now for giving me such a great gift and for the sympathy and love that helped you to plan it for me. I cannot thank you as I ought, for words cannot tell you what it is to me to be here. If anything could soothe and comfort a weary spirit this would do it, and I feel the deep peace that comes from a longing satisfied. This morning I have passed a long time in the church and by the graves of these two precious and beloved souls whose lives so early burnt through their earthly forms, whose love was too intense, hearts too tender, aspirations too high for them to stay with us, and who, I must believe, are living and rejoicing and learning somewhere in God's kingdom, freed from pain and danger and death. Nothing can be more touching than the sympathy and affection with which we have been received here. It is Ellen's and

Edward's last legacy, which you have enabled me to come and receive. Such gentle reverence as they have shown here for my feelings I could not have believed if I had not experienced it. Such living love, such loyal memories, such faithful care of everything belonging to the precious past, and then such a heartfelt welcome to us and such delicacy in giving me companionship and privacy just as I needed it. I have had to learn much that is intensely painful since I have been in England, which perhaps some day I may tell you, and perhaps I had better not, but at one time I had almost decided not to come to Broughton, because I dreaded it so much, but now the sting has gone and the strength has come to bear the new pain, and peace has settled again over these two beautiful graves.

Sometimes I have wondered whether I had not over-rated Ellen and Edward and formed imaginary characters built more from my enthusiasm than from the living realities, but when coming back I find how twenty years has made no dimness in the memory of Ellen's friends, how they one and all look back to her as the purest, best, and loveliest, how they mourn her loss and miss her and long for her, and how they welcome Edward and me for her sake, I think I made no mistake, it was no vain fabric of my imagination, she was fit to love as I have loved her. And it is no less so with Edward. He was, in very truth, the nobleman in heart and life that I believed him, and his love for her was something unfathomable, and after her death his solitude must have been unendurable and I truly believe he died of a broken heart.

And now, I hope, a month from to-day will find us on our way home and I hope you will not be sorry that I do not stay longer, for it seems to me reasonable to come home after three months' absence and I long inexpressibly to get back. The homesickness is a great strain, though I have enjoyed so much. And you must not expect to find me so very different from what I was when I came away. I think rest and absence must have done something for me, but the battle of life must go on and must be fought where God has assigned it. Loss, disappointment, failure, must leave deep scars, and weakness cannot grow into strength except by years. You have done most kindly all that love could suggest or desire, and I have faithfully tried to get all the good you offered me. Edward has been son, friend, companion, almost lover to me, and has justified your generosity and your confidence. He cannot fail to be the richer all his life long for what you have given him; perhaps you will find him silent and inaccessible, but do not doubt he has treasured up jewels of thought and character for the future, and for me you must still keep a generous patience and believe me most humbly and gratefully yours,

LIZZIE.

To J. E. C.

Aug. 25, 1882 (In the train to London).

. . . We started from Leamington as we expected Tuesday afternoon, and at the station met James Leigh, who was also on his way to Broughton Castle and greeted us pleasantly. In an hour we were at

Banbury and there at the station were both Lord and Lady Saye and Sele to meet us, with two carriages and two pairs of horses. They put me into the barouche with Lord Saye and Sele, and Lady Saye and Sele took Edward and her brother, and off we drove. It certainly was pleasant to be so welcomed, and I had not expected it, but had written that we would drive over in a fly. It is only two miles to Broughton, so that in fifteen minutes we drove under the dear old gateway, over the moat, and were at the door. You enter the great hall which must be sixty by about forty feet, with stone floor, and walls hung with armor and surrounded with cases of stuffed birds from Ceylon, where Lord Saye and Sele was born, you know. In the centre lies a Turkey carpet, and there is a large table with books, etc., round it sofas and chairs, a billiard table beyond, and at that hour a small tea-table all charmingly arranged with gay china and kettle boiling.

. . . We were all introduced, and then sat round for our cup of tea. Then Lady S. and S. took me to my room, the same one where I slept twenty-seven years ago, but all beautifully restored and refurnished by her, and among other things a window opened into the chapel below, the opening for which was discovered by Sir Gilbert Scott not long ago. Everything was beautifully provided for me, flowers on my table and a maid to wait on me, and then I was left to rest and dress for dinner, at half past seven. This chamber is what they call "Queen Anne of Denmark's" room, because she slept there when she came with King James to see the

castle. There is a beautifully wrought ceiling, a carved stone fireplace with the baron crown, and this lovely window into the chapel, so that you can hear the service without going down if you wish. The chapel is restored, and now in daily use, and to me seems a sacred place, full of sweet, sad memories, where loving hands did for us all that we could not do when those two dear lives ended. Fresh flowers are always there, and you can believe the pleasure I had in being near it. We assembled again in the great hall for dinner, and Lord S. and S. took me in himself, and Edward took Lady S. and S. I give you all these details because in their lives they have a meaning, but I cannot tell you how the form was filled with life by their warmth and kindness. Dinner lasts two hours, four liveried servants wait upon you, the dining-room is wainscotted and hung with portraits of Cromwell, Hampden, and other worthies, but it is not a stately room. It belongs to the earliest period of the castle, and was probably partitioned off from a larger room. You enter it through three stone arches which open from rather a narrow passageway leading from the hall. This is very picturesque when lighted and with the servants standing in a row awaiting his lordship, but it is not magnificent. Lord S. and S. sits at the head of his table, the very impersonation of a happy old age, bright as ever, entirely free from infirmities, the picture of health, with rosy cheeks and perfect teeth, and far more simple and unaffected than most men without castles or titles. He treated me like a dear daughter come back to him, not only

kindly but most affectionately, repeating over and over his welcome and his pleasure, speaking of America most warmly and of Americans he had liked, rubbing his hands and laughing in all the intervals as if something particularly jolly had happened, and looking over at Ted and saying, "Nice boy, nice boy, that's what I call a nice boy. It wouldn't be easy to get 'ahead of him' would it? 'Ahead of him,' as we say, you know, 'ahead of him.' He's what we call 'cute,' you know, 'cute,' 'cute,' 'cute.'" He has the same way that Edward had of saying over and over a word that suits him, and half singing it, and he said a little hymn of this kind, quite tickled with using slang. It was really bright of him to perceive Ted's long-headedness so immediately, for at the moment Ted was conversing in the most dignified manner with Lady Saye and Sele. I am afraid my description of him sounds as if he were rather goose-i-cal, but his way of laughing only seems like the overflowing of a cheerful heart. . . .

After dinner the ladies all moved to the great drawing-room, also fitted up since I was here. It must be a room of forty feet in length and well proportioned in height and width. It is wainscotted, but painted white, with windows deeply recessed and a fine bow with platform and table and sofa in it. The walls are hung with pictures, many of them portraits of the Saye and Seles, and here at once I recognized two large bookcases of Edward's books, the carpet, sofa, chairs, two beautiful tables, the green velvet curtains, the engraving-case, clock, and candelabra from the dear parlor at Rutland Gate. There was no

pain in it, on the contrary it was a pleasure to see them all again, cared for and used. . . .

Of course tea and coffee were brought on silver trays, etc., but eleven o'clock came very soon and Lady Saye and Sele moved to go upstairs. Then nothing would do but Lord Saye and Sele must himself light my candle and go upstairs and into my very room with me, light the candles there, and then leave me with such a fatherly good-night as one doesn't often get in this world. Ted came up after a little for a few words of good-night, happy and sweet, and then I laid myself down and tried to sleep, but laid awake peacefully thinking of you and my darlings and trying to believe that we were not so far apart as we seemed.

"Prayers at half past nine" were Lord S. and S's. last words as he left me. At eight the maid brought me a cup of tea and a tiny slice of bread and butter, and in spite of little sleep I found myself fresh and ready to go down when the time came. The service was lovely. The girls sang a hymn very sweetly, the servants and all joining, and then Lord S. and S., whose voice is fine and perfectly firm, read the lessons and prayers, and the day began with such a solemn peace as was fit and beautiful for me and for us all. Then breakfast, and after that Lady Saye and Sele packed all the young people off in two carriages, with lunch and wine and shawls, to Edge-hill and Boxton Hall, James Leigh going with them. Then she took me to the church where are the window and tablet for Ellen, and now another one for Edward, then to their grave, beautifully cared for,

with flowers growing around the monument, and no angel could have guided me and left me to myself more gently and tenderly than she did. We passed a long time there, and then she carried me off and showed me how she has rearranged everything, gardens, greenhouses, gardener's house, and a beautiful walk all around the place which Lord S. and S. calls "Caroline's Walk" after her, and she talked of Ellen and Edward, and we met S. and S. rejoicing in the lovely day, and all went in together for lunch. The young folks hadn't returned so we were delightfully quiet, and then I went to my room for a rest.

. . . I went down to tea and the young party came back, and another pleasant dinner and evening with music and games followed. Yesterday we had a service in the church, as it was St. Bartholomew's day, and then they left me with Ted to show him all the dear places. He is always just right, and we walked about together quietly as long as we liked and then found S. and S. awaiting us to show us the castle. For two hours that dear old man (he is 83) went about with us, through every chamber and secret staircase, out on the leads, through the old barracks, explaining everything, and it was most interesting to us both. In the afternoon I drove with Lady Saye and Sele, Ted sketched, and in the evening more singing and games, and a long talk in Lady S. and S's. boudoir. This morning it was hard to come away, but the sweet service in the chapel and their cheerful kindness made it peaceful. Both Lord and Lady S. and S. gave me a book as we parted and the whole party assembled to see us off, and so ended three days of such hospitality,

courtesy, and heartfelt kindness as falls to the lot of few.

TO J. E. C.

LONDON, Sept. 18, 1882.*

. . . Last evening, after we reached London, Ted and I had a most satisfactory talk over Mr. Davidson and his ideas. The boy is as level-headed as ever, and won't be upset by anybody. He told me far more than ever before of his own feelings and ideas about his future, and I think he is gradually finding his way, and will know what he wants by the time it is necessary to decide. He is more inclined to fit himself to be a teacher than I supposed, and is deeply and intensely interested in the growth and improvement of Harvard College. Law only attracts him by its practical outlook towards a living.

TO MRS. BULLARD.

BROOKLINE, Friday [month unknown, perhaps June], 1883.

My Dearest Lizzie, — Your delightful note came this morning and carried me back all those years. What a long and varied journey we have both travelled since then. As you say, it is hard to believe that we are the same people, but I believe we have gained and not lost, though some powers of enjoyment and some powers of loving, I fear, are at least under the shadow of the patience and endurance we have learned.

* They came home a few days later.

I feel sometimes as if I had passed most of my life in trying to lessen the inroads of disease on those nearest and dearest to me, and this last year has opened a new volume whose pages I turn one by one, not without hope, but without expectation of relief, and your experience has been far harder. Surely the lesson it all teaches is the growth of the spirit through the difficulties and disappointments of life, and if we can hold fast that faith we shall not get into the valley of discouragement, though it opens wide for us sometimes.

To J. E. C.

BEVERLY FARMS, June 12, 1883.

. . . The twins are such saints that they adapt themselves to my irregularities in a wonderful manner. Hugh even has come round and is very nice and pleasant, and everything goes smoothly. As for Philip, I am afraid he will be translated early in life, for he seems to have no faults, and he is such a darling that I am afraid I shall spoil him. Hugh, I think, will keep, but he is very sweet. The storm yesterday was magnificent, such colors on the water and such shadows, and such clouds and canopies in the sky. The boys came home exceedingly cross to dinner. Charles took it out in making exasperating remarks to Richard, and Richard gradually reached a white heat, but we avoided an explosion, and when dinner with its difficult proximity was over they began to play ball, and everything grew serene and comfortable

and Charlie grew funny and Richard mild, and we had a pleasant time watching the storm.

. . . Do you remember that next Monday is your birthday, and what are we going to do about it? I shall be very melancholy without you, and if you can't come I shall put it off, but I must have some plan because I care about "times and seasons," you know. Now don't forget to answer or I will have my feelings hurt immediately.

To J. E. C.

BEVERLY FARMS, Sunday Morning, June 17, 1883.

My Dearest, — I must send you one word for your birthday morning even if you succeed in coming down.

I can't tell you more than you know how I love you or how great and beautiful was the gift God gave us all when he gave us you, but each year only makes it clearer and more beautiful, and makes me wish more and more that I could add something to your happiness. All I can do is to love you in my poor little way.

The boys are all here and are rather miserable that the weather proves cold and threatens rain, but Size has his cello this time and will content himself. He looks very well, never better, and believes in rowing more than ever.

Ted is lovely, and gave me his thesis on the Jesuits to read last evening.

TO MRS. BULLARD.

BETHLEHEM,* Sept. 13, 1883.

. . . Your letter from N. E. harbor telling me about the accident was really thrilling it was so vivid. I felt as if I had been there, and every word about Charles sank into my heart. It is because I know his heroic tenderness as well as his heroic strength that I long so intensely that these boys whose lives and characters he is shaping should have some chance to see into that great unknown realm in him which is the real source of his greatness, instead of regarding him as they do as a man of great practical ability, but without sympathy or sensibility. What can we do about it?

I am having a most peaceful and pleasant visit here. It brings back our trip here with Lillie and dear Parkie how many years ago? I cannot remember what year it was, but it seems as if it belonged to another existence, but perhaps not a better one. I hope these years of storm and trial have done something worth doing for us all. This air is wonderfully exhilarating and the scenery very charming. I feel as well as possible, but pretty lazy. Very willing "to eat, drink, and be merry." Harriet and Lizzie are very delightful both separately and together. They have harmonized their lives beautifully so as to make abundant room for each individuality and yet keep an unbroken and most loving companionship. It is very perfect and very rare to see, and one of the best results of our Eliot inheritance. To me they give a

* She was staying with Miss Harriet and Miss Lizzie Guild.

genuine refreshment from the feeling of kinship and natural instinctive sympathy which has so much passed out of my life of late. . . .

How hard to fold one's hands over deficiencies in one's children and recognize that we are powerless, except to suggest, to love, to be patient. This is my darling Ted's birthday, and there we have so much to be thankful for that it is a comfort in all other difficulties. He is so steady, so conscientious, and so able that he must be part of the "salt of the earth," and must conquer in the battles of life and find at least peace and nobleness and love in this world, and with those I shall be content for him.

To J. E. C.

BEVERLY FARMS, Sept. 20, 1883.

. . . Marian* really wants me to take the head work in the Charity Organization in Ward 6, in Boston, and it tempts me. I am so useless now in the world, and when all the boys are gone, as they will be this winter, and you are in your study I am so much at leisure that perhaps I should be all the better for some hard work where my age and experience might be of some service. What do you say?

To J. E. C.

BROOKLINE, June 9, 1884.

I have been doing a little clearing up since you went, and feel very sure of accomplishing the work

* Miss M. C. Jackson.

very easily. What weighs on me is not the house or the moving, but my incapacity to lift the weight of monotony and dulness off you or to make Size's recovery * less irksome to him or Ted's losses lighter. I have no power to help any of these things and they make my heart heavy. When my boys and you are left dependent on me as now, when you are cut off from other people, I feel my own insufficiency terribly. I am not going to think about it, however, for it is no use, and am your lovingest

LIZZIE.

* T. H. C. was recovering from diphtheria, and J. E. C. had moved to Beverly Farms with the rest of the family.

CHAPTER II.

HER SON EDWARD'S ILLNESS AND DEATH, 1885 TO 1894.

To J. E. C.

LONDON, 51 Jermyn St., June 26, 1885.

. . . Mr. Davidson's brother has been to see us three times and is very kind, and, like his brother, very much devoted to Ted. He has two views, one that Ted should study Roman Law now, immediately, with him, but without charge, and the other that I should consult a friend of his, a Scotchman, Dr. Ferrier, who, he is convinced, would immediately cure him. These two points he pursues every time he comes here with true Scotch persistency, and without paying the slightest attention to anything we say in reply. Ted thinks he has crushed the Roman Law project, but I have no doubt it will break out again. [Mr. Davidson] is the most extraordinary looking being that I ever saw, even more remarkable than when we saw him in Brookline, but the worst feature is the dirt. He is so dirty that I find myself wondering every time he comes how he managed it, and this rather interrupts the easy flow of conversation. On

Sunday Ted is going to his house, and if he comes home without a severe attack of indigestion I shall be surprised.

To R. C. C.

LONDON, July 3, 1885.

Darling,—I wanted to tell you, before I came away, what a help and comfort you had been to me all winter, but I couldn't manage to say it without breaking down, but there was scarcely a day that you didn't do or say or live something that helped me. It was a hard winter, but you made it easier, and whenever I think of the hard times I think of the blessing you were and are, and I am very thankful for you, you may be sure, and want you to know it. You want me to criticise your letters, but I am afraid I can't, though I hear you say, "There, I knew she wouldn't, she never does." My idea of a letter is first, that it should be natural, that is, as much like what one would say as possible. Next, that it should mention any interesting facts that have occurred either to the writer or the writee. Next, that it should acknowledge and respond to the last letter received, and, more than all, that it should give something of the writer's thoughts and feelings as well as actions and events. It is this last which makes a letter really refreshing, and really lessens absence by bringing a person nearer. Of course an agreeable letter may be written on politics or music or outside matters of any kind, but family letters must go deeper to be satisfactory. Your letters fulfil all these requirements uncom-

monly well, and give me a delicious feeling of having been with you when I read them. Your expedition to town for shopping with Miss Holman and your visit to Elsie Perkins and to-day the baseball game and your visit to Aunt Lillie's are all as real to me as if I were at home. Your father's birthday and Hugh with chicken-pox, too, and Amy Folsom's recovery. So here is the end of my lecture.

Ted enjoys his visits to the law courts, where he and Arthur Lyman spend every morning, and in the afternoon they have rowed once on the Serpentine, in Hyde Park, once on the Thames near Westminster, and yesterday we all started together and went to Maiden-head by train, about twelve miles, and there we took a boat and Ted and Arthur Lyman and Mr. Moors rowed us all the afternoon up the Thames. It was a perfect afternoon, and London seemed as far away as if we had never seen it. We found a magnificent wood on one side of the river, superb trees rising on a hill-side, for two or three miles in length and coming close to the water's edge, and were wondering how such a place could exist so near London, when we discovered that it all belonged to the Marquis of Westminster. That is always the way, every beautiful piece of country belongs to some nobleman. When we came back we found Mr. Lyman's brother Herbert had arrived by the "Samaria," and he has taken a room in this house, too, so that we have a nice Boston party and a very pleasant little family. We like John Moors very much, and I hope when we get home he will come to Brookline to see us.

. . . Then to the tailor's, where Ruth tried on a new

dress which fits so well that she looks as if she had been poured into it.

To J. E. C.

LONDON, Wednesday, July 15, 1885.

. . . Not a word from you since you had my letter giving Dr. Ralfe's opinion.* I am afraid you are either not well or too much depressed by the look of the future to be willing to write. I know just how you feel, darling. How I wish I could be with you and that we could help each other through with it. It is harder for you than for me, because while being with Ted I am helped by the signs of health and vigor which are still so predominant, and it helps one to keep the hopeful side uppermost. Still the doubts will loom up and the fears take strong hold at times, and the only peace is in learning to leave his future where we leave our own and to pray that God will make him and us equal to it as it comes.

To MRS. W. W. VAUGHAN.

51 JERMYN ST., Thursday, July 16, 1885.

. . . London has been comfortable and is always homelike to me, for I feel nearer Ellen and Edward here. The English friends have come right up to the mark. Lady Belper is an angelic woman, full of love and pity and generous friendship. She has been indefatigable and done everything for us, from send-

* As to E. T. C.'s illness.

ing round for me the second evening we were here to come and sit with her, "because she was alone," to contriving pleasures for Ruth and Arthur Lyman. She entered into my anxiety about Ted as you would have done, and just applied her mind to lightening the load. Eternity won't be long enough to be grateful to her in. She invited us all to lunch, then all to dinner, then Ted by himself to a large dinner, then all to two evening parties, then Ruth and Arthur and Ted to drive to Hammersley to a Polo game, then again to lunch. Then, through Mr. Coon, found a water-color master for Ruth, then, through Mr. Digby, opened the law courts and the law library to Ted and Arthur, where they have daily listened and studied. Told Ted how to get rowing on the Serpentine, also a daily resource, and now sends for me to come Saturday afternoon to "have our talk before you go."

To R. C. C.

LONDON, British Museum, July 21, 1885.*

Dearest Richard, — You would be amused to see me sitting at one of the desks in the British Museum among "men and women of letters" waiting for a book about Emerson from which I want to make some extracts for papa. John Moors, who is still with us, has an entrance ticket here and he has brought me in. Of course I have been required to sign my name several times and "sit down" several times, for those are the two things you must do in

* This trip was undertaken on account of E. T. C.'s illness.

England whenever you want anything. You know in America we are sometimes allowed to stand while a question is answered, but here never. If you ask what time it is, "Thank you'm, yes'm. Sit down please." It rather infuriates me at first, but after a while I get used to it and rush for a chair before I begin. The end of all this is that I am now seated at a most comfortable leather-covered table, at least thirty feet long, divided into ten compartments, each with a chair with its back turned to the passageway. In front a thick wooden fence rises like the head of a bed with various mysterious handles and knobs, and trying at them small doors open and padded shelves fall down for you to lay your books upon. Directly in front of you is a small recess where is an inkstand, two pens, and a pen brush. The room is circular, and over you rises an enormous dome with many windows which supply all the light, and the walls are entirely covered with books. It is altogether perfect and luxurious, and if any one has even a spark of literary taste such a place would fan it into a flame. Query? Can a place fan? Ask Charlie. . . .

We had a funny encounter the other day with some snobs in the train coming in from Richmond. As we got into the car, which was not a smoking-car, Ted saw that two men, one at each window, were smoking. He requested them to stop. Whereupon one said, "I beg pardon, sir, this is a smoking car." "This is not a smoking car," said Ted. "Will you stop smoking?" "I believe there is no objection to smoking," says snob, puffing away. "I shall call the guard if you don't stop. Guard! Guard! here are

two men smoking in this car. Is this a smoking car?" "No, sir." Guard to snob: "You must stop, sir, or leave the car." Snob, mad as he can live, throws down his cigar. Other snob conceals his. Ted, at a white heat, settles down for a moment. Presently, to the other snob, "Will you stop smoking, sir?" Second snob: "I don't see why I should stop for a man if the ladies don't object." Mrs. Cabot: "I object extremely." Second snob lays down his cigar. In about five minutes first snob shuts his window and calls upon second snob to shut his, as he has a very bad cold. So here we were hermetically sealed with ten people in one compartment. At the next station Ted started up and said, "I should like to get out," and slammed the door wide open, which gave us a breath. "I'm sure I should be very happy to have you," said first snob in the most impudent way you can imagine, and I was afraid Ted would give him a fisticuff, but he didn't and got in again. Presently John Moors asked the second snob if he would open the window a little as he (John) felt unwell, and he relented and we reached London without smothering. The first snob devoted himself to coughing assiduously, which was hard work as he had very little cold. Good-by for now, dear. This is rather a hasty scrawl, but will do to remind you of your loving mamma.

To J. E. C.

LITTLE SCHEIDEGG,* Aug. 15, 1885.

. . . It rather startles me to think of Richard's being a physician, for it is such an arduous life for mind and body, and I do not feel sure that he has the nerve power to bear the strain and the responsibility that it involves. I have always thought it the finest of the professions, but of late I have noticed especially in medical students a materialistic turn of mind which seems to be encouraged by their studies and which seems to me to take the heart out of life pretty thoroughly. Evidently conscientious scepticism must be encountered by all thoughtful and intelligent young men in these times. I found it in both L. and M. in talking with them, and a cause of suffering and deep regret to them both. Not only a scepticism of Christianity, but of any moral government in the universe or of any higher source of mental or spiritual life than protoplasm. Two finer fellows, morally, than these two it would be hard to find, but they are holding on for dear life to goodness as their only refuge, and without much hope for the future or much belief in the present. What is the matter with our education that Harvard College results in this? Or is it the nineteenth century and not Harvard nor Yale nor any other place or system? To return to Richard, I do not see that we should have a right to object to his choosing a physician's life if he really wishes it, and I can see how his quick sympathies

* The London physicians advised E. T. C. to pass some weeks in Switzerland.

and his interest in humanity lead him to think of it, but he must consider well before he goes into it.

To J. E. C.

LITTLE SCHEIDEGG, Aug. 18, 1885.

. . . How I long for you every hour to enjoy and to sketch these wonderful places. I feel as if I had not more than half my senses when I am away from you. These mountains are more than ever interesting and delightful to me, and I am sure this is the way to enjoy them. To see them all day long for many days, in every light of morning, noon, and night, and get the impression not only of their immensity and towering strength, but also know all their pretty ways of dressing themselves up with clouds and sunshine, and showing different faces at every hour of the day.

To J. E. C.

FIESCH, Sept. 1, 1885.

. . . I am perfectly delighted that you are going to Lake Champlain with Sarah Lee, and hope it is the beginning of good things and many more visits. It makes me sad sometimes to think that you see more of your own friends when I am away than when I am at home. It is very natural, but I don't want to have it so, and hope you will take it to heart and not let it be so. Of course they don't want me, and why shouldn't they have you without me, and not let me be in the way? While your dear mother needed you

it was all right enough, but now you ought to go back to the old times and not let me be an obstruction. Only think of your having accomplished 600 pages on the dear biography. We will see about cutting down hereafter, but now the more the better.

To F. E. C.

FRANKFURT, Sept. 11, 1885.

. . . I wrote your father some time ago that if I found it would be an advantage for Ted that I should delay sailing till September 30, I should change my ticket and telegraph. I hope it will not be necessary, for I am most anxious to come on the 23d, but you need not be surprised to receive a telegram, for I shall send to your office if I stay till the 30th. I want you to arrange that nobody, not even your dear self, shall stand waiting for me on the wharf, and, above all, insist that papa shall stay at home in Brookline. I want to find him where I left him, in our own house, and not on the wharf, cold and tired and uncomfortable. There is always such delay and uncertainty about arrivals that I would really prefer to find a note from you on the tug and a hack from Barnard's waiting for me, and if it is five o'clock in the morning I should go to Parker's and get some breakfast and telephone to my family and I shouldn't feel one mite forlorn. Now please exercise your unusually bright and vigorous mind and contrive that no one shall wait and watch for me. If I come on the 23d, Harry and Arthur and John Moors will be with me, even if Ted stays behind, and they will look after me.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BROOKLINE, Oct. 24, 1885.

. . . We have had the most delightful home coming. Mary [Bullard] and Harry assumed all care of the luggage when we reached the wharf and sent Ted and me off in a carriage, and we drove out here and called Elliot down from his study as if we had just come from a day in Boston. Ted was looking out the window all the way and saying how much handsomer a city Boston was than London or Paris and how much prettier Brookline was than any place we had seen. Since then it has seemed to me the days were not long enough to be thankful in for the blessing of being at home, and each hour seems more blessed than the last. I did not believe I could ever be so happy again as I have been for the last three weeks. Of course it cannot last; the sense of relief will pass, and the old troubles and worries must return, I suppose, but how can one be grateful enough when such a season of rest is allowed.

I am not satisfied with Elliot's looks, though he seems and is well. He shows the marks of all he has been through plainly enough. At first he looked very pale and thin to me, but he is not very thin and the paleness is less, and Lizzie says he looks better than he did in the summer. I am trying to keep him out-of-doors as much as possible, and to get him to ride on horseback with Harry Lee. They have had two nice rides and I hope for more, but I suppose such a loss* and such anxiety must leave its mark on him

* His mother's death.

and his very unconsciousness increases the drain upon him, I fear, because he isn't driven by conscious suffering to seek some alleviation, as most of us are, but goes mutely on enduring and uncomplaining, but losing some of his vitality. I wish he could enjoy any change, but if Ted continues well that will gradually have a reviving effect. I do not mean that he seems sad or unhappy, on the contrary, but the physical effect of all he has had to bear is very evident and I hope may be lessened, at least, in time.

I am having a most luxurious time with Richard. He is fairly started at Cambridge and full of life and interested in everything, but he is so affectionate and so communicative that I do not yet feel that I have lost him and enjoy his days at home greatly. The twins are very little changed. They seem very well and go on from one day to another without being any trouble to themselves or other people.

. . . Since the time that you went abroad with Mabel, I have felt as if few could equal Harry in nobility of aim, in depth and strength of unselfishness, in perfect purity and sweetness, in a wisdom and good judgment beyond his years, and in the tact and delicacy which make all these qualities charming and companionable, and so, darling, I love him deeply and truly, and watch him for you with something as near your care as I am capable of.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BROOKLINE, May 17, 1886.

. . . I long to have you free from anxiety, but who is? I must learn not to ask it for you any more than for myself.

I do grudge suffering for my friends so much more than for myself, and you have had so much anxiety. God knows what he is aiming at for us. It is hard to see, sometimes, for the strain of endurance seems to use up so much strength that there is often but little left for the active duties of life and none for the pleasures.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BROOKLINE, June 7, 1886.

. . . Oh, my dearest Lillie, how my heart echoes every word you say in your birthday letter which has come to-day! Life is full of sweetness and of blessings, but how hard it is to face the present anxieties calmly and to look forward to the losses which must surely come and to the sufferings of those dearest to us, to feel our weakness and inadequacy and not to lose courage and faith. I pray day and night that my strength may be sufficient for my darlings' needs, for I know now that many snares and pitfalls stand ready for them and I long to hold out for them. We must learn to leave them all in God's hands, but it seems as if they had been given into our care, and it will be hard to give it up. I know how your heart

sinks when Walter looks weary and wan. Elliot is wonderfully well, but I see that he is growing old, and I know that anxiety about the boys must wear on him, though he bears it so silently. The necessity of growing old seems to be the bearing about with us always a heavy weight of anxiety with lessening physical powers and lessening hope. We must add to our faith daily or we shall fall under the burden.

Darling, we must both be happy when we can and be ready all the time for the breaking of the storm. Let us be thankful for each other. I am thankful for you every day.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BROOKLINE, June 27, 1886.

. . . I don't wonder you are full of apprehensions, and it is a dreadful feeling and well do I know it. I know no way, but "having done all to stand" and to remember in life and death, in sickness and health, God has our darlings in His keeping. It seems to me the only way to deal with the complicated anxieties of a large household. With my dear Ted I have a constant lesson in that trust in God's care. For my utmost pains cannot shelter him from the chance of sudden downfall, and I try every time he leaves the house to remember that there is no place for deep anxiety while I know that he is doing his best, and I have done all that I can. I feel ashamed

to write this to you for you know it better than I, and act up to it far better.

To J. E. C.

SARANAC INN,* July 9, 1886.

Dearest, — Here we are safe and happy after a very prosperous journey from Plattsburg. We found it cost but little more to take a wagon to ourselves from Ausable Forks, and therefore came in very pleasantly just with our own party. Our luggage all arrived and came in a wagon behind us, so that we had it under our eyes all the time. The drive is long, but the air so exhilarating that we are none of us tired or weary.

We arrived here soon after eight, and the view is most beautiful, the lake with a lovely line of mountains behind it. Mr. Riddle received us, and is very quiet and friendly. The house is a wonder of neatness and comfort, quiet, airy, and very attractive. We have four nice bedrooms, and the boys are much pleased. Ted seems remarkably well and bright. Our freight is all here, our tents up and our guide on hand, our cook sent for, boats ready also. We have not yet seen our camp, of course, but shall go there in the morning.

Everything looks hopeful. The weather has been deliciously cool to-day. To-night it looks a good deal like rain. Mr. Riddle has taken a list of kitchen things for me and will send to Bloomingdale for them,

* E. T. C. was advised by his physician to try camp life; hence the family moved to the Adirondacks for the next five summers.

so that I need not go, but shall spend to-morrow in looking about me. If I could have you here I should be very happy, but you seem far away.

Good-night, darling. Love to the boys from your
LIZZIE.

Mr. R. says the black flies are gone.

To J. E. C.

SARANAC INN, Sunday Evening, July 11, 1886.

Dearest, — We are still here, but expect to sleep in camp to-morrow night. Yesterday and again to-day we have been over there for several hours and found plenty to do to get things to rights. Yesterday morning it rained and we could not do a great deal, but as early as possible we sent the guide over with all the trunks we could spare and with the beds and bedding and all the freight. It cleared up at noon so that in the afternoon we all went over together, and the boys took hold in good earnest and opened the boxes and set up the beds and arranged the mattresses, and then I partially unpacked the trunks. The approach to the camp across the lake is very charming. There is a flight of low, broad steps and then a fringe of white birch-trees and then you come upon the tents, which stand on platforms raised at least two feet above the ground and with steps leading up to each. The two tents on the same platform open into each other and they are so spacious that we have decided to arrange one for a sitting-room and one for a bedroom, putting three beds in one and at night putting up another in the sitting-room.

There is a large fly and piazza floor on the sitting-room tent, where all our easy chairs will stand, and from which there is a most delicious view of the lake and the mountains beyond. I don't want to say too much about it, but it is far more beautiful than I expected, and the tents seem so dry and warm that it seems perfectly comfortable. Miss Darling has left more little conveniences in the way of little tables and bookcases and wardrobes than I expected, so that already the tents look quite habitable. Miss Darling and her sister are here, by the way, and are very attractive women. They are in deep mourning, having lost the sister for whom they came up here. The younger sister plays extremely well, and she and Richard fraternized immediately and have given us some charming music.

We find our guide intelligent and capable, and the boys, who have seen more of him than I, say he is a good fellow. We expect our cook to-morrow, but shall go over to the camp to sleep whether she comes or not, and come over here for our meals for a day until she gets established in our kitchen. All our "stuff" has arrived from Bloomingdale, and the cooking-stove is to be set up in the morning, which seems like housekeeping. The weather is very cool, so that we have been glad to sit by the great wood fire whenever we have been in the house. The glass has not been above 63°, and the wind northwest. It has just rained enough to lay the dust, which is a great comfort. We have seen no black flies, but the midges at some hours are tormenting. Richard and Phil undertook to sketch this P.M. and were nearly

frantic. At the hotel there is no trouble, but I think we shall have to keep a smudge going in camp. The mosquitoes are not very troublesome.

Ted looks and seems very well and has a splendid appetite. Mr. Riddle's garden will give us plenty of "greens," I think. My test to-day showed everything right. I have made the bread twice, very successfully, and now when we have had three meals in camp I shall feel quite peaceful. Our party works admirably. Miss Seaman is very bright and enjoys everything, Richard can't be beat, Phil is his own smiling self, and Ted serene and solid. I long for you, but am hopeful about the summer, and always yrs.

LIZZIE.

Best love to all the boys.

To J. E. C.

IN CAMP, Tuesday Evening, July 13, 1886.

. . . Here we are, darling, really settled in camp, with our parlor tent looking so cosey and bright and our fire blazing outside, our lamp lighted, and not a midge or a mosquito to trouble us. Arthur Denniston has just arrived, and we have had our first meal in camp. We slept here last night and in the greatest comfort. Our mosquito nettings worked so well that we didn't even hear the mosquitoes, and it was eight o'clock A.M. when I woke, and I was the first to rouse. To-day our cook has arrived, and we have got our dishes washed and set up and she has cooked beefsteak and scrambled eggs, and we have all had a

sufficient supper. Of course I cannot tell for a week how she will get on, but she is evidently a capable girl. Our weather has been very beautiful to-day. When we woke this morning the lake was like a mirror, with every hill and every tree reflected, but though it was very still the air was deliciously fresh and cool. Then came a little breeze and it grew warmer, but the glass in the tent did not rise above 75°. The air here certainly is peculiar, fresh without chill, and bracing without stirring you up to work. I begin to think I shall sit all summer with my hands before me as Mrs. Schlesinger said. Oh, if you were only here! Last night came your two packages of July 8th and 9th, and to-night your dear letter of the 9th has come with Mr. Parker's note enclosed. It is good to hear of Ellen and William [Vaughan] at home and dining with you, and that my dear Hugh is well. I am glad you did not send any dancing-school notes, for there is only one answer for all at present.* I never wished so much that I could be in two places at once. It is certainly very pleasant here, but you are somewhere else and that spoils it. Ted is very well and the others finely. Edith [Forbes] and Eleanor [Guild] will be here to-morrow, I hope. We are all ready for them. Love to Miss Holman and the rest. I am glad you like Tom Brown.

YR. LIZZIE.

*This is the only reference to the Saturday evening dancing class at Papanti's which she managed from 1876 to 1887.

To J. E. C.

IN CAMP, Sunday P.M., July 18, 1886.

Dearest,— Last evening came your two notes of the 14th, with their suggestions and delightful little pieces of advice which make me feel as if you were near at hand. In regard to the fire, we have three smudge pails, which are carried round from place to place wherever the midges are most rampant, and they are an absolute protection from the danger of setting fire to the woods. Then we have so many showers that the woods have no chance to get dry. We had a heavy thunder shower last night and a mild one this morning. They don't interfere with us particularly, as waterproofs are our constant companions, but they keep the ground damp.

. . . We shall be much pleased if Ned Storrow turns up, for "the more the merrier" in this mode of life. I am just left to myself for the first time to-day. Ted and Arthur and Edith have started for a stroll. Eleanor and Richard are on the lake. Miss Seaman in the hammock reading. Phil in his tent. Our days literally glide by. It is a delightful mode of existence. If you were here and liked it I should prefer it infinitely to Beverly as it now is. No dress to think about, only the people in your own household to meet and consider. Books and leisure and society and heavenly scenery and a delicious climate. Enough to eat and no worry with preparations, for I am getting the run of things and shall not have any trouble if my woman is contented. To-day after the morning work of "clearing up," which is not more than we

all like, we settled down to write for awhile. Ted and Arthur retired to their own piazza and read "Faust." Richard and Edith went for a row on the lake. At twelve I read one of Stopford Brooks' sermons aloud. Then came dinner; then Eleanor finished the "Fallen Idol" to us, which we have found most amusing. Now after making Ted's bread I am writing again and they are all off, as I told you. I did not get the tent hooks, but we do not need them, thank you. Thank Charlie for his most agreeable letter, which will be answered forthwith. To-morrow I am going to "settle up" with Mr. Riddle, and then we can form some idea of our expenses. Ted is in wonderful condition. If it could continue he would be well. The change in tests is very striking. So much for that which is our chief point. Farewell, dearest. God bless you and all.

LIZZIE.

To J. E. C.

SARANAC CAMP, July 20, 1886.

Dearest, — I had hardly finished my note last evening before a telegram came for poor Miss Seaman, telling her of her father's death, and she started at six o'clock this morning for New York and Richard with her for escort. It was not wholly unexpected, as she knew he was more ill than usual when she left Brookline, . . . but it is the end of her visit here, as her mother will need her for the rest of the summer. It is a great loss to our party, for she was very bright and full of energy and capacity, and the girls delighted in her. Still they adapt themselves to the situation

and keep things going. This morning Eleanor gave the boys a law examination, and they roared with laughter for an hour. This afternoon we have all been exploring the lake for three hours and had a delicious time. The weather has cleared cool and bright. Last evening and this morning we were glad of fires in our little stoves for an hour or so. Last evening Ted and Arthur D. started off for a deer-stalking, leaving here at eight P.M. and returning at two A.M. Ted carried the boat and Arthur the gun, etc., to a pond near by, and they seemed to have enjoyed it highly, though they saw never a deer. Ted slept till ten and has been jollier than ever all day. I miss Richard terribly, but he will be back before we know it. You see our days have a variety of their own even in the wilderness. We have completed our first week of three meals a day without disaster, so that I feel as if the housekeeping was growing easier and would soon settle into routine.

. . . I am glad you have finished the photos for the Athenæum without killing yourself, and wish I was where I could read the new pages about Mrs. Ripley and Miss Hoar, but above all I wish you were here to-night to see the beautiful lake. Good-night and good-by, from

YR. LIZZIE.

To J. E. C.

SARANAC CAMP, July 23, 1886.

. . . We have been away from camp all day long, on a most delightful rowing and "carrying" expedition, taking our luncheon with us and coming home.

about eight o'clock, the boys all as hungry as bears. First we rowed to the end of this lake, then through a creek to Round Pond, right under Ampersand Mountain, then a short carry and camped for lunch. Then from Round Pond through another little creek to Weller Pond, then a carry of one mile and a half through the woods to Saranac again, and home by the most lovely sunset. Ted jolly all the day and doing his full share of the work.

To J. E. C.

AMPERSAND CAMP, July 29, 4 P.M. ('86).

Dearest, — The boys returned from their expedition at five o'clock this A.M. so noiselessly that we knew nothing of it, but without any result except the joys of spending the night out-of-doors and seeing the sunrise. This seemed quite enough, however, and their breakfasts occupied most of the morning. It is the irregularity of life here which makes the washing of dishes and the making of beds so constant an occupation. I realize fully the importance of doing other things, but some days are pretty well cut up by housework, and it seems better economy to have one person to do it and leave the others free. Ted again is all right to-day, showing that the night work does not apparently do harm. The letter which I enclose from Dr. Sabine will tell you about Louis, and make you sorry. It does not decidedly oppose Ted's going with Arthur D., and I think he will go, first to the Putnams and then to Maine unless he finds himself the worse for being at the Putnams. I have

advised his taking the test with him, and looking into his condition himself so as to know, and if he finds things out of order telegraphing to Arthur D. that he shall not come. He thinks you will not be persuaded to come here. I hoped that might be a bait to keep him here. If he goes, as he thinks of doing, he will be away from August 8th to September 1st. Perhaps you won't care to come in his absence. He says he is not bored here, he "likes it very much," "but it is a little hard to amuse one's self anywhere for three months." I hope I am not weak in not opposing his going absolutely. I see a good deal to be gained by it in various ways, and feel that the risk is not great. It takes the heart out of being here, and I thought of breaking up camp and coming home, but I thought it was better to stay and give him another fortnight here after his return. All this is for you to think over. I suppose he had better not be either in Beverly or Brookline the fortnight before he goes to work.

TO MRS. F. E. C.

BROOKLINE, Wednesday, May 16, 1887.

. . . Ethel, darling, how I wish you were here this blessed moment looking out of the window with me on the lovely spring "fixings" out-of-doors! We have had rain on and off for days and days, making your "Uncle Elliot" very happy and making everything grow and shine and blossom. To-day all the loveliest tints of browns and reds and yellows and greens are spread over the woods and the Missouri currant is

about half out and smells deliciously and the little white and yellow and purple violets are in full glory and there is no mistaking the most beautiful moment of the spring, with the sun shining and the birds singing their best. I am going over to lunch with your dear mamma, where again I shall be longing for you. But we miss you and want you all the time for that matter, and the only comfort is to believe that you are doing the best thing, and so all is well.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

SARANAC, July 28, 1887.

. . . Your note to Elliot gave me such a joyful feeling of your comprehending sympathy. It seemed to me as if I had waited for years to have you say just those things, and now you have said them from your heart, and my heart feels the deep peace of an absolute sympathy. How rarely it can come into this world! When it does, it is a little piece of Heaven, a moment of absolute rest. How I wish your words might inspire Elliot to go on writing. I have said almost the same thing to him hundreds of times, but some essential impulse is, I fear, wanting in him and nothing but an external necessity, as it were, like Emerson's wish that he should be his biographer, will ever bring out the hidden treasure. A complete artist has the need of expression, I suppose, and that forces him to share his feelings and ideas with his fellow-creatures. Elliot seems to be without that need, and therefore I am afraid he will go on

learning, feeling, thinking to the end, and only by some happy chance shall we hear his results or get a glimpse of those calm, inner depths where he dwells. All the more let us be thankful for the memoir !

I feel now that I have had all the appreciation I need to confirm my own belief that the book is a complete and beautiful portrait of one of the rarest souls that ever walked the earth, and I have no further anxiety. I dare say it will be both admired and criticised, but I shall not greatly care. My public are content and pleased.

I wish for you every hour to feel the soothing peace of this place and this life. Our days are a good deal alike. In the morning a little work about the camp with frequent pauses to enjoy a lovely cloud or a new ripple on the lake ; about 11.30 a bath, then a rest on the sofa, and Elliot often reading aloud to me till dinner. Dinner at 1.30. After that for an hour Elliot has been reading "Royce" to us all. Then a walk in the woods or a novel in the hammock or a letter to write. Tea at 6.30. After tea a row on the lake, Elliot and I in one boat and Richard or a twin rowing Eliza Post and Mary Chapman, wonderful sunsets and the moon, evening round the camp-fire or reading in the tent and early to bed. To-night we are all inside, and there is a thunder shower outside.

Good-by, darling, I could write on for hours. You must never feel inadequate in writing or speaking to me. Our limitations are prison walls to us all, but yours are fewer than most people's, and no one says the right and helpful thing for me as you do.

TO MRS. BULLARD.

AMPERSAND CAMP, September, 1887.

Dearest Elizabeth,—I must send you a word at the end of this delightful summer to tell you how well and how thankful we all are. We have been here eight weeks and in another one we go home. They have been wonderful weeks, free from care or anxiety, and now as they are ending they seem so full of enjoyment that they will always stand out clear and bright among the blessed times of our lives. Elliot has been with me all the time, and has been perfectly well and in capital spirits. He has walked and sketched and we have had long mornings and afternoons in the woods, reading together and delightful rowing on the lake and whole day's picnic by ourselves. We have really had a complete holiday together, with such leisure as we have not had for years.

Elliot's memoir of Emerson comes out September 17th, and we shall be at home a day or two before. This ends the work of six years, and the book is a great joy to me and I trust you, with other dear friends, will be interested in it.

TO J. E. C.

WASHINGTON,* Sunday, 5 P.M., October (1887).

Dearest,—Here we really are, not yet twenty-four hours since we bade you good-by. Everything has gone well. In the train we met James [Mills] Pierce,

* E. T. C. was settling in Washington as secretary to Justice Gray.

who came twice and sat with us an hour and talked most agreeably. He told me a great deal about the Johns Hopkins University, in which he is much interested. We went to bed at the proper time and both slept so well that the night seemed short, and the toilet difficulties being overcome, our breakfast was brought in to us and we ate it and felt quite equal to a day's work. We arrived only ten minutes after the promised time, and were safely in our rooms with bag and baggage before 12 o'clock. Our rooms are comfortable, but open on the area back, which is not altogether ideal, but it is of no great consequence for so short a time.

Ted went off to explore and I rested and dressed, and by one o'clock felt thoroughly refreshed and ready for lunch, which we proceeded to get. The weather looked doubtful but we decided to start for Arlington Heights at 2.30, and drove along very happily for half an hour, when the drops began to fall and we found we were in for a rainy afternoon. However we kept on, our driver having turned our open carriage into a closed one, and in spite of the rain had a most beautiful and interesting drive. As we crossed the bridge the view of the Potomac with all the islands is very striking, and makes you understand the position of the city at once.

Then as you reach the Heights the views grow finer until you drive into the cemetery, which is touching and beautiful beyond words. The 10,000 soldiers and officers lie there in battle array as truly as they ever stood in any field, regiment after regiment of low, white stones rising in long lines with now and then

a taller one to mark the officers. It is most solemn and perfect in the whole arrangement. I did not know till I was there that it is General Lee's old family place, but that adds a strange and sad element of retribution to it all when one remembers him as I do in all the early charm of his West Point service. The old cedars and oaks, which now are so wonderfully appropriate in their sober beauty by these graves, must have been his old friends and playmates. How he must have looked at it after the war had so taken possession of it and how he must have loved it.

You see the rain did not prevent our taking it all in, but we wished it had been sunny, for the whole place was traversed by lovely peaceful walks among the grass, and we longed to spend the whole of our Sunday afternoon there. Ted was thoroughly interested in it all, and I wished for you and the boys badly. From there we drove in to town, the driver judiciously bringing us in by a different road and showing us K St. and the better parts of the city and the outside of the White House, etc. After that we went to find Sallie McLane, but she has gone to Baltimore and I shall not see her. This evening we are going to church, and hope for a sunny day tomorrow. Ted is most attentive and careful for me and is enjoying himself I think. Love to all the boys and folks, from

YR. LIZZIE.

To J. E. C.

BUFFALO, June 24, 1888.*

Dearest,—I wish I knew you were as cool and comfortable as I am. We have just come into the house because it is raining. We have been sitting in the yard by the side of the baby's wagon while she slept, and I luxuriated in looking at her and talking to Ethel and Frank. My journey was really very comfortable, and it is hard to believe that yesterday at this time I was running about the house packing my trunk and giving the last orders. The sleeping car, when I first went into it, was just about 150°, I think, the windows all shut tight and the conductor entirely refused to open them, but as soon as we started I opened them and very soon it grew more comfortable. At the last moment Miss Gaudelot appeared with a little box of ice-cream, in excellent order, and with a little dinner spoon to eat it with. So once off I ate all I could of it and had enough to give to one of my hot neighbors, and certainly I never put anything so good into my mouth. Before we reached Pittsfield we had a great thunder shower, and it became thoroughly cool. I slept perfectly well, and we arrived very punctually. Frank met me on the steps of the station and brought me straight up to the house, where Ethel ran out to meet us. Ethel looks splendidly well, and is just as charming as ever, which is enough to say. The baby is about twice as large as she was when she left us. She

* In 1888 F. E. C.'s business took him to Buffalo to live, and she was visiting him then.

weighed seventeen pounds last Sunday. She looks just like a pink pearl. The very picture of health just glowing all over. Such arms and legs and such little fat hands, and smiling all over. She doesn't treat me at all like a stranger, but came to me at once. I am wishing for you and her other grandmamma and grandpa all the time, and feel rather mean to be the privileged person. I am sorry to say that Ethel's new cook went off and left her yesterday quite without warning, so that Ethel is doing more to-day than I like to see her, but she makes light of it, of course, and her nurse and Frank both help her.

The house is small, but very homelike and pleasant, and sufficient for their needs at present. The street is a pleasant one and near pleasant ones, and it looks more like some of the streets in Longwood than any other place I can think of. I can't tell you how glad I am that I came. I feel perfectly well, not even tired. Best love to all the boys. I shall write again to-morrow, and be at home before you know it.

To R. C. C.

SEPTEMBER, 1888.

Dearest Richard,—Your return to Cambridge has made me think much of the causes which produce the sort of separation which exists between you and your classmates, and wonder whether slight and unessential changes on your part might not make you more accessible to them and them to you.

I look at "good manners" (the old story) as a sort of shield of self-restraint, which we legitimately use



E. C. IN 1888.

as a protection for ourselves and our neighbors, and behind which we fight all our battles, it being agreed on both sides that all poisoned weapons, such as hasty temper, impatience, intolerance, rudeness, shall be laid aside. These injure the fairness of the contest by wounding and annoying unnecessarily. That we are not able to feel precisely as good manners require that we should is no reason for laying aside this shield that protects our friend from discomfort as much as it protects ourselves from exposure. It seems to me that in your eager desire for truth (which is the very heart of life) you sometimes feel it your duty to throw aside this shield, and that expressions escape you which may wound and intimidate and annoy those who do not know, as I do, the motive from which these roughnesses spring, and cannot therefore be expected to tolerate the throwing down of the barrier on which they have relied for protection from such annoyance.

At heart no one can be gentler or more considerate than you are, but you are at less pains to bring out that part of yourself than to make clear the necessity of sincerity at all hazards. I fear you sometimes lose rather than gain a listener to the truth by throwing them into a state of self-defence by an abrupt and inquisitorial manner, which makes them feel as if a personal attack were being made upon them by striking down the accepted methods of social defence.

The maintenance of quiet courtesy need never be the acceptance of false standards, but only the sustaining of our own ideal expression of those inward

qualities which make us try to "love our neighbor as ourselves."

Neither can we always give other people what we like ourselves, socially. The "electric shock" which to you is inspiring, to me, perhaps, is disheartening, and the only way I know to reach our fellow-creatures is to study each person, as a physician studies his patient, and to despise no honest method of entering their doors. "Be all things to all men," says St. Paul, and it is true in a high sense that adaptation is possible without a mean conformity. You are really very tolerant, but your manner often expresses intolerance. You do not mean this, for no one sees the many-sided-ness of truth more clearly than you or the fact that our points of view are necessarily different. You need to use the cloak of charity to help you to overlook the external defects and shortcomings which constantly deform fine characters. You must not tell a man he is "a fool" because he says or does a foolish thing, but bear in mind, what you believe as much as any of us, that the real man lies unexpressed behind his folly, be it of whatever kind, and seek to reach that reality in all your dealings. I hope this will not seem like mere "taffy" to you; commonplace preaching. For me no changes are needed to make you one of the chief blessings and joys of life, but I want you to be to all men what you are to me, and long to remove obstacles if it were possible from your way.

I don't expect or want any answer to this, if you only have patience to read it I shall be satisfied, for I

want you to know all that I think, and get anything from it that is possible.

With all my heart your,

LOVING MOTHER.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.*

BROOKLINE, January, 1889.

My Dear Miss Chase, — I went, after I left you yesterday, to see Mrs. Flanagan. I found her living very comfortably with her mother in good, well-furnished rooms. The father is a cabinet-maker and has steady work, though it is somewhat interrupted by rheumatism. The mother seemed a kind, good woman, but anxious to make us do all that she could for her daughter. She proposed that we should pay for moving her furniture from Brookline, and when I suggested that some of it should be sold to pay the rent, she said that it did not belong to Mrs. Flanagan but to herself. I have written Mrs. Flanagan to meet you at the house, at four o'clock on Monday, and have suggested to Mr. Stearns that it should be left to you entirely to make the best arrangements you can with her. I am willing to pay two dollars towards moving her, but it seems to me we ought, if possible, to keep some of her furniture for the rent.

I enclose two dollars for you to give her, if you think best. There is a small amount of wood in the cellar belonging to Flanagan which would be worth a dollar or two I suppose. If you find this too much to undertake, you could talk with her and tell her to

* A fellow-worker in Brookline charities.

come again on Thursday morning, but I shall be entirely satisfied with anything you decide upon, for you really know more than I do about it. It is clear that she will not suffer by being thrown back upon her own family.

I went Tuesday morning early to see Mrs. Mountain, and found her up and dressed, washed and combed, and sitting with Mrs. Fleming, who was in bed. She is a good deal like Mother Hubbard's dog.

TO MISS ELLA LYMAN.

BROOKLINE, Feb. 3, 1889.

My Dearest Ella, — I cannot begin to tell you the delight that it gave me to receive your note and the lovely verses. It was like a breath from Saranac, and Saranac when you were there, which always made it seem more beautiful to me because you were loving it with me.

Dear Ella, you cannot have found anything there more precious than what you gave to us. We can neither of us lose it, though sometimes it seems as if, in the whirl of winter life, it was slipping away. It is really a part of ourselves which we cannot lose, to love that exquisite revelation of God and to love each other, and we will be thankful in our inmost hearts for both.

Your constant friend,

ELIZABETH CABOT.

To R. C. C.

MAY 20, 1889.

"All is beauty.

And knowing this is love, and love is duty." —

Dearest Richard, — To-morrow is your twenty-first birthday, and I must tell you, for my own sake, what peace and hope fill my heart when I remember it. Peace, because I feel sure that your will is fixed on learning and doing God's will, and hope, because I know that therein lies the only life worth living. If I were to tell you of the joy and the courage and the support you give me, it would, perhaps, give you some pleasure, but I think of something far deeper than that, when I think of you, and know that you are God's child, not mine, and that in His keeping you are free because you seek His truth, and in His love you will be rich, because you love His law. That life may give you all it has to give, and still teach your willing heart, as it has already done, its noblest lessons, is the fervent prayer of

Your loving and grateful mother,

ELIZABETH CABOT.

P.S. Papa means to send you an edition of "Browning" to-day from us both if he can find one that he likes.

TO MISS PARKER.*

BROOKLINE, Sunday, June 22, 1889.

My Dear Miss Parker, — Harry tells me that I may write my rejoicings at this delightful news to you. I wish I could tell you how deeply thankful it has made me. To see him happy has been for years one of the dearest hopes in life, and I have sometimes imagined that his happiness lay chiefly in your hands.

The look on his dear face to-day is the one I have longed to see there, the look of "having attained." I wish I could see you, too, but that will come later, I trust.

I cannot but believe that he will know how to make you happy, for the love of a noble man like Harry is a great gift for any woman, and he has a rare comprehension of the people he loves. No sacrifice ever comes hard to him, and no forgetfulness is possible to him. His keen enjoyment of society makes him appreciate and value at its true worth all that social accomplishments can give, and you and he will, I trust, have many happy times together, using the gayeties as well as the sobrieties of life. Little Boston seems very serious to people with pleasant Southern habits, but it loves those whom it loves well and faithfully, and you will find it full of new friends as well as old ones. Ellen Vaughan will be the next happiest person to Harry when she hears of this, and you will bring her the great blessing of a sister, which she has needed and longed for all her life. I cannot bear that she should lose one hour of the joy of know-

* Miss Frances Parker, engaged to Henry Parkman.



SARANAC.

ing it, but the telegram cannot reach her yet for a few days. It will do more to give her strength than anything that could have happened.

I will not go on, for I am only saying the same thing over and over again, but let me add Mr. Cabot's sincere rejoicings, and give me a little place in your heart as

HARRY'S AUNT LIZZIE CABOT.

TO MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR LYMAN.

AMPERSAND CAMP, Aug. 20, 1889.

Dearest Arthur and Susie,—How happy it makes me to know that that hard day is past and that you have your little darling safe in your arms.

She is a most fortunate creature to start in life as she does, with all that is good behind her and before her, with Susie to watch and guard and guide her and with you to strengthen and stimulate and enlarge and most of all to love her as you know so well how to love. No one can know better than you the place that a father can fill. Therein both you and Susie have had great gifts. I think the men are only just beginning to do their parts in their children's lives, and look forward to great gains for the new generation because they will have fathers as well as mothers. Fathers have always made playthings of their children, it seems to me, and when they ceased to be children and playthings have left the severer problems of their growth and development to their mothers, and the children have had only half what they needed.

You and Susie will work this all out together beautifully, and we shall see the new, beautiful plant grow up strong and sweet with no weak branches and no dwarfed or twisted or undeveloped life, into the full and perfect stature of a noble woman.

I am thankful you have Mrs. [Francis] Cabot with you to reassure you if you have any anxieties and to be Susie's companion when you are away. With best love to you all three,

Ever yours,

ELIZABETH CABOT.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, Dec. 27, 1889.

Dear Miss Ellen, — You must have wondered at not hearing from the beautiful Christmas card, but I have only this moment found out that you sent it. It so happened that the initials E. C. belong to five of my friends, and I was puzzled and waited to answer till I could be sure whom to thank, when this morning it suddenly came to me with entire conviction that it was you and you don't know what pleasure it gave me. Did you draw it yourself? I think you must have done so. The innocent beautiful helplessness of babyhood always seems to bring God nearer to us than almost anything else. He trusts us so implicitly with this precious gift of life and renews the miracle so unstintingly, and when we think that Christ's own life was subjected to the same perils and left to the same human care, it is infinitely touching. Perhaps you interpret it somewhat differently, but I

think it brings us to the same result of love to God and man and deep gratitude to God. . . .

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, April 15, 1890.

. . . I have really succeeded at last in leaving the Board of Overseers of the Poor and in getting Mabel Chapin into my place. She is greatly interested in the work, and seems to me capable of doing it in the most enlightened way. This pleases me greatly, for I should feel very badly to see the town going back to its old pauper ways. I am free now to do more in the schools, and have been visiting a great deal. It is intensely interesting, and I see more and more that needs to be done and hope to accomplish some improvements. The Penny Savings keep up. I have collected more than \$250 from one school alone since Jan. 8th, and the children already begin to have their bank accounts.

Now I am trying to restore the two sessions, morning and afternoon, so that the children may get home to a twelve o'clock dinner with their fathers. This will be a hard fight, but I have the opinions of all the physicians in the town on my side and hope to succeed in the end. . . .

. . . Mrs. Mountain is going to get well again after all. She must have at least ninety-nine lives. The puzzle now is how to take care of her enough and not be too expensive. She must either go to the almshouse or consent to live with some other younger woman who would look after and keep her from falling

or hurting herself. Either of these arrangements will break her poor old heart, I fear. Something of a problem, but we shall work it out.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, April 15, 1890.

. . . Mary Fleming has left school because she was not promoted as she expected to be, and so loses a great deal of the teaching in sewing and cooking which she needs so much. I have reasoned with her and lectured and scolded her, but she feels that she is governed by a proper pride, and my words are unavailing. It is really a pity. I have passed three mornings in the schools this week and am nearly ready to become a primary teacher myself. I admire some of the teachers immensely, and wish I had taken you to see and hear them.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, Monday, May 18, 1890.

. . . I have been a good deal engrossed of late by my niece Mrs. Vaughan's being quite ill, and deciding suddenly to go to Europe, leaving her two children with me. It is very pleasant to have them, but it takes my time, and when evening comes I am so tired and sleepy that I am very poor company. Next week, too, comes my niece's wedding, Miss Ruth Cabot.* She is like my own daughter almost, for she has grown up by my side and she is a great darling. So I have

* She married Robert T. Paine, 2d.

charge of the dressing of the church and am collecting girls and flowers and carpenters and hammers and tacks and all the other important articles to help when the morning comes.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, May 24, 1890.

. . . I am doing a little of everything to-day, and wonder whether English women are expected to work in so many different directions at once. First came housekeeping and the sending of letters and parcels, then an hour with my little children who are staying with me. Then an excursion to the greenhouse across the road to see about flowers for my niece Ruth Cabot's wedding. Then to town to see a kindergarten in Hudson St., near the B. & A. Station, then a lunch party at Miss Parkman's, Francis Parkman's sister, then to the church for more wedding preparations, and then a dear friend to dine and spend the night, and I am afraid a sleepy head to entertain her with. This note has been written in little scraps of time, "between whiles," and I am afraid will seem scrappy.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, June 10, 1890.

. . . I get busier and busier towards the wind-up of the season. Just now I have a household of twenty people, counting servants and all. Among them my son Frank with his wife and two darling children, who are the most delightful possible additions

to our happiness. The schools are to be examined and closed and new teachers engaged for the coming year. They have put me on all the working committees, and I have to go from Dan to Beersheba to hunt up teachers.

The only way is to go to the schools where they are teaching. Last week I went to Atlantic one afternoon and this week have Medway and Dorchester on my list. It is all very interesting, but takes hours and hours. . . . Our wedding was beautiful. The day was perfect and our sweet bride serene and lovely and we sent her off for her honeymoon with tears in our eyes, but none in our hearts, for she was as happy as a queen. . . .

We go up to the camp July 1 and there we shall have two months of rest and peace, I trust, and come back ready for another winter's work.

TO MRS. W. W. VAUGHAN.

BROOKLINE, Friday, June 13, 1890.

. . . It has been delightful to have the four children * here together. They have times of great peace and times of great tribulation, but the peace prevails and the tribulation is temporary. Sam and Ruth take great interest in all each other's proceedings, and constantly fix upon the same pursuit. If both are building both have a frenzied desire for the same block. Ruth will spring upon Sam and roll him over onto the floor; Sam gradually recovering himself seizes her block. Ethel and I sit by and pounce upon our

* Mary and Sam Vaughan and Ruth and Ethel Cabot.

respective children in time to prevent bloodshed. Then follow moral remarks, penitence, and embraces, and then an armistice, in which each party keeps an eye on the other while separate occupations are pursued. After a while Ruth begins to encroach again, at first in a most gentle and persuasive strain, but the climax is usually reached again before long. We have periods of seclusion for both sides in their separate nurseries and everything goes perfectly well and we are all greatly amused. Sam is perfectly delightful in the depth and sincerity of his emotions, and is both patient and gentle with Ruth, who occasionally behaves a good deal like a fascinating mosquito.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

SARANAC LAKE, Camp Ampersand, July 15, 1890.

. . . I am so glad to know that she is one of the people who care for Emerson. I think his writings will be more and more cared for, leaving aside his theology, or his want of theology, which many people must object to; there is so much wisdom, such wonderful insight, such purity of heart and soul, such appreciation of Nature in every phase, that I do not see how the seekers for truth, of which there are so many, can leave him out of their researches. How much do you know about him? . . .

In regard to the movements about Open Spaces there are two, and both are interesting. One is started by the Associated Charities and is to get city spaces. The other is a plan of the Appalachian Club to preserve spaces of beautiful land all through the

State of Massachusetts, with Trustees appointed by the Legislature. I am trying to get circulars about each plan to send you, dear, for your interest is so delightful to me. You know you are far more of an American than most of the people who live on this side of the water, though for the present you find England the right place for you, and I am not without the hope that some time may come when you will see your way to returning with all your rich store of knowledge and experience to help us with our growing problems.

Your letters grow more and more interesting. I save them for a quiet moment when I can sit and study them and read and re-read at my leisure. Quarter Day was almost as absorbing to me as to you. I should think you could feel satisfied with your results, but the work must be very fatiguing. Your sums fill me with admiration. To think of balancing so many accounts and bringing them all out right in spite of the fleas and the breaking of your bottle. To keep up as you do the constant little prick of their consciences and yet keep them your friends seems to me the climax of human sympathy, and there are so few who can do it that I can't wonder Miss Octavia* is thankful to have you back again. I wish your room was a little quieter at night and that you didn't have to hear so much from the Mews and the various street warblers, but I know in that English climate one can bear a great deal more noise and perturbation than here, and now that you have your sweet [sister] Sallie with you you will go with her into quieter places. I knew you would enjoy Mr. [Henry L.]

* Miss Octavia Hill, the English philanthropist.

Higginson's Harvard speech,* and appreciate all that it meant to him and to the young fellows of whom he was thinking. Nothing has stirred our young men so much for a long while. He has had a great many enthusiastic letters from all parts of the country. My own boy † who is working on a railroad in Iowa was stirred to the very heart by it.

TO MRS. ARTHUR LYMAN.

[SARANAC] July 23, 1890.

My Dearest Susie,— You never did a sweeter thing than sending your dear Arthur up here. He arrived last evening in good season, looking well and bright in spite of the long journey. He said we had "swelled up terribly" since he was here, which is because there are steps in front of the platform and they are painted red and make quite a show.

The boys were all off on expeditions when he arrived, but he settled happily down with your Cousin Elliot and me, had a cup of tea, and soon they all turned up and welcomed him with the off-hand cordiality of the modern friend. All the evening he sat near the camp-fire, which blazed merrily, and his eyes were brighter than any of the stars. He sat gently talking with Amy Folsom, making sure that she enjoyed herself; he let Hugh expend all his "guide-talk" upon him, and all the while was quietly homesick for you and little Ella, I know, but made no fuss

* At the presentation of Soldier's Field.

† T. H. C.

about it. It is a great luxury to have him here and we will take all the care of him we can. He is planning fishing with Joe [Lee] and "jacking" with Phil, and I hope will get something out of it for himself as well as for us. Ted with his three best friends at hand is as well off as it is possible for him to be and has gained in looks and spirits since he came. I wish we had a phonograph and could record for you all the discussions on men and things that go on in the parlor tent. With Miss Jackson to draw them out, and with Joe's brilliant suggestions, John [Moor's] fun, and Ted's and Arthur's "bottom-sense," we get all the wisdom of modern times poured down upon us, and Taxation, Pauperism, Immigration, Medieval Religion, and Modern Art all have their share of attention. Dear Susie, if you were only here. But you are in spirit and perpetual presence and we thank you all the time. Kiss your dear beautiful Ella for me.

Your loving

COUSIN LIZZIE.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

SARANAC, July 27, 1890.

. . . Joe has been perfectly delightful. He holds the key that unlocks Elliot's tongue as well as Ted's, and I have heard more from both of them in the last fortnight than for a year previous. I envy him the power, but I enjoy the results of it. He and Ted are the most perfect companions to each other. I feel sometimes when I sit with them as if I were in Heaven, so free is the atmosphere from any personali-

ties or littleness and so full of mutual affection and respect and intelligence, cultivation, refinement, delicacy, and good sense and fun. It has been a real treat and has brought out the finest side of Ted's mind.

TO MRS. ARTHUR LYMAN.

SARANAC, Wednesday, Aug. 6, 1890.

Dearest Susie,— You have Arthur back again this morning and it is so good to think of that that it reconciles me to his empty place here. We enjoyed every moment of his visit and were grateful for it. He brings with him wherever he goes such a sense of security and repose. One feels so cared for and surrounded by his silent love. His constancy is so permanent, his comprehension so absolute, and his sympathy so profound that no words are needed, and no want is felt. He was so delightful in taking Phil and Hugh for companions when others failed, and I know they were gathering in from his atmosphere what only can be given in that way. For them to see, in that familiar way, his manly way of dealing with out-door life, his appreciation of all that it means, with no sentimentality and with such a simple reverence and love! Does this sound fulsome to you, dear? I am very clumsy at it, but I wanted so much to tell you how grateful I have been for his being here that I have ventured to speak. All the while I felt that you and dear little Ella were here, too, in his perpetual thought of you both, so that I enjoyed the triple presence and rejoiced in it.

The weather was hot and things didn't work just as I wanted them to while he was here, and I am afraid he didn't get as much refreshment out of it as I could wish, but we must take things as they come, in this world, and when he comes there is nothing more for us to ask.

Farewell, dear.

Your loving

COUSIN LIZZIE.

TO ARTHUR LYMAN.

SARANAC, Aug. 21, 1890.

Dear Arthur,—It was a luxury to get your letter yesterday. It was next best to looking into your dear face. I like to have you call me "Cousin Lizzie," though I have learned to like "Mrs. Cabot," too, when you say it.

I am sorry that Susie still has poor days, but it is not strange, and perhaps we must expect it till she is quite strong again. Little Ella's keeping so well through the hot weather shows how strong and enduring she is, and Susie may rely on it. I am glad you remember the photograph, for your Ella is no common child. She has the heavenly look in her sweet face and it must be treasured for us all, for it is a rare gift and helps one to live better. I think of it so often and never without a feeling of inspiration, such as a few pictures only have given me. It is an indescribable look. Strength and tenderness and purity and trust are all there, and something more. I think it is infinity, but I know it well, and it seems to lift us out of and beyond the struggle and conflict

and take us into an eternal peace for a moment at least.

Please don't think I am crazy. I shouldn't dare to say this to any one but you and Susie. . . .

TO J. F. MOORS.

SARANAC, Aug. 21, 1890.

My Dear John,—I wish we could walk to Hoel* together this A.M. and sit on the old log and say all there is to be said. That old log is such a good place for a talk! Your two dear letters haven't been answered, though they are just what I wanted, and all their affection and fun and sympathy and appreciation of what is dearest to me made me so grateful and so satisfied, satisfied as a hungry child is satisfied when they have waited and wanted a good while. When the secrets of all hearts are revealed there will be found in my heart, dear, a spot of peace and comfort and happiness that you have made and kept green and beautiful. Thank you for it. . . .

Ted has decided to return to his work and stay at home. His spirits have risen and we are greatly relieved. It is far easier for us to walk by his side through this shadow than to send him off alone to fight his way through unknown difficulties and obstacles. Of course you will make no reference to all this to Ted. He finds silence easier and we will keep it round him. He has gone now to Keene Valley for a few days and expects to be in his office

* A large pond about a mile from the camp.

Wednesday A.M., August 20, where you will find him. This is the bottom fact of our lives. My days are braided in with his so closely that when I have told this it seems as if I had told all. One thing more, however, is important. Handasyd has been given a first-class engine on a regular run of freight trains between Ottumwa and Creston, and writes, "I am perfectly satisfied for the present and believe the worst is over." This makes my nights' sleep a different matter. I no longer wake to think of him toiling and roasting through the nights as well as the days nor wearing his heart out in hopeless drudgery.

Charlie was perfectly delightful when he was here. His year has done much for him and he gave us all the benefit of his gains and was so bright and jolly and entertaining and, above all, so full of energy and spirits that I enjoyed every moment of his stay. Now beside all this the lake and the woods and the weather have been right up to the mark all the time.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

SARANAC, Ampersand Camp, Aug. 22, 1890.

. . . You see by my date that we are still in camp, still heart to heart and face to face with this beautiful place, where every ray of sunshine and every moving cloud becomes an integral part of one's life, and where rest and peace enter in, hour by hour, if no especial worry or anxiety keeps them out. But my summer here has been far from a restful one, for we have been followed here by what we can never escape

when their time comes, that is, serious anxieties about some of our boys. Perhaps I ought hardly to call them serious since nothing has occurred to touch their characters and much on the contrary to bring out noble qualities and strength and courage, but great perplexities about business matters and about health. One of them has been very far from well, with digestive difficulties which threaten to undermine a splendid constitution, and which have required constant vigilance, on my part, to secure first the proper diet and régime, and, second, to keep a cheerful and hopeful atmosphere, which is even more essential than food and exercise. To do this I have filled the camp with his friends and have had a large household to provide for, but the result has been a great improvement, which, at any rate, for the moment is a relief, and he has gone home to resume his work. Two of the others are just beginning their life work, and the drudgery and the competition are so severe, both in railroad work for one and in electric work for the other, that many letters must be written and much thinking done to give, if possible, the best advice and to give such encouragement and support as is needed. So, dear, if I have been a poor correspondent you will understand it. Now our guests are gone, and we have two quiet weeks before us to enjoy this delicious place and to answer some of the pile of letters marked "unanswered" which lie on the table.

Your account of going to the Greenwich Police Court is most graphic and certainly does not seem as alarming as one would imagine.

There must be something very satisfactory in push-

ing the matter through one's self to "the bitter end." Since that end must be reached, it is well to know how to do it with one's own hand and voice and to have all doubts and fears as to the details of the process over.

Women lose so much in actual strength and courage by leaving such work to men, and they need not lose in delicacy or refinement, I am sure, if they do it rightly. Miss Octavia has shown us just how all womanly delicacy and reserve may be combined with strength and progress and business principles of work. What a debt we owe her for it, but how few of us are in the least equal to following in her footsteps!

I hope the poor accounts of the Gardiner girl will not prove true, and pity the poor mother who has lost her married daughter.

To lose a child who has grown to fulfil our heart's desire is hard enough for rich people to bear, with all that we have to help us through with it, but for the poor it must seem to shut the gates of hope. Perhaps they dwell less upon their losses than we do, being forced to work and perhaps forced to forget thereby, but women's love must be the same all over the world and in all classes and death must bring them bitter suffering.

You ask about Emerson and what best to read first. For thought and inspiration there is nothing so fine as his address to the divinity students at Harvard College, beginning, "In this refulgent summer," etc. It is the highest point he ever reached, I think, and shows his profound religious faith and feeling in spite of what, to you of the English Church, must seem

skepticism. To me, in comparison with much modern writing, it seems conservative. I think you would find his "English Traits" very entertaining, since you know England so well. The book is full of shrewd observation and independent criticism, with great appreciation of English merit and power. It is very American, but in no sense crude, it seems to me, and amuses and instructs me greatly, though I dearly love my English cousins and friends. For practical hints the "Conduct of Life" is wonderful. Among the Essays "Self-Reliance" is the one my young people care most for. I cannot fully sympathize with it. In my life sympathy has a larger place than he gives it and to me it is a legitimate stimulus and support when received, and I feel the duty as well as the privilege of giving it more than Emerson does. The "Over-Soul" has much that is inspiring in it, but I think it would shock and trouble you, for its standpoint is a wholly different one from the one you are accustomed to and would seem to you irreverent. Emerson had a coldness of temperament which makes him narrow in certain directions, and also an inherited purity and innocence of nature which made his experience of life wholly free from some of the worst conflicts of human nature. If you ever are enough interested in him to read my husband's biography of him, you will find there explanations of much that seems perverse in him.

He had the sweetest soul I ever knew, but it was not altogether human. . . .

TO MRS. ARTHUR LYMAN.

CAMP, Aug. 23, 1890.

. . . No, dearest Susie, I would not send Arthur away with the Morisons. It is a strain both for you and for him that, on the whole, does not repay you or him. I remember well what it was for me to have Elliot go to the woods when I was well and strong and perfectly able to bear it, and I do not believe in your undertaking now what is hard when all is well at home. What I would do, if you can contrive it, is to send him off for Saturday afternoons and Sundays. That is hard enough for you both, but I think it would repay you; Margaret or Amy could come or Ella, when she is at home, to help about the darling baby. I do not believe it is good for a man to spend his Sunday in taking care of even such a treasure as your Ella. It is out of their line and they put more work into it than it really needs and it does not refresh them, however much they may love the baby nor however sweet she may be. Arthur rebounds very quickly, and I do not mind the loss of weight in summer, for it almost always happens, and then in winter it comes back again. You cannot keep Arthur at his highest point of health while you are not well and you must not be disappointed at that, for it is only his share of the burden that you have to bear. He seemed to me very well while he was here, after the first few days, and he came up quite as quickly as John or Joe. Twenty-four hours off, in the country or at the seashore, would do him much good if you can get him to do it. They would

love to have him at Cotuit. He and Ted could go off somewhere for a Sunday. Peterboro is an accessible place and Hull has some shooting. The Cunningham's Island at Cohasset might be had for a Sunday, perhaps. In your place I should try to contrive days off for him, but not send him into the wilderness because the strain on you would re-act on him. I know, darling, just how much you long to bear this whole burden yourself, but you cannot. The hardest part of suffering to some people, and you are among them, is that part which they cannot lift from the hearts and lives of those they love better than themselves, whose happiness is their most precious treasure. We grudge the suffering and the deprivation we can bear ourselves to "the darlings of our aching hearts," but it is part of the law of love that they must bear their share. Arthur is a great deal more of a man for what he bears through your suffering. I can see the growth and the deepening. We must not deny the riches and the strength that come from suffering, and when it is gently borne, as Arthur seems to me to bear it, it yields a harvest that nothing else can give. You do all that can be done to lighten the burden, and thereby make possible the greatest gain. Suffering selfishly borne yields no fruit, but you have no barren fields to answer for and your harvest is sure. Do not ask too much of yourself, darling. I sometimes fear that you retard your recovery by making too much effort. No one can tell this but yourself, but I am very sure that the over-use of the will is exhausting to the nervous system, which is the keynote in the harmony you are seeking to restore.

Therefore, darling, do not make more effort than you must. Over-exertion for cheerfulness is as-exhausting as want of self-control.

You do not know the comfort your letter was to me. I have so longed for the chance to tell you how I think of you and love you and sympathize with you. I think of you so much, and know so well what you have to bear and how nobly you bear it, that your letter was nothing but a relief to me. You could not tell me anything new of the difficulties you have to meet, and I have longed for the chance to give you at least sympathy. But I know that to some people sympathy is harder to bear than silence and so I dared not speak.

We have had a hard summer, Susie, as you say, but it is better now. I wrote Arthur Thursday that we have a reprieve, and he will have told you. There is no suffering like the anguish of knowing that your darling and such a darling as Ted is suffering and must suffer. It is irresistible, however deeply one may believe that the victory is sure and well worth the battle. But such help as Arthur and Joe and John gave us cannot be expressed in any words. Their strong arms carried half our burden while it was heaviest and enabled Ted to stand instead of falling. They gave me such a feeling that they were always near to help us when we needed them that it was an infinite comfort to us. Now we may go on for a while without much loss, I hope, and gather up our strength for the next stony path. Ted has gone to Keene Valley now and then goes home to his work,

and after much thought and consultation that seems clearly the best thing to do.

Dear Susie, if I had not stood at the foot of his cross and seen and known what he has gone through I could not know, as I do now, what a man can be — how great, how strong, how tender, God can make His child. In the darkest hour we were thankful for this and for the friends that love him and are so worthy of him. His strength inspires my weakness and God seems near in all.

Ever your most loving

COUSIN LIZZIE.

Ella's visit was a benediction to us all and to no one more than to Ted. She was unconscious or only half-conscious what she was doing for us, but she bore her share of our burden even if she did not know it. She sent me a note from Keene which is a poem. Bless her!

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, Sept. 17, 1890.

. . . It is pleasant to be at home again, but the work that is waiting for me is somewhat appalling. There is so much that I want to do in the schools and so much in the town. I want to see every friend I have in the world and housekeeping and servants need some attention. I am less anxious than I was when I wrote you and so can think of other things and interests. Anxiety uses up one's mind as well as one's body terribly.

We have a new superintendent for the schools and he has taken strong hold of the children's reading — not how they shall read, but what they shall read and how they shall be taught to care to read the best books. This is an all-important point and I am greatly pleased at his interest.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, Saturday, Dec. 20, 1890.

. . . I went to the high school, hoping to see some of the work, but owing to some irregularity the school was dismissed early, so that I only had half an hour's talk with Miss Frye. She is a fine creature and her enthusiasm must be an inspiration to her pupils. I shall go again very soon, for my work at the Heath-Street School is just coming to an end, as the cooking and sewing are now established there, and I shall only go occasionally instead of constantly. The children and teachers are so happy that it is quite delightful to see them. It has taken just about a year to accomplish it, so slowly do public affairs move. Miss Frye talked in a very interesting way about her girls and seemed to think I could do something to help her, and I shall certainly try. From the high school I went to the Pierce Grammar to listen to reading and recitation. The reading was fair, the recitation horrible, and the selections worst of all. Such trash out of the Peregrin Papers and the Youth's Companion, when all the strength of English literature is within their reach. It disgusted me, but it can be improved I hope.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, Jan. 28, 1891.

My Dear Ellen,—Yesterday came your letter of January 15, the fifth I am afraid since I have written, which has made me sorry every week and which I hate to think of, for something surely is wrong in one's plans when so important a benefit in one's life as your letters bestow on me passes unacknowledged. The old story of "very busy" is not enough, perhaps it would be truer to say "very much worried and perplexed" by my own private affairs. Since Christmas two of my sons have been obliged to make serious business changes and that means that their father and I should consider and reconsider all past and future contingencies and go with them into all the doubts and difficulties that beset young men who have their own way to make in this crowded universe of ours. Of course it is the one thing in the world that is best worth doing and that one cares most to do, but it consumes all one's head and heart, to say nothing of time and strength. I always find it hard to write when I am anxious, and that must often account for my silence, for no one who has the blessing of seven sons can fail to meet many seasons of great anxiety about them and for them, though there never was a woman who had less moral anxiety about her children than I, for I know they will always be found true and brave, refined and manly, and without stains. Their affairs are settling down again now and I begin to turn to other matters. . . .

Among other things I have been lately making

up the Penny Savings account in the public schools and find that we have saved between \$4,000 and \$5,000 in the course of the year for these children. I have given a good deal of time to this in order to complete the system which has been, necessarily, to a certain extent, experimental this first year, and needed some finishing touches to prevent mistakes in future. The teachers have been wonderfully kind and sympathetic about it all and have put much work into it.

We are trying also to get better reading into the hands of the children by arranging with the Public Library to issue a certain number of books monthly to each school, which has been done in Boston with success.

Our new superintendent, Mr. Dutton, is doing admirable work and I am rejoicing in his influence. I feel so intensely that what we put into our public schools must have a pervading influence that it seems to me the place to initiate good things and to attack evil ones.

Phillips Brooks' new volume seems to me marvelous. "The Light of the World" and "The Perfect Faith" are sermons beyond any of his that I know. I read them over and over and the days and nights are better for them.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, Feb. 17, 1891.

My Dear Ellen,—Your two last letters have looked so thin and emaciated that it has frightened me lest they represented a similar condition on your

part, but I hope it is more likely that they represent the discouragement of getting no answers from me, which now I hope to be able to relieve by better correspondence.

I have been extremely interested in the pamphlet published by the Council of the Organized Charities of London on General Booth's "Social Scheme." The wisdom, candor, and moderation of the papers was most satisfying and made one thankful that such careful study could be given and that we ignoramuses could be educated by it. Mr. Loch seems a wonderfully wise and balanced person.

The great problem is how to get the great impulse of the Salvation Army without its demoralizing influence. They use the emotions in a way that is impossible for us and yet I do not believe that the lowest can be reached in any other way. At the bottom of even the most degraded creature lies some feeling for what is good and true, too dull for reason to reach, too much overlaid with sin and misery for any conscious effort, but still a living spark which may be fanned into warmth by rousing the religious sense. This is what gives the Salvation Army their power, and I am afraid we shall never reach the dregs till we learn how to use this emotional impulse in some legitimate way.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, Feb. 27, 1891.

. . . Since I wrote last I have been working up my Nursery Paper * again, as I was asked to read it at the

* On the Use and Abuse of Day Nurseries.

Tuesday Club, which was a great opportunity for spreading my views, as the Tuesday Club is made up of one of the most intelligent sets of young married women in Boston.

They were very good listeners and I only regretted that they wouldn't "talk back" rather more than they did. Before reading the paper I visited several of the nurseries to make sure of my facts again and found that since the discussion last year they had modified their methods somewhat, but were still to my mind far too lenient in their rules, admitting children with very little reason except that their mothers wanted to go out to work. The children look so fat and rosy and happy that one hated to discourage the lovely arrangements which kept them in such fine condition. . . .

I saw Rose Howard the other day. She is working away at her Girls' Club and doing first-rate work, though the club is small. Many of the girls left this winter to go to a dancing class, for which they pay \$12 the quarter. The best and steadiest girls remain, but experience proves that there are as many sets among that class as among our own, and the nice girls are really afraid to associate with the gay ones for fear of injury to their reputations. This is easily understood, but not so easily overcome, and Rose is thinking what can be done to remove this obstruction. Our Boys' Club is doing finely. We have added a good deal to our gymnastic apparatus and they are interested in working for an exhibition in the spring. They are also getting up a play. We found it hard to select a proper play for them and I wonder if you

could send us any that you know would be available for such occasions.

I am going now to the Lincoln School, where they are to celebrate Longfellow's birthday with the recital of poems and an address by Mr. Sam Longfellow. The children there ought to improve and I believe they do. . . .

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, March 11, 1891.

. . . I am busy as usual in many directions. At present the high school is particularly on my mind and I passed the whole of Monday morning there, and two hours of it with Miss Frye who wanted to know everything I could tell her about you. Her work is very fine and her enthusiasm must be very inspiring to the children and they cannot forget such teaching. I heard a lesson in history on the second Punic War and a lesson on Myles Standish, and learned so much myself that I envy the children who have it so often. I am trying up here in the Heath-Street School, where it is real country, to start an association among the children for the preservation of wild flowers, for every spring they pick them in such masses to sell by the roadside that I am afraid we shall soon lose them all, and Brookline, which used to be such a flower garden, will become a waste. All these little matters keep one busy as a bee and of course there is a good deal of home work beside. Some of my dear girls from Boston have been coming out to pass the Sundays with me, among them sweet Mea Coolidge, whom you met

here and her equally lovely sister Ellen, whom I want you to see. My grandchildren take one day out of each fortnight and make it a most delightful one and to-morrow is their day. This morning I am going to Miss Littell's for a Musical Reading and then to Boston for a lunch, home to the bank in Brookline at 5 P.M., and back here for a quiet evening with the boys and Mr. Cabot.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, March 21, 1891.

Dear Ellen,—Poor Mrs. Baker! I am anxious to know whether the husband will be enticed back and whether you will succeed in nurturing that germ of affection in her heart into something that will grow to be her controlling motive. If you do, it will be the triumph of modern Christianity. How different it is in its methods of work from the Christianity of fifty years ago. How completely we have thrown aside the sympathy which expressed itself in words of pity, or in material aid, and come to seek the deep springs of life which alone can work out salvation. It is a wonderful evolution and has all been brought to the surface in my day. . . .

I read aloud three times a week to my dear friend and neighbor, Mr. Theodore Lyman, who is gradually losing the use of his limbs by slow paralysis, and who sits in his chair with such heroic patience and cheerfulness that it is an inspiration to be with him. We have read the whole of Lockhart's "Life of Scott" and Boswell's "Johnson," and now we are reading

Trevelyan's "Macaulay" and find it most interesting. To-day we passed the Reform Bill and familiar as we all are with the crisis, his glowing accounts of it were intensely interesting and absorbing.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, March 27, 1891.

My Dear Ellen, — Your most delightful letter of March 9th and 11th arrived two days ago, and with it the precious "Letter to her Fellow Workers" from Miss Octavia. I can't thank you enough for this. I have read it over and over and each time feel new inspiration from it. The sympathy and yet the firmness in it, the intensity of feeling and yet the great calmness, the perfect poise in her own mind, and the power that she feels within her to direct and support other people is like "the Master." It is truly Christ-like and everything that has that element in it reaches to the heart of things and is sure of ultimate success. It seems as if she was raised up to renovate London and to restore life and hope to its wretched victims. You may be sure I will not transgress by the least atom your permission to show it only to the few who will fully understand the element of privacy and intimacy in it and will appreciate her wish about it. I would like to send her my most grateful thanks, if she would care for them.

Yesterday was Easter Sunday and I wish you could have seen the wonderful plant with twelve lilies in full bloom on it sent me to keep Easter with. It was like a heavenly vision and is still most beautiful.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, May 18, 1891.

. . . It is rather mortifying, as you say, that you should be receiving free medical aid when your family are well able to take care of you. I shouldn't have expected it of you, but one never knows what may happen. Your brother will feel it, but I shall keep it to myself and hope you may still recover your independence, if you are careful about an extra shilling on hospital Sunday as you promise to be. We shall see whether you are able to overcome the effects of this first downward step. . . .

It would be easier to tell you what I am not doing than what I am. One of my nieces has been suffering greatly from nervous prostration (a Cabot niece whose family live in Andover, Maine), and she has been sent here for doctors and for a change. It has taken a good deal of time to find the right boarding-place for her and the right nurse and to get a routine established under which she may slowly recover. This is done now and she is improving, but it will be a long business.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BEVERLY FARMS, Tuesday Evening, June 30, 1891.

. . . We are established here in our seashore home and as I sit on the piazza or at my chamber window or on my balcony, I look out at the broad sea and there is nothing between me and dear old England. When we bought this place my sister Ellen was in

England and I always felt nearer to her here than anywhere. You ask about the place and I wish I had you here to show it to you. Our house is on the very top of a wooded ridge, which runs along the shore about an eighth of a mile from the water. We cleared just enough of the wood away to make a little room round the house, and we look down on the tree-tops, which lead us down to the green flats and then to the sea. The road runs at the foot of the hill but is entirely hidden and I often think I have just the view that the birds have from their nests. The house is very simple, with a broad piazza, a dining-room and parlor opening onto it, a little music-room and two kitchens on the lower floor. Above, two stories of bedrooms, which give us plenty of single rooms for the boys and the grandchildren, a nursery and a room for their mamma. We live very quietly, almost roughly, with early breakfast, mid-day dinner, and supper at seven. We have many friends and neighbors and more of the fashionable kind than we like, but we manage to lead our own lives pretty easily and get our afternoon walks in the woods and our quiet evenings with a wood-fire almost every night since we came down. Four of the boys are here almost every night and the others come and go, and spend the nights when they are not here in Brookline. I dearly love the place and though I miss the wildness and absolute seclusion of the beautiful camp at Saranac, I am very thankful to be here with the dear little children and with all the boys so near.

In the mornings I sit on my own little balcony which opens from my chamber and watch the sea as

it glistens and moves between the waving boughs of a beautiful pine and beech which bend towards each other just in front of me. There I write and read and sew and thank the Lord for giving me such a wonderful spot of beauty for my home.

TO MISS ELLA LYMAN.

WAREHAM, Aug. 2, 1891.

. . . To-day I am spending the Sunday at Wareham with the Wm. Minots' and enjoy very much the woods and waters here and the contrast between them and our Beverly shore. Here the pitch-pine holds up its rugged tufts between me and the water and the sky, and accents the outlines and the colors, and the soft air breathes through them with a sound that is in some sharp key, G or D, I think. The walks are cheerful and charming, with the short fine grass for your feet and the mixture of sunshine and shade that these scrub-oaks and low pines always give. Yesterday the breeze was so strong that the surf dashed up high on the rocks below the house and the bay was full of white-caps, but still this soft air kept a great sense of quiet in the universe. All summer, at Beverly, we have had delicious weather, cool and bright and bracing, and we have had our afternoon walks every day and gone far and near over all the old paths and into many new ones. Those woods, you know, are solemn and stately, the trees are tall and close and in the twilight under them you walk on the lovely carpet of pine needles and feel often as if you were in a cathedral and listen to the

white-pine song, soft and low and in the key of four flats, I think, don't you? Out-of-doors has been delicious there and indoors is very delightful, too, with Ethel and the darling children in addition to Mr. Cabot and the boys. The boys have come down more than I expected, Richard almost every night, and Handasyd for two weeks' vacation and Charlie and Ted two or three times for more than a night. It is mighty pleasant to have them all so near at hand and their father is very much happier for it. Ethel and the babies fill every empty moment with pleasantness. The children are delicious little creatures, happy and well and as good as children ought to be. Their small contentions with life never trouble me at all, particularly as Ethel always knows how to unravel the tangle and lay the threads in shining rows side by side and bring back the smiling faces. Ethel, you know, always can make the best of everything, from a broken plate to a life-long calamity, and to live by her side is an hourly lesson in the sweetest kind of daily heroism. So you see, dear Ella, I am very thankful and happy for many great and beautiful blessings and am always and everywhere your loving friend,

ELIZABETH CABOT.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BEVERLY FARMS, Aug. 25, 1891.

. . I have been reading and re-reading Miss Hill's letters of late and have enjoyed every word in them. They are most inspiring and most remarkable. The

wisdom, energy, purity, far-sightedness, humility and elevation of them cannot be expressed and I trust one of these days the whole world will have them for their comfort and improvement. Any work would be helped by learning how hers has been done. How from small beginnings, with infinite patience and much discouragement, success has been won and how at each success she has moved onward to new attempts, new difficulties, and at last new conquests. The whole is so completely human and so completely Christian that you feel that she has achieved not only by her own great personal qualities, but also because she has understood and worked upon the laws of God.

TO MISS ELLA LYMAN.

BROOKLINE, Tuesday, October, 1891.

. . . I am having a delightful visit from my new niece Frances Parkman and her baby. I want you to know her. She is a treasure-house of rich and beautiful things, and I have learned to know and love her thoroughly this summer at Beverly, and now when she comes to stay with us it is a real blessing to have her in the house. She loves all the things that I love. The beautiful world out-of-doors and the precious hearts indoors and the poetry and the music and the fun. She is deep and broad and sweet and can be so lively and entertaining and has so many adventures and stories to tell that she makes us very gay. What a joy it is to have a new person to love! It seems to make all the old loves keener and warmer.

Richard is on duty at the hospital and has been since last Tuesday. He writes most entertaining postals and will have a great deal to tell us when he returns to-morrow evening. He has seen a great deal of Ned Reynolds and admires him much. Ella, dear, let me tell you what we have waiting for him when he comes. A new and beautiful violin!!! He has not seen or heard of it yet, but Handasyd and Frances have tried it and think it is a wonderful instrument. His Uncle Edmund sends it to him. I feel as if one of the planets were in the house and hardly dare to look at it till Richard comes. You must come soon and hear it.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BROOKLINE, Christmas Evening, 1891.

Dearest Lillie,— How can I thank you for all that you do for me and all that you think for me. I cannot. I can only take your loving gifts as part of the wonderful blessing that God has given me in you and be thankful and humble in the presence of such sympathy and such tenderness. I think you are the only person in the world from whom I could take money without discomfort, but I know that from you it means love and though it makes me a little ashamed of having made small deprivations obvious, I shall use it gladly and enjoy everything that it gives me as coming straight from your dear heart. The bottle of lavender is the prettiest, brightest, freshest little thing I ever saw, and I am particularly fond of the

lavender and shall refresh myself with it often and often.

Lillie, darling, you strengthen my faith in God and man, you soothe the pain of life with your faithful love and you help me to meet the future, so full of threatening, with courage and trust because you have shown the way. God bless you and spare you to me.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, Jan. 6, 1892.

. . . To-day I began again visiting the schools and passed the morning at the Parsons School, where I heard a most lively science lesson on the lobster, illustrated by the object itself, beautifully dissected and laid down on a card, and then described by the children themselves with such a definite idea of the creature's structure and mode of life as showed really good teaching.

These lessons in Natural History break into the old routine of the three R's and freshen everything up delightfully. The ocean and the meadows and all their inhabitants are brought near to the children constantly and it must enlarge their interests and give them resources unknown to their parents.

My penny savings are going on steadily and this gives me hope in another direction. If we can help our children to be thrifty and to find pleasures in books and in Nature we shall undermine the two greatest builders of poverty, waste, and intemperance.

If I should be reëlected on the school committee

in March and be able to work three years longer, I hope to see these new branches of work firmly established here.

TO MRS. HENRY PARKMAN.

BROOKLINE, Jan. 21, 1892.

. . . Yesterday I spent all day over the schools. In the morning I worked over the plans for a new school-house and in the afternoon went to a meeting to make objections and succeeded in making the whole committee quite uncomfortable, so that I felt rewarded. This, with a lunch-party at Miss Chapman's, was a day's work, especially as the thermometer stood at 10° all day long and went to 6° in the evening.

To-day I have been to my Boston Sewing Circle, where I always hear all the gossip, and I now can give many particulars of Mrs. Nat. Bowditch's will, can tell you what diet Paderewski lives on, and how much "Mrs. Jack" paid him to play to her all by herself, she!!! I also saw some lovely photographs which will remain in my mind when the rest is forgotten, and came home for a long walk with Elliot far into the sunset, which filled the sky with glory and the earth with beauty and peace. Now Elliot and Ted each sit with an English magazine in their hands, after dinner and a cup of tea, and home seems very dear and delightful and you seem near.

I wonder if you realize how much better Boston seems to me now that you are in it. It has been often so dreary since my sisters are all gone and the homelessness of my old home has been so often trying, but

on your doorstep I always find an open door and your precious welcome beyond it. Thank you, dear, for being so dearly delightful as you are. Good-night. I am getting very sentimental and will stop right off short. Remember me always most warmly to your mother and father and don't forget that I am your very loving

AUNT LIZZIE and the baby's.

TO MISS ELLA LYMAN.

BROOKLINE, January, 1892.

Dearest Ella, — You say it does not appeal to you to say "We are bound to help the poor because they are poor and we are rich," even taking poverty in its broadest sense. It does appeal to me, because it always seems to me that we who have leisure, knowledge, abundance, love, beauty, comfort around us from our youth upwards are, as it were, treasurers of God's beautiful gifts and that in keeping them to ourselves, in any sense, we are thwarting part of his purpose. It is true that service of any kind fulfils the claim that lies upon us. Then we must think what may justly be called service. If we can be searchers for truth and find it, we perform the highest service. If we are artists and can send gleams of Heaven on the earth, through the celestial beauty we can represent, either in music, painting, or poetry, again the service is great. If we can rise to such heights of character that through our loftiness and purity we see God's face and can show it to those that "sit in darkness" — and we might find other like

instances. But the average man or woman has little to give except from the abundance she or he has received, conveyed with the human sympathy that belongs to every human heart. I think so often how Godless and loveless and hopeless the world must seem to those who live in squalor, in struggle, in ignorance, in brutal surroundings, and with no better future before them. If we can go to them with hope and love in our hearts, with the offer of some better opportunities or some teaching in their ignorance, if we can win them to wise exertion, we do far more than help them to material improvement, we help to keep alive the sense of God's love and God's presence in their darkened lives. Hopeless suffering seems to me to hide God's face, and is it not for us to prevent it so far as possible? Is it not one of our duties to God to use our blessings to keep His presence obvious to those who are crushed and blinded by long endurance and deprivation? How much nearer God seems to us when His love shines upon us through human faces and human hearts or through His external world of nature! How many suffering people hardly ever see the light of love in any form except a baby's face!

Much of our work among the poor is to bring other laws than those of love to bear upon their lives. God's justice and judgment have to be taught them often and often, still it all comes from one source and whether the love shows itself in teaching honesty and cleanliness and thrift or in sympathy and encouragement, it represents the same thing in the end. We are trying to bring God nearer to them in all our efforts,

and it is this that gives the work its earnestness and peace. It seems to me often as if He left His poor for us to bring to Him. He leaves His laws to work out to the bitter end and the poor are the victims of His broken laws, but He gives us this great fountain of sympathy in our hearts, unexhausted by material want (which, by the way, is a terrible hardener of hearts), and are we not bound to use it for the reform and relief and inspiration of the wretched and the poor?

Suffering in every form has always appealed to me very powerfully. Even the alleviation of suffering seems to me a work worth doing, because I feel how hard it is to know God's love in anguish and solitude, and that the stretching out of a human hand has often seemed like a ray of light from God himself.

So much, dear, for the reason that lies in our riches to make it our duty to help the poor.

I never think that it is every one's duty to work in the slums. If we have money it seems to me we ought to give some portion of it to those who are working in the slums, but except for the experience, for the help to our own training that it gives, I should never urge it on all alike and that would be for a limited time. What I mean is that we must find our poor wherever they may be in this world and try to give them something out of our abundance. Your debating club may be your poor. To give seems to me as necessary as to learn; to pass one's life without giving seems to me to dry up the springs of life. Material wealth or spiritual wealth all imply a duty. Poverty either of body or of soul has a claim upon

us. Both come into our experience and both must be met.

The lives that throw aside sympathy as an impulse to be cherished and obeyed seem to me very incomplete, and there is a tendency now to reject sympathy either given or received as weakening, which I regret. Sympathy is the first step towards comprehension, and comprehension goes far to solve the problem, whatever it may be.

I think that there is a mistake in the effort which I see many young people make to fulfil their own lives by cutting adrift from the human claims around them. Independence must be combined with sympathy or it will narrow instead of broadening people's lives.

The reverence for self, which in its highest form means the worship of God, will not work out its true results until we realize that "we are parts one of another," and that no life which quenches sympathy or separates us, in heart, from God's other creatures can lead to him. "The expression of selfhood in service" is good, but isn't "the expression of God's will in service" nearer what we mean and a larger interpretation of our hope in life?

I send this, darling, just as I have scribbled it off because it isn't worth copying. I doubt if it is worth anything, probably hardly worth reading. I never talk with you without feeling that my ideas must seem crude and narrow to you, and that as youth and age are far apart perhaps I am deaf to your real meaning and so cannot respond to it. No matter. You will understand what I do not say as well as what I do and if there is anything of any use to you so much

the better. If not, you will burn it and forget it and only remember the deep affection of

Yours always,

ELIZABETH CABOT.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, Feb. 5, 1892.

. . . I seem to myself to have been running round from one invalid to another for the last six weeks, which will partly account for my gaps in letters. My routine work is much the same as usual. Three mornings in the week I read aloud to my neighbor Mr. Lyman, and we are reading the "Memoirs of the Duchess D'Abrantes" and getting very familiar with the details of Napoleon's private life from her intimate knowledge of him. It is very entertaining and gives a pleasanter idea of him than any other memoirs I have read, but the whole atmosphere is so thoroughly French that I feel as if I had been in another world when I leave it. At home I am reading "With Crook on the Border" and trying to get some notion of the wild western life of our army men and of their dealings with the Indians. Crook was a magnificent fellow and if all our men had been like him the "Century of Dishonor" need never have been written. Also two enormous volumes containing the report of the U.S. Commissioner of Education have arrived from Washington and I have been trying to dip in here and there and get some suggestions from them. One morning in the week I spend regularly in the schools and I begin to see now the

results of our new superintendent's work in [a] very satisfactory way. He has introduced a great deal of elementary science in all the schools, from primary to high, and I find the children giving excellent accounts of simple chemical experiments, simple physics, such as pumps, barometers, and magnets, and fundamental botany, such as the growth and structure and nourishment of plants (no dissection as yet), and also great enthusiasm over polliwogs, star-fish, sponges, etc. Their compositions are full of all this and are illustrated with outline drawings, sometimes very crude and rough, but oftener clear and neat and always intelligent. All this delights me, for it really gives them something to think about as well as to do. The teachers, too, are relieved and animated and I think we have really made a step forward in our work.

I wrote you about the Tenement House Meeting in Boston and I think I sent you the "Herald" giving an account of it. The result of it was the appointment of an Executive Committee who are to investigate still further and report some definite plan and I hope we shall get, in the end, some small open spaces at the North End, where they are greatly needed and some clearing out of crowded dwellings, which even from a sanitary point of view should be destroyed or entirely remodelled.

I am dreaming a little of building some tenement houses in Sewall Street where there are some lots of land to be sold for that purpose. The park road turns a good many people from the Marsh and will raise the taxes in that region so much that it will be

impossible for poor people to live there, so that the low land in Sewall Street is likely to be used for Irish tenements, and I am considering whether it would be wise to start in there and try to build the right kind of houses. I do not know how my trustees will regard such a plan and I have to depend on their judgment of course.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, Feb. 18, 1892.

My Dear Ellen, — How I longed for you yesterday to go with me to the musical memorial service for Mr. Lowell in Cambridge! I went without expecting to enjoy it, for it seemed impossible that any music could be arranged to express adequately the crowd of thoughts and feelings that fill one's mind and heart in thinking of the man who was poet, friend, and patriot to his countrymen. I came away infinitely grateful for having been allowed to share in paying what seems to me the most worthy tribute that could have been paid to him.

I send you the programme and only wish I could send you the heavenly sounds that rose and fell in the chapel, telling without the blemish of personality of all love and loss, of grief and consolation, of struggle and triumph and at last of celestial peace. You would have enjoyed every moment of it, I know, as I did. The hush that came over every one there was very beautiful. Many people went in a critical frame of mind not knowing what they were to hear and very doubtful whether they should care for it, but as

the sweet solemn strains rose and fell, it seemed to me every one felt how high and deep were the feelings they expressed and the faces grew quiet and the silence was perfect and at the end no one jumped up or began to talk, but they went out slowly as if the awe and the memory were lovely to them. We drove home through the glowing sunset lying over the Cambridge marshes and it all seemed to belong to him who had loved it so long.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BROOKLINE, Feb. 13, 1892.

. . . I went to the memorial service for James Russell Lowell at Cambridge yesterday and longed for you. It seemed to me all love, divine and human, grief and pity and consolation, prayer and peace, mercy and retribution, humility and triumph, struggle and fulfilment, and at last heavenly hope and light were revealed by the lengths and depths of those ringing voices and the peals and murmurs of the organ. It was a wonderful experience to hear it and it strengthened one's heart and seemed to bring us nearer God. I longed for every one that had ever suffered or sinned to gather in the riches that were poured into our hearts. I wish I could begin to tell you about it. The hush and solemnity that fell on even indifferent people were very touching. No tribute could be more fitting to a poet and a friend.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, April 3, 1892.

. . . The building of the little snow man was almost pathetic because he was so small and so temporary. The adventure with the kettle, too, had my sympathy and commiseration. A kettle is such an individual little existence and makes itself the centre of so much comfort.

Our schools are really so fine now that it seems to me a great mistake for the better educated people to send so much to private schools, and I am trying to convince some of the young married people that it would be well to avail themselves of some of the privileges at hand, which they pay for in their taxes but get no benefit from. The Lawrence is now beautifully equipped with sewing, cooking, and carpentering rooms and some of the very best teachers in the town. Would your sister-in-law think of sending her children there I wonder? I believe in sewing and cooking just as much for ladies' daughters as for the poorer people.

TO MISS ELLA LYMAN.

BROOKLINE, Sunday Evening, May 15, 1892.

Dearest Ella,—I had such a satisfactory talk with Mr. Cabot to-day about church-going and the different attitudes of equally earnest people on religious matters that I must try to tell you about it.

He thinks the whole explanation lies in different conditions of the religious sentiment rather than in

differences of opinion or principle, and that the nearest parallel to it would be in the different ways in which different people would be affected by the same music. For instance, Aristotle and Richard might be equally fond of music and consider it equally essential, but the Greek music which would delight Aristotle would be absolute discord to Richard and would wholly fail to excite any emotion but dislike.

Just so religious services which satisfy people in one stage of development are wholly useless to those in another.

Then he [Mr. Cabot] thinks that the conditions of sentiment do not follow mental and moral conditions exactly, that you and Ted and Charlie and Richard are probably nearly in the same intellectual and moral condition, but that sentiment varies in each case and makes diversity of action necessary to secure genuineness. You still like to go to church, Ted does not care to go to church, but prefers a quiet Sunday, Charlie and Richard want to play tennis. Here are the three stages. Yours conservative, Ted less so, C. and R. a decided negative. He believes that all three stages promote and lead to healthy progress and should be acted out without reserve and that while you help to keep alive what is good in the past (though you do not go for that reason at all), and which it is important should be preserved, the others will present the critical and adverse elements, which are also necessary, and out of all three will grow the future and better way. You are all right and all bound to represent by action the feeling which, though

various, is equally genuine in all and equally valuable and important. He thinks no good would come to C. and R. by listening to services which met no response in their sentiment, whereas you and I should suffer from the omission because it, partially at least, satisfies our sentiment in spite of intellectual inadequacy. This was quite a comfort to me because it justifies my own condition of mind and theirs, too.

We miss you, dear, but I am content that the happy week has made another link in what seems to me an endless chain of love and friendship.

Your loving

ELIZABETH CABOT.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, May 15, 1892.

My Dear Ellen,—Four delicious letters from you since I wrote, and I have appreciated and enjoyed every word of them and feel as if what I could give you in return was very meagre, but you shall have it such as it is. You carry me back to the Puritans and Dr. Arnold and bring me home to Deptford and Charlotte Withington and Page and Harry Atwood, and I sit in your room at night with you and hear the street singing and realize the drunken folly from the Easter holiday, and then return to my own home life and it seems heterogeneous and miscellaneous and common-place and hardly worth telling about, though it is so well worth living. I suppose family life must be a little here and a little there, and its results must

be in a distant future and in other lives as much or more than in your own.

Your letters are treasures to me, full of suggestions and information and, above all, of an inspiring courage and faith in God and man and a reality that comes from unswerving truth "in the inward parts" and which makes them a fountain of encouragement and refreshment to me. I read them over and over and wish I could learn them by heart. What I can do is to be grateful that such riches have come into my life. I can see so well how Livingston and Arnold and the old Puritans help you in your work and how old Deptford makes you understand them. You are dealing with human nature, partly crude like savages, but also partly vicious, as boys sometimes are, and your work is really pioneer work in many ways, for few have been over the ground. God bless and help you, dear, and give you courage. He does I am sure.

I do not like to hear of your rheumatism, though your weather is enough to account for it. Please be careful and get thoroughly rid of it. Don't let it hang about.

We are trying to get the early American history into the schools, and part of it the children take hold of very well. They like the Indians and the struggle for Independence, but they do not grasp the Puritan conditions very thoroughly. We have had "Miles Standish" studied this winter and written about with illustrations, and some of their drawings show a pretty correct idea of the Puritan externals. The Irish children cannot be expected to enter into the

feeling of Puritanism deeply, but we try to give them some idea which may lead them farther as they mature.

In geography they do begin with the town of Brookline, but they do not know half there is in the town. I think on your next visit you had better take them on some expeditions to the historic and geological sites. The work in the schools is endless. I go and go and yet when I look back on the year's work so little seems to have been accomplished. This last week, committee meetings have taken a great deal of time. We had a severe accusation against two of our teachers by parents who seem respectable people, and the investigation of the matter will take two evenings and an afternoon before we are done with it, besides a good deal of thinking at home to try to see the rights of the matter. Then one morning and a piece of an afternoon has gone in looking after the course of physical training, which goes rather hard. The high school girls were put into military drill and formed into a battalion and had an exhibition in the Town Hall and liked it immensely. I disliked it for them, believing it to be poor physical and worse mental training and I did a good deal to break it up and to put in the Swedish gymnastics instead, which they find pretty dull, and so it is up-hill work and I try to encourage both pupils and teachers and to bring out the really important side and reconcile them to it.

At home I have had a lovely visit from two of my young girl friends, Fanny Curtis and Ella Lyman, and to-morrow my new niece Mrs. Henry Parkman and

husband and baby come for two weeks and then my Vaughan children come for a month.

In June, about the middle, we go to Beverly, and there my own grandchildren with their dear mamma and papa will be with us, and I have this house open for my sons to live in while they are at work in Boston. All this means a good deal of housekeeping and arranging, and moths and summer covers must be looked after. See what a list and what a mixture of big and little matters !

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, May 22, 1892.

. . . The details of school arrangements are numerous at this time. The teachers are all agog to know whether their salaries are to be raised or their work changed ; some of them are trembling for fear they should not be reappointed. One, in particular, keeps me awake nights, and I am afraid it rests with me whether she stays or goes and it really makes me very anxious. She has been teaching in these schools for seventeen years and is hardly able to keep up with the times. She is not at all humble about it. If she were, one would try to help her, but she scorns the idea that she needs improvement and that makes it difficult to sympathize with her.

My other occupation is looking out of the window, which takes a great deal of time at this season. All the trees are out except the oaks, and their limp tassels are hanging on every twig with a yellow-green leaf just appearing near them. My oak is close by

my chamber and my parlor window and is my constant companion.

The white violets are gone, the yellow and purple hold on, the columbines are in bud, and the anemones and bell-wort are still holding out. Our walks are delightfully varied every day with new discoveries of ferns or flowers coming out.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BEVERLY FARMS, July 16, 1892.

. . . To begin with, I did receive Miss Hill's last letter and admired it and felt a little as if I were taken in to her fellowship since she let it come to me with the rest. They are all very precious to me, for they are full to overflowing with the very spirit of Christ, and all the tenderness and sympathy in them made doubly penetrating because they rest on such broad and deep foundations of truth and justice.

Your account of your own keeping of Memorial Day, with the photographs and the poems and the beautiful memories, reminded me that I have never told you of the keeping of it at Harvard. All of a sudden the graduating class bethought themselves that they wanted to do something about it, and they at once asked Mr. Henry Higginson if he would speak to them. His giving them the Soldier's Field two years ago, as a memorial of his three friends touched the whole body of students, and they turned to him as the person they wanted to hear from. He at first refused. He is not an orator and moreover is a man of few words, and he said, "I have nothing

to say and I can't say it." At last, however, he agreed to read the Commemoration Ode and the Gettysburg speech to them and the Glee Club promised to sing some patriotic songs.

Very little was said about the plan and no one knew whether they could go or not. I could not find out whether ladies were to be admitted. Mrs. Walter Cabot and I decided that we would run the risk and go and we could come home if we were not wanted. We found about fifty ladies there and no difficulty about entering.

The floor was reserved for the graduates and was about half filled (this is all in Sanders Theatre). The galleries were crowded with undergraduates. On the platform were the Glee Club, Mr. Higginson, Mr. Peirson,* another gallant war man, and Mr. Rantoul, the president of the graduating class. The Glee Club began by singing a Latin Ode written for the occasion. Then Mr. Higginson read Lincoln's speech and the Commemoration Ode, which he could hardly get through, and then, in spite of himself, he was moved to say a few words of his own, which were admirable, telling the fellows how the war spirit took hold of them just at the age of the very fellows he was speaking to, how it taught them that they had a country, and patriotism became a reality and not a phantasm to them, but that the work they did was what any one could do (here his modest honesty was magnificent), that there was nothing remarkable about them, and that the fellows now were just as much needed in the world's work as they were and only the idlers were to be despised. "If you can row a boat

*Colonel Charles L. Peirson.

or throw a ball or hold a racket well you're worth having, but if you sit on the fence and swing your heels and tell other people how to do their work then you're no use and never will be."

Then the Glee Club and all the rest of us sang "Fair Harvard," and the tears rolled down my cheeks and many others and it was over, and the whole audience went slowly into the corridor where the tablets are, and we each found the names we care most for and honored all the rest. The utter simplicity of the whole arrangement, Mr. Higginson's intense modesty and genuineness, and the profound feeling shown by every one there made it, on the whole, the most satisfactory and the most touching celebration I have ever been at. The absence of flags and flowers or preparations brought out the sufficiency of the facts, and James Lowell would have written another poem if he had been there and would have rejoiced that his Ode should have been still the fit expression of all those deep memories and affections. So, dear Ellen, as you looked into the heart of your pink peonies and read your poems and looked at your photographs you were keeping the day with us.

I wish all the "war children" were as full of interest in the war as you are, but I am afraid the effect and the cause do not always keep pace.

I think of you so often perched up in your window-seat with your books at hand and your piece of sky and your sunset and your tree, and bless the builders of London that they left a little sky-scape to live on, as I often have before.

We have been here for a month luxuriating in the beautiful place and resting to the bottom of my heart. I go once a fortnight to Brookline, where I am doing the overseer's work again for the summer because Mabel Chapin had to leave it and no one could be found to take it during the summer. That is not much to do and I make a visit to my own house at the same time, where some of my sons and two of my nephews are living and at work in Boston. Here we have three of our sons and our daughter-in-law and the dear little granddaughters and we enjoy every moment. The woods were never so beautiful, for we have had plenty of rain and nothing is brown or dry or uncomfortable, and Mr. Cabot and I take long walks and then come home and sit on the piazza and read aloud till the sun sets. Then come the boys and dinner and an evening of talk over the business and politics of the world. We have a lawyer, a doctor, a broker, or banker as you would call him, an insurance man and an electric man and two collegians in the family, so that the talk rolls round among them as they come and their father is the appeal for all questions of doubt. Of course they are not all here at once, but three at a time gives us a good variety of interests.

To J. E. C.

BROOKLINE,* Sunday, Aug. 14, 1892.

. . . I think I had better stay until Thursday. I have to come up Wednesday for my work and I may

* She had been called to Brookline by the sudden illness of E. T. C.

as well stay. Ted was glad to see me, I think, and does not suggest my going back. He is sweet as he can be and not as much out of spirits as I have seen him. Last evening he was very bright and talked away for an hour. I feel perfectly well and thankful to be here if he is. Katie is first rate and everything goes smoothly. I don't wish you were here, though I miss you every minute.

To J. E. C.

BROOKLINE, Tuesday Evening, Aug. 16, 1892.

. . . I don't feel sure of coming back Thursday. I can't leave Ted alone here unless he is quite well. Arthur goes off again for Sunday. I will do the best I can, but don't expect me until I come. It is lovely here and when Ted is comfortable I am all right and when he isn't I want to be here.

To J. E. C.

BROOKLINE, Thursday Evening, Aug. 18, 1892.

. . . Ted has had the best day he has had at all in spite of the heat. He has not slept at all and hardly laid down. He has read and talked a great deal. I wish I could have written it all down but I can't forget much of it.

I should certainly telegraph you at any moment if we needed you, dearest. Of course I want you all the time but it would be foolishness to have you come. There is nothing to do but to wait and watch

and hope and we are both doing it all the time, you in Beverly and I here. I write you everything. To-day he has evidently gained strength in spite of all obstacles and this is encouraging. The heat is very trying and tells against him, but that, too, must be borne and we must escape from it as soon as we can. When he is not suffering I am all right; when he is I am thankful you are not here to suffer too. To-day he has not suffered, thank God.

To J. E. C.

NORTHEAST HARBOR,* Thursday, Aug. 25, 1892.

. . . Katie arrived in triumph at 11 A.M. by the boat. William met her and the women welcomed her and she is just as nice as ever. The journey was very successful and she doesn't seem tired and has changed her dress and gone right to work on Ted's dinner. We certainly have everything now and if this improvement lasts what a mercy it will be.

Three o'clock.

All the delightful letters are here. Yours and Richard's and Lillie's and Ethel's. Oh, what blessings you all are! I read every word over and over and am so grateful for all and above all that you are well, dearest. Hugh has had a sail on the "Gundrid" this A.M. with Henry Vaughan. He does everything for Ted and me, but I will gladly change him if

* As soon as E. T. C. recovered sufficiently he was taken to Wm. Vaughan's house at Northeast Harbor.

it can be arranged that Phil should come and think it a first-rate plan. It is a pity that he should lose his chance with Conant.

To J. E. C.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, Aug. 27, 1892.

. . . William leaves us this morning, having provided us for every turn. Chickens from one house, a butcher to call every day, fresh eggs from one neighbor, fresh fish from another, cream of our own. He is marvellous in his care and his sympathy is endless and his affection for Ted absolute.

Ted began to worry last evening for fear I wasn't seeing any one here. So to-day I have been to see Sarah Cleveland and have seen her and Lillie, Lizzie Gardiner and her husband, and Miss Condit and Miss Agnes Irwin (the grandniece of Franklin). I hope this will console him.

To J. E. C.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, Aug. 27, 1892.

. . . I think he [Ted] ought to stay away till October first so as to keep clear of any danger of heat. Please write us what you think emphatically. I have written for advice to Sabine also. Ted begins already to find the time hang heavy and says he "hasn't given enough attention to learning to kill time." He must learn and may as well begin now and here.

To J. E. C.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, Saturday, Sept. 3, 1892.

. . . Yours of Wednesday with Katie's letter enclosed came yesterday. I know just how "lame" you feel, but if you can keep well I am thankful. If Ted goes on improving we shall both get rested after a while. Even now sleep doesn't seem to rest me, though I have plenty of it.

Don't do too much cutting off bushes. It is hard and hot work.

To J. E. C.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, Thursday, Sept. 6, 1892.

. . . Last evening was a perfect wonder of moonlight over the stillest of water and Ted was on the piazza late and sitting on the top of the balustrade like his old self. He talked about going home and said of course he wanted to "go back just as soon as he could," that he was "kept down here by want of an object," but he saw that it "wouldn't be safe to get into a hot day" and he accepted the idea of staying till October first.

To J. E. C.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, Sept. 12, 1892.

. . . William went off at six o'clock and Ted walked half way to the hotel with him and said, "I'm coming up next week and I shall 'show up' at the

office for about an hour the week after and the week after that I may be some use." Now we see what he hopes for and it seems not impossible.

TO MRS. F. E. CABOT.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, ME., Sept. 17, 1892.

. . . It seems now as if we should leave here Monday or Tuesday of next week and be in Brookline Wednesday morning. I should like to come straight to Beverly and relieve you of the housekeeping and moving, but I feel doubtful about leaving Ted at night. I dare say he will want me to go, and then I shall have to do it or he will worry about it. I wish you would write me the everlasting truth about your own arrangements. It is nonsense for us to victimize you now that Ted is so much better. Don't you really need and want to go to your own house just now when Ned's wedding is so near? I think you must, and if I cannot go down Elliot had better come up sooner. Write me the honest truth to Brookline. Your original plan was to go home on the 20th, and you had some reason for it and I want to know what it was. . . .

To-night we have a southerly blow with rain and the blinds are rattling and the water rushing on the rocks and to-morrow there will be a big surf. I have been quite absorbed in smocking the pink silk dress-front for Mea, and am rather proud of my success and anxious to show it to you. Now I want to do a winter dress for each of the darlings, so be thinking

what we shall have. A plain color smocked with white or red or yellow. Don't forget this.

Good-night, darling. I wish I could give you any idea what a blessing you have been to us. God only knows what rest and peace you have given us.

TO J. E. C.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, Sept. 19, 1892.

. . . Philip is finer than silk. He cooks, he bandages, he takes care of Sam and Ted and me, and all the time is as steady and as delightful as usual. Let us be thankful for two such fellows as he and Hugh have proved themselves.

TO ARTHUR LYMAN.

BROOKLINE, Sept. 23, 1892.

Dear Arthur,—It was delightful to get a word from you, though, as you supposed, our plans were already made to come home and it does not seem practicable to start again though it would be so good for Ted to be with you and Susie.

I have felt, dear, as if you were with us, almost, during the last month, for I knew you were thinking of us and you always seem near to me when Ted is in trouble. Still, I missed you many a time when the sight of your face and the sound of your voice would have done us both so much good, and I longed for your actual presence as one does for other great blessings beyond reach.

What you have done for us, dear, remains a permanent and active benefit, and what you are to Ted and to me all the time you must know though I have no words for it. I know you as I know truth and love and honor, and no absence or distance changes your constant help and influence.

Ted is so much better that I hope you will see him at work again before long. Even if he can only do part of his work it will help him. I don't look forward an hour, but am thankful for every one that passes with him without suffering. Best love to dear Susie from yours always,

COUSIN LIZZIE.

TO MRS. W. W. VAUGHAN.

BROOKLINE, Oct. 4, 1892.

We are going on pretty well here. Ted's condition is very uncertain. Yesterday he was miserably. To-day he has been much better, though he has done more. He does not gain strength steadily, hardly perceptibly, and sometimes both he and I feel very blue. Then again he feels better and we both brighten up. This may be just the variation of a slow convalescence. We know so little and the unfavorable symptoms are so uncontrollable that we must look forward to these ups and downs and try to be at peace in spite of them, but "some days it's pretty hard going" as you may imagine.

I am getting through with the Saturday evening class work and doing a little at the schools, which are as interesting as ever. I have returned to my reading

to Theodore, which is a great rest and refreshment to me. Both he and Mimi look worn, but how can it be otherwise?

TO MISS ELLA LYMAN.

Nov. 18, 1892.

I am recovering my equilibrium after the shocks of last week and find the old refuges of trust and love and the peace that passeth understanding still shelter us all from the storms of grief and loss and anxiety.

TO MISS ELLA LYMAN.

SUNDAY P.M., NOV. 21, 1892.

Don't let us complain ever, but let us realize that we can't dance with an hundred-weight on our shoulders or if we do we shall sink exhausted. Be valiant but don't try to be gay when our hearts are heavy.

TO MRS. ARTHUR LYMAN.

BROOKLINE, Dec. 28, 1892.

Dearest Susie,— You and Arthur have achieved a great success. Ted has come home in such delightful spirits that it is a joy to see him. He says, "Susie didn't mind the least in the world." This is the highest compliment you could receive from him.

I see how he feels as if his fetters were broken and he talks now of a night at Ruth's. Few people can do what you and Arthur can for him, perhaps no one,

for you give him such mental refreshment, as well as relief, and supply him with new material for the intense activity of his mind. I hope you both get the rebound of happiness in your own dear hearts which belongs to your perfect gifts. If I could make you realize what you have done for Ted you would I know. I am enjoying the photograph you sent me so much. Little Ella looks so comfortable, so at home, so provided with all that she needs that it rests me to look at it. Phil is doing nicely. With best love and best wishes, ever your loving and grateful,

COUSIN LIZZIE.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, Jan. 23, 1893.

Dear Ellen, — . . . I feel, dear, how much you will miss the cultivated society you have at the Hills' whenever you return to this country. There are plenty of good people and bright people here, but very few who, like Mr. Maurice, will tell funny stories in English or German or French or who, like Miss Octavia and Miss Yorke, have a realm of work and another realm of intellectual and social life in their minds. Theirs is an older civilization and the people you are among give you the very cream of it. They are without the follies and weaknesses of the aristocratic, fashionable life of England, but they have all the solid and all the delightful qualities combined. You must keep all the threads of that life in your hand, if you leave it, and keep up with it in every way by letters and by going to them often.

To-night we are overwhelmed by the news of Bishop Brooks's death. It seems to me a national calamity and a personal loss, and how many thousands of people will feel it so! I know nothing but what the papers say, but it is really terrible and I know what it will be to you, dear, and to Sallie. America is very poor to-night with that great heart laid low, but what a testimony he has borne, how his eyes have shone with Heaven's own light! We who have seen him are fortunate.

My Philip is going on well. He has recovered steadily ever since the operation. I pass my whole day at the hospital with him and come home pretty tired to seven o'clock dinner and do what I can in the evening to keep up with my other affairs. I write now after settling bills and answering notes and ordering the household and am half stupid, but always fond of you, dear, and interested in all your doings.

Yours faithfully,

E. CABOT.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, Feb. 9, 1893.

Dear Ellen, — There never was such an uprising in America, I believe, of grief and admiration. The crowd at the out-of-door service * was one mass of sorrowing and loving friends. I could not leave Phil to go to either service, but I felt as if I had been there, for the whole town was full of mourn-

* For Bishop Brooks.

ing. There was no one who was indifferent. All the rich people and all the poor people were moved with a common loss; the young and the old were heart-stricken, for they had lost their support and their inspiration. One thinks better of human nature when you see how universally such a man was loved, for in him they loved the highest things. . . .

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, Feb. 20, 1893.

Dear Ellen,— . . . I send by this mail the report of the Friendly Society which I have just made up and which tells the story of our work as truly as I know how to make it. I have also made up the Penny Savings account for the town report, and find that we have saved in the schools in three years \$11,000 and odd. This seems worth doing, does it not? The post will bring you also with this the "Harvard Monthly" for February, which is a memorial of Phillips Brooks, and a fine sermon preached by Dr. Gordon, the clergyman of the New Old South (Calvinist), for both of which I care very much and hope you will like to see them.

My next business is to help some ladies who have raised money to decorate the walls of the Lawrence School. I find this rather a complicated question. The rooms are, of course, surrounded by blackboards which are not decorative, and the walls are cut up by great windows into rather awkward spaces. I know it can be done and done well, but it is a new field and needs both knowledge and experience. There is an immediate conflict between giving the children infor-

mation by large photographs of people and places and leading them to ideas of beauty by fine forms and colors artistically arranged. I hope something may be found to satisfy both demands. . . .

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, March 8, 1893.

Ellen Dear,— . . . We also still believe that we shall not annex Hawaii. President Harrison thought it would be a good final act for his administration, but Cleveland has no points to make just now and we believe the pretty little queen now in Washington will keep her throne. The sugar trust people are at the bottom of the whole move, but if the tariff is changed, as it will be, their interest will subside. I hope you have read Cleveland's inaugural. It seems so brave and frank and uncompromising that it promises a good administration, and he seems to have filled his Cabinet with able men of unsullied character and that ought to help us.

My own doings have not been very entertaining this week as I have been chiefly occupied in getting a new parlor maid, which means interviewing tedious and unsuitable applicants, holding your own with their foolish demands, and making heroic stands on the important platform of clean brasses and clean windows, early rising and moderate wages. I have engaged one at last who accepts all my conditions and feel like a free woman again. . . .

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, March 24, 1893.

Dear Ellen,—I am going on with my busy days and by degrees the things that have been so long neglected are getting looked into. I am reading three times a week to Mr. [Theodore] Lyman, my dear neighbor who is paralyzed, you know, and cannot read to himself. I am beginning to visit the schools and have been examining the school exhibit from the Brookline schools for the World's Fair—twenty volumes or more giving written work and drawings and several books showing the whole course in sewing. Then several framed charts showing sewing and various collections made by the children. In addition to my usual undertakings we are trying to start a ladies' club in Boston,* and I have been chosen president because they want to bring in the country ladies as well as the city. It is to give us a place where we can rest and wait and see a friend and get a very simple lunch and perhaps later where we can spend a night on a pinch, but we shall not have any bedrooms at first. There are such clubs in New York and Philadelphia and they are found very useful. When you come up from Portland perhaps you will find a comfortable refuge where you can read the papers and get a lunch while waiting for a train. . . .

*The Mayflower Club.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, April 5, 1893.

Yes, my dear Ellen, I am glad that your precious friend is at rest from her long sufferings and has entered into the joy that must be prepared for her if the universe has any joy to give. You can be at peace now and you will feel nearer to her than while she was imprisoned in her frail body and you were imprisoned by her pain and weakness. But how sorry I am, dear, that such a parting must come to you. You will have dear friends, but no one will take her place. You will always keep it for her and live a portion of your life with her. I really know how it is better than many people, for my dearest sister was also my dearest friend and she died when I was just about your age, but I have always lived close to her and if we met to-morrow I should feel that we had never been separated. Such a love is lifelong and it is a blessing that comes to but few. . . .

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, May 21, 1893.

Dear Ellen,—You must wonder where I am and I hardly know myself, for Dublin, Beverly, and Brookline seem equally my places of domicile. My mind and my body are literally in all three, not precisely at the same time but as nearly so as human limitations will allow. . . .

We are beginning to get some of the first travellers home from the World's Fair and their enthusiasm is

delightful. It must be wonderfully beautiful. The buildings and the grounds and the lagoons make a sight never to be forgotten. The sunsets and the moonlights there are like a dream, and the vistas of white marble buildings, with statues and fountains and the blue lake in the distance, are marvellous. You will have to go there as soon as it gets cool enough, for America has suddenly grown beautiful and majestic in that spot. Good-by, dear child. I will try to write oftener now, for Mr. Cabot is coming home.

TO MISS ELLA LYMAN.

DUBLIN, N.H., June 9, 1893.

. . . It is peaceful here; beautiful, quiet, and the changing landscape and sky-scape adapt themselves to every mood. We see the far-away mountain, blue and dim and spirit-like, and the near hills with all their green realism, and the lake varying with every change in the breeze or the clouds, and the sky which deals us heat or cold as it pleases, but entertains and excites us with all the processes of gathering showers or cheerful banks of sunny white or clear blue spaces or gorgeous lights at sunset. I am very glad we are here. There is always great support to me in the strength and permanence of the mountains, and their varying lights and shadows are full of sympathy and their ruggedness gives the feeling of experience and trial bravely and quietly borne.

TO MISS ELLA LYMAN.

DUBLIN, N.H., June 19, 1893.

. . . It is the greatest blessing when one of you dear girls can be with him [Ted] and lift the curtain of solitude and separation which is gradually closing round his glorious life. You who are of his own age can do so much more for him than we older people, and so I thank you from the bottom of my heart when you can give us your precious time.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

DUBLIN, N.H., June 23, 1893.

. . . You have kept the finest side out all the time and you ought to look back on all the years you have given there * as a great seed-time and harvest. You have given much and received much and will keep much all the rest of your life, and now as you open a new volume the last one can be read over and over and always with new riches to be discovered in it. Such a past is the best gift to the present and the future, and though we leave it behind, in one sense, it never leaves us. . . .

We are established at Dublin and it is very beautiful. We came for our dear son Edward, hoping it might make the summer better for him. He is very ill and not gaining at all. I do nothing but think of him and watch him and nurse him, and do not expect any improvement. Mr. Cabot is here with me and

* In London, with Miss Octavia Hill.

always one of the brothers to help us in the care. The rest are at Beverly Farms, where our daughter-in-law Ethel is keeping our house for them. I am well, but my heart aches all day and all night for my darling. So good-by, dear Ellen. . . .

Your affectionate friend,
ELIZABETH CABOT.

To R. C. C.

BEVERLY FARMS, June 26, 1893.

Dearest Richard,— . . . Your visit yesterday was like food to the hungry. Is it selfish to feel famished when you are separated from your children for a long time? If it is, I am guilty and am afraid I cannot improve. I went to bed last night with a satisfied heart instead of a hungry one, and can live for months now on what you gave me. I can live without it and love and trust you perfectly, so do not be troubled when you cannot come, but, when it is possible, it is like water to the thirsty and food to the hungry to see and hear you. I suppose Ella saw that I was fasting rather long, but I am quite willing she should see me as I am, even weak and unworthy, and tell you if she likes to do so. . . .

Your work with Ella is a pure delight to me, and I cannot imagine a better balance to medical detail and medical anxieties than such far-reaching and composing study of ideas in such sympathetic and yet critical companionship. Whenever you would like to hear Ella's praises sung you can call on me for a pæan, for her breadth and nobleness and delicacy

and purity of character are one of the joys of my life. . . .

TO MRS. W. W. VAUGHAN.

[DUBLIN], June 29, 1893.

Ellen Darling,—I have just seen Miss Foote and heard that Sarah's * great heart is still. How thankful I am that William and I went to see her that last evening in Brookline! What a blessing it is to have known her and loved her! How she vanquished life at every turn! Never daunted, never discouraged for herself or other people, and a deep well of love and strength ready to gush out at every summons. I wish I could look at her to-day, but I know how death must have crowned that dear head and put his regal stamp on that beautiful brow. It was so speedy, Miss Foote says; only one great pang of pain and then the end; no good-bys to say or hear; no heart-break at leaving Lillie.

It seems to me as if your mother and she must be spending this beautiful day together and loving us all even more than ever. My last note from her I brought with me. It is just overflowing with her own great sympathy. Darling, I know what you have lost, another mother-heart that has been so true, so loving to you all your life long. But you have not lost her. Sometimes it seems to me our beloveds are nearer to us when all impediments are gone, and the pure soul lives always at our side and can never be separated any more.

* Mrs. Cleveland.

TO MRS. W. W. VAUGHAN.

DUBLIN, N.H., July 2, 1893.

. . . Thank you for all you tell me about that day at Nutwood.* I wish I could have been there. Miss Foote told me, too, all she could, so that I can follow the beautiful temple of that beautiful soul to its resting place. As for sorrow I do not feel it. Her life was complete, her work was done, and she went without suffering to the God whom she has loved and served with all her heart and in whose perpetual presence she has lived and moved. Of course the pleasure of being with her is one I have not had for years, and that deprivation I long ago accepted as an inevitable one, since my life has grown so full of work and worry, and hers so limited by want of strength. Truly she seems nearer to me than ever.

TO J. F. MOORS.

DUBLIN, N.H., July 3, 1893.

. . . I find it is a great invention not to have any opinions about people unless you are forced to. I am going on that plan, at present, and find myself greatly relieved of many difficult and perplexing problems.

I wish I could take a bicycle and go with you to the Garden of the Gods, but I also wish that place had some other name, for that one infuriates me and prejudices me against the beauty and the wonder. I should like to see Colorado and "the Rockies."

* Mrs. Cleveland's place.

They must be as unlike New England as anything American can be. The scale so enormous, the wildness so aggressive. I should think it would give you a wholly new point of view, which is always refreshing. With Nature's extraordinarily different manifestations I should think humanity and living would take on new aspects and new methods, worked out under new truths. Perhaps this is a good deal to expect, but I never watch Western ways without the conviction that a new and valuable element is going to be worked out through them if the Lord doesn't get disgusted with their knowing so much more than He does, and let them wipe themselves out with their exaggerations and their accumulations. Hadn't you better stop in Chicago as you come home and see the World's Fair? That is a manifestation of a very remarkable kind. Joe Lee is there now and he writes in the greatest enthusiasm about it and says "it is worth a year's life" to see it. Joe isn't always pleased you know.

TO MRS. ARTHUR LYMAN.

DUBLIN, July 6, 1893.

Dearest Susie, — Ted is like a new creature, and even if it only lasts two days I want you and dear Ella to know it and feel the relief that we do. We have found a little Bronco pony here and hired him for the summer. He is no trouble at all and has a nice lope and is very sure-footed and tough. Then Laurence Minot came up for the fourth and he planned to leave his saddle-horse here for Phil to ride,

so Ted has ridden for several days, and the last two with Phil, and the change in his condition is extraordinary. The heaviness has gone, the little meals are thrown aside, and his digestion is wonderfully improved. So while this lasts we are rejoicing. He is full of talk and wants "something to do."

Dearest Susie, I wish you were here to share these good days as you shared the bad ones with us, but perhaps I shouldn't have found the depths of your strength and tenderness if we hadn't been in the deep waters together.

I believe and rejoice in every word you wrote me. To say I am grateful to you seems almost absurd. I am grateful for you as I am for all that is beautiful and bounteous in this wonderful world of ours.

Give my dearest love to Ella. Her visit was a delightful gift, and she wrote me such a dear note after she went home and left me some lovely things to read and I have many things to say to her, but this is only a scrap to make you both happier while we are.

Most lovingly yours,
"COUSIN LIZZIE."

TO MRS. W. W. VAUGHAN.

DUBLIN, N.H., July 12, 1893.

. . . Sarah's undying love and goodness must still be their blessing and support, and do you know, dear, it would be more wonderful to me if they did not one and all long and love to do what she could wish than that they do? The power of such a life only

begins before death crowns it. It seems to me that the people one loves are always the most powerful influence in our lives. Death seems to make them a part of God's life, and, therefore, our love for them becomes bound up in our love for Him and so grows deeper and stronger as we live more absolutely for His service. I hope this doesn't seem like blasphemy to you, for I didn't mean it so.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

DUBLIN, July 12, 1893.

. . . We look over Dublin Lake straight to the Green Mountains and see the sun set behind them every evening. On the other side lie the Peterborough hills, with their sunny meadows and uplands, and the clouds ramble over them and are a perpetual joy of changing lights and shadows.

Yesterday we took a long scramble over Beech Hill, which is close to us, through a shady path leading almost to the summit, and then turned to see Monadnock standing fast with his broad shoulders ready for storms and sunshine. He sends us delicious cool breezes and great drifting clouds and splendid thunder-showers for our afternoon entertainments.

I love to have you watching the birds and flowers. They are so refreshing and seem such a joy thrown into life for our delight.

Your loving friend,
ELIZABETH CABOT.

TO MRS. HENRY PARKMAN.

DUBLIN, Thursday Evening, July 27, 1893.

. . . I never forget the 24th of July, for I had a grand time that day, beginning with Beethoven and finishing off with Mary Elizabeth, who will always keep a large slice of my heart in her possession. Also, when I have been through a spree of that kind with people, I feel that I know them as well as years of common life could have made me and, if I love them, I love them with an everlasting security which no future could change. I won't mention how I settled that *if* in your case, but perhaps you know.

It is delightful here. To-day has been almost autumnal and Ted has walked three miles. Elliot and I climb the hills and explore the woods and go berrying and feel that we are like two dear old children enjoying their old selves. Good-night, dear.

TO MRS. HENRY PARKMAN.

DUBLIN, N.H., Sunday, Aug. 6, 1893.

Dearest Frances, — You must be a fairy to bring Christmas cheer into the dog-days of August as you have absolutely done. First came your dear note and then in two days followed the beautiful table-cloth, which now lies on my table, the delight of my eyes. I have tried in vain to find Harry's stitches, but they are so skilfully introduced that like the combined work of other great artists it is impossible to distin-

guish them, and for all I can tell he may have done the larger part of it.

Nobody has such a good time with their presents as I do, for they are always full to me of the people that send them. I think this is really too good for summer wear, but it exactly fits a little square table that stands in one corner of our parlor here and I am tempted to use it and get the refreshment of its freshness and the odor of those lovely jonquils.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

DUBLIN, Aug. 14, 1893.

Dear Ellen, — Your letters are like God's gifts and come to the just and the unjust alike. . . .

I have been thinking a great deal of late about your life here. The extreme heat in Cumberland has made me fear that it may not be the best abiding-place for you. Here we have not seen the glass above 84 degrees and our nights have been perfectly comfortable. I hope you would usually pass your midsummer in England, but sometimes the places that are hot in summer are also very cold in winter. Now I think climate affects you a good deal and I do not want you to fix yourself anywhere till you are sure the climate is satisfactory. Do not build, therefore, till you have tried a whole year in Cumberland. As to work, I am quite sure that it is better not to work in Boston and live in Cumberland. I should spend a year in looking about me and finding out just what the resources and the needs of Portland are, before I

fixed on it as my home. You can always see Sallie wherever you are, always make her visits and have her with you. Of course this summer you would not be easy if you were not close by her, but if Cumberland or Portland are not right for your health you must not undertake to live there. "Go slow" is my wisdom about making permanent arrangements. You can always take up Boston work whenever you are ready for it, but if you build in Cumberland or Portland and then do not find the climate suits you, you would be handicapped for the future. Please keep everything open for a year at least. I am afraid this comes hard to you. You naturally would like to get settled, but please consider everything experimental until next June. . . . Please obey, dear.

TO MRS. ARTHUR LYMAN.

DUBLIN, Thursday, Aug. 22, 1893.

My Dearest Susie, — Will it be possible for you to come up here again? It seems too much to ask, and yet it would be such a comfort and pleasure that I cannot lose the chance, and know that you will understand that I do not expect it. What I should like best would be if you could come on September 4th or 5th and stay with this family while I go down to Beverly to move that household to Brookline. Ethel goes to Milton on the sixth and then I shall break up the Beverly family and establish them in Brookline and then return here. No one but your dear self can come up here at that time, and they would all enjoy

having you here so much I am tempted to lay it before you.

Elliot and Hugh and Ted will be here, and with you at the head of the table they would be perfectly happy. Ted's last visit to Waltham and Boston was an entire success and very encouraging to him. One thing I must add. Do not think of coming here if it would make the slightest difference about your going to Chicago, for Ted and I are bent that you should do that, and this is only a luxury, — that is really important.

You need not decide about this immediately, for I shall not ask any one else if you cannot come.

Most lovingly and gratefully yours,

COUSIN LIZZIE.

TO MR. EDMUND DWIGHT.

BEVERLY FARMS, Sept. 12, 1893.

Yes, Edmund, I knew that your birthday was on Sunday, September 3, and that you must be as much as seventeen years old. I should never allow any one to think that they knew better than I. Seventy you cannot be, so there is no use saying so. I thought of writing you a short note, but didn't. I have been in want of your news and rather think you have treated me badly. You might think it over and see what you think. I am most thankful to hear that Ellen has been suited by Nahant. Nahant can almost always be had, on a pinch, and is near at hand.

I came down here to close this house and go to Brookline to-day to open the other. How useful and

efficient I am! Elliot, Ted, and Hugh are in Dublin and I go back there on Saturday and shall return to Charlie's wedding. You will have to come to that, Edmund. I shall have a near pew for you and Ellen, so that I can keep my eye on you. If Elliot has ten brothers and I have only one, my brother must have ten times as much room as any one of his brothers. I was brought up on Colburn's arithmetic and that is right, I know. I shall come to Brookline on the 18th, and Elliot and Ted and Hugh on the 19th. I think they will not return to Dublin, and I shall only go back to close the house.

The summer has worked very well. Ted has had ups and downs, but has lost less than we could possibly hope. I think he will get back to his work for a time at least. Richard thinks you are a most satisfactory Uncle-Trustee. He spent yesterday P.M. with me and we talked much hospital.

Edmund, I hear the sweet sound of the cleaning of the kitchen stove and smell the sweet smell of the "Rising Sun Stove-polish" with which it is being copiously loaded. How many pleasures I have that you are not "cultured" enough to share! Ellen could.

Good-by, dear heart.

At seventeen much is expected of you. Don't disappoint your hopeful and doting old sister,

BESS.

TO MRS. ARTHUR LYMAN.

DUBLIN, Thursday, Sept. 14, 1893.

Dear Susie, — It was pretty unsatisfactory talking through the telephone the other evening and so I want to tell you about Ted before you see him. The vertigo has gone, I think, but has left behind it a nervous timidity, which makes him hesitate at a flight of steps and is very hard for him. His digestion is certainly much better than in the early summer. He eats well and has no trouble after it. He is never sleepy in the daytime now, and is rather inclined to be wakeful at night.

But, dear, he is not better, and I am afraid you will think him looking more ill than you have seen him. He is very thin, and paler than he was and his gait has grown uncertain and his expression lost vigor. I feel a distinct loss of vitality, though the symptoms are less obtrusive.

He is infinitely sweet and patient and gentle, but he doesn't seem like himself to me. Perhaps this will pass off when he gets back, if he finds that he can take up his business, and I do not write to alarm you but only that you may not be disappointed when you see him.

If things go as smoothly as we hope, he will get to the wedding without difficulty. I go down on Monday, and Elliot, Ted, and Hugh follow on Tuesday, and Wednesday Ted can rest and be ready for the wedding on Thursday.

I think Dr. Osgood has improved his condition, in several directions, and Ted likes his visits and the

hypnotism, but there is no fundamental gain and, though the summer has been far better than we feared, he has lost strength and vitality. I wonder why I write this to you, darling. I believe it is only that you may know just how matters look to me, because you are so near and so dear to us all that I want to save you the pain of disappointment if I can.

TO J. F. MOORS.

DUBLIN, Sept. 15, 1893.

. . . I, too, have been reading and rejoicing over the "Life of Lincoln." * He was a marvellous creation. "Coming up out of the very mud and growing nobler and bigger to the very hour of his death," so said Ted when he finished the book. No advantages, every disadvantage, no moral standards about him, and beginning with low ones for himself and ending with the light of Heaven shining into his heart, and reaching an elevation far above any statesman or patriot that I know. Washington is nowhere compared to him. I never have any difficulty in believing in inspiration, but he is certainly a wonderful instance of it.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

DUBLIN, Sept. 15, 1893.

. . . Our summer is coming to an end and, as I look back upon it, it is a beautiful one to remember. Edward has been far better than we expected. The

* By John T. Morse, Jr.

climate and all our arrangements have done well for him, so that our first object was accomplished. The place with its beauty and its delicious repose has become like a dear friend to us, and our kind and pleasant neighbors have made new human delights to be thankful for. We have taken this house for another summer so that we can come here again if we like. . . .

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, Sunday, Oct. 22, 1893.

. . . I am afraid there is no chance of my coming to Cumberland this month, for now that Edward is so much more ill I cannot leave home with any peace of mind. He is comfortable now and takes a short drive every P.M. and sees his friends for a little while, but everything must be dealt out at the right hour and in the right quantity and I do not know whether weeks or months of this invalid life lie before him. I do not think I can leave him for a night at present. If he grows stronger, so that he needs less watching, I should love dearly to come, but do not expect me nor leave any space for me that you would fill if I had not hoped to come.

Since beginning this, yours of the 19th has come, and I delight in your apple-paring and your new shed for Bob, and hope Lizzie and William will return and fill the vacant places. It is good, too, that the Deptford fairy-tales have gone into print. All the historical items I shall digest by degrees and am glad you put them in. I didn't even know you were at

the telephone on Tuesday. It would have been so nice to hear your voice.

Do you remember that I still have that \$100 you left in my hands? How should you like to give it to our reading-room * for a second pool-table? I shall send you the Report in a few days and you will see that we think the pool-table has been very useful in bringing in the lowest class of young men. Think it over and don't let me bully you.

TO MRS. ARTHUR LYMAN.

BROOKLINE, Saturday A.M., Oct. 28, 1893.

Dearest Susie,—Ted revived after twelve o'clock yesterday and I read him your note. He was very much interested in it and talked away about Arthur for some time. Osgood came at noon and put new vigor into him as usual, and in the P.M. he saw Mrs. Warren for a few minutes. Then Richard came and he talked a good deal with him. He is decidedly feverish, which the doctors did not expect and do not understand.

The night was restless, but he slept towards morning and seems comfortable now. His cheer and sweetness all through the night was a perfect marvel. Not a word of impatience, though he could not sleep.

Farewell, dear.

* In the Brookline Friendly Society's Building.

TO MRS. ARTHUR LYMAN.

BROOKLINE, Nov. 4, 1893.

Dearest Susie,—Ted has been very comfortable since you last saw him and has made a little gain in strength each day. He has driven twice, once for half an hour and once for an hour, walking up and down stairs with the nurse's help—sleeping after the drive for an hour.

Ruth was here yesterday for an hour, and read, and they talked, too. He was his sweetest self, wanted me to get a foot-stool for her and she kissed him when she went away, just as you did. She is coming again to-day. He said "she reads so nicely." I hope she is getting comforted, the darling. The nurse continues satisfactory and pleasant. Come when you can, darling.

Your loving COUSIN LIZZIE.

TO MRS. ARTHUR LYMAN.

SATURDAY A.M., Nov. 8, 1893.

Dearest Susie,—Your dear note has just come. Thank you, darling, your words are infinitely sweet to me. Your perfect comprehension of Ted is and has been such a blessing. There is no unselfishness possible from me to him. We are one so far as that goes. His pleasures are mine wholly, and he has none greater than seeing you and his other dear friends. He is much more comfortable and somewhat stronger. He has less fever. Richard has been the greatest comfort to us all. He has been here since Thursday

evening and I have had thorough rest. He must go back this P.M., but Phil will be here and I think one of the boys will be here all the time henceforward.

Ted's good-by to me Thursday afternoon gave me enough to live on and to live by for the rest of my life. He grows greater every hour and his sweetness and tenderness cannot be expressed. He strikes a note that brings all life and death itself into perfect harmony and to be with him is to be with God. There seems no separation possible any longer. He seems to me a part of all that is holy and beautiful and sublime, and therefore we can never lose him. I long that you should all get all you can of the inspiration that I am drinking in every hour.

TO MISS CHASE.

BROOKLINE, Friday, Nov. 10, 1893.

. . . Thank you, dear Ellen. They tell me we have only twenty-four hours more. But all is peace and love.

TO MISS ELLA LYMAN.

BROOKLINE, Nov. 13, 1893.

Dearest Ella,— Will you thank "all in Waltham" for the exquisite wreath. Ted loved Waltham and all in it so truly and has had so much happiness there, and this lovely wreath seems so full of the treasures of the place. Your dear mother's face seemed to smile at him in those fair white roses, and the ivy brings so much to mind that is permanent and beautiful like the

friendship that has never failed to meet him and that will never fade. We kept all the beautiful flowers at home, for it seems as if he were still here to enjoy them with us; they linger as if he had left a trail of glory behind him to light our darkened way.

TO MRS. ARTHUR LYMAN.

BROOKLINE, NOV. 14, 1893.

Susie Darling,— Elliot has just found the Washington letter with the drawing. We will keep it till you come over, as I don't like to trust it to the post. Ethel and the dear new baby are here with us and they are both the best of comforters. But Ted himself teaches us every hour how to do and bear.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, NOV. 19, 1893.

Ellen Dear,— The exquisite roses came in so fresh and beautiful the other evening and gave us just the refreshment that you wanted to send. Our week has gone by in perfect peace. We have had our dear daughter-in-law with us with the little new baby, and that has brought new life and hope into the house. We are all well and I shall soon begin to take up the outside work that is waiting for me and that my dearest Edward was so interested in with me. Write when you can to your loving friend,

ELIZABETH CABOT.

TO MISS ELLA LYMAN.

Nov. 22, 1893.

Dearest Ella,—I cannot tell you the comfort your words give me; they are always so tender and true. It seems as if I could not hear enough of the love and comprehension you give to Ted. I long to show the notes to him, but he knew and felt all through your perfect insight and trust, and now it comes to me like water to the thirsty or food to the starving and it seems as if he had given me you and all his dear friends for my companions.

TO MRS. ARTHUR LYMAN.

BROOKLINE, Tuesday, Nov. 28, 1893.

Dearest Susie,—Your dear note with its loving invitation and its heartfelt sympathy goes to our hearts and we hate to say "no" to anything so bountifully offered. Still we both think we are best off at home, much as we should love to be with you and Arthur and the children. We are both well and can sleep and wake in that peaceful pain which must be our portion for a long time to come. Ted is with us everywhere, but most of all here, where his step and his voice still sound in our ears and his face shines at us in every room.

To gather up our strength and our patience here, in our daily lives, and to reconstruct the days so that his presence shall shine through the emptiness and absence, seems to us our task, and since we are well

no change is needed for physical improvement. So, darling, be sure we thank you as we love you with all our hearts for thinking of us and offering us so much.

Gretchen enjoyed her morning with you so much that it makes me hope that you can do a great deal for her. I long to see her anchored to a great, calm purpose, which shall take her out of this tossing sea of emotion in which she is living, and develop the heights and depths which can only endure in stillness. Farewell, my darling Susie. God bless you for all you have been and all you are to us.

Your loving,

COUSIN LIZZIE.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, Dec. 14, 1893.

. . . I love to hear of your expeditions with Rob and his gun and of your cosey evenings with your books and to think of the starlight nights and the mountain tops from your windows. We are all well here and I feel almost as strong as usual. I have had a great deal of writing to do and of a kind that takes a great deal out of a body. I had more than a hundred letters from Edward's friends and my own, and all of them delightful and comforting to receive but hard to answer, tho' I long to do it. Then many dear friends have come to see us and though I have not seen all, I have hated to refuse if I could help it. Such love and sympathy is most helpful and one must take it when it comes, and so the

days have gone by and each night finds me tired, but very grateful for such friends. Then there has been the sad work of rearranging my darling's rooms and looking over and disposing of all his things. That is almost done now, and this week I have been going into the schools again and taking up the work of the Friendly Society, which comes to a standstill unless I keep prodding. . . .

I have not begun Mr. [James Russell] Lowell's letters yet, but am keeping them in reserve for more peaceful days than these. It is still a struggle to keep up my courage without the brave heart that I have leaned on, but we have every human help, and God never fails, and the days will bring strength. Good-night for now, dear.

Your loving friend,
E. CABOT.

TO MRS. ARTHUR LYMAN.

BROOKLINE, Dec. 29, 1893.

Dearest Susie,— The little mat is lovely and it is so pleasant to have your own work. I see no deficiencies in it, but wonder at its nicety. The talks with Ted are delightful to have and bring him nearer than anything else. He was so close to you, dear Susie. We have had our dear Milton angels with us all the week and I know how Ted would have delighted in having them here. I wish I didn't feel lonely through everything, but that is only my share of what we all must bear. I know just how you feel about Ted's life and Christ's life. Ted's to you is real, simple, pure,

and Christ's is made unreal by the clouds of dogma and ceremony that have gathered round it. To me it is all one. Ted fulfilled the ideal that I connect with Christ. Some one says "Christianity is a life not a creed," and our beloved lived it and teaches it to us.

CHAPTER III.

FROM HER SON EDWARD'S DEATH TO HER OWN
DEATH, 1894 TO 1901.

TO MRS. HENRY PARKMAN.

BROOKLINE, January, 1894.

Dearest Frances, — You certainly are the proudest product of the much abused nineteenth century. Nothing more can be said now about the deterioration of women. We shall put you on exhibition in the Capitol at Washington as the woman who has a dinner-party one day and a baby in the evening as a pastime, boys or girls to order.

It's perfectly splendid, dear. My only anxiety is about Harry, lest he should explode with joy and pride. I shall try to "take him down" when we meet and explain to him that really "boys are no good."

Uncle Elliot says he would "like very much" to send his love to you.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, Jan. 7, 1894

. . . Happy New Year to you, dear Ellen, and may 1894 find you free from anxieties and perplexities and with questions answered and doubts removed.



E. C. WITH RUTH AND ETHEL.

1894.

Your dear wintry letters are very interesting and I follow your long walks and your visits to Mrs. Jones and your explorations among the fox and mink skins with as much pleasure, though of a very different kind, as from our old excursions in Deptford among your parish. Both you and the stories you tell are delightful, and it makes me realize how full of life every part of this universe is, if one only knows how to reach it and live with it and into it. . . .

I am both busy and quiet. I am doing "Friendly Society," which means, for me, much committee work. Also schools, as usual, and at home there is still writing to do and arranging of papers and photographs and all the work that follows the close of a precious life on earth. This gives me little to write about, but it takes the day's time and strength and as I do not try to do much at a time it does not get finished. If you can come and stay with us for a while I shall be very glad, for I know you would not mind our quiet, serious lives. You will not find us melancholy, only sober and still.

Lovingly your friend,

ELIZABETH CABOT.

TO MRS. ARTHUR LYMAN.

BROOKLINE, Saturday A.M., February, 1894.

. . . Thank you, dearest Susie, for letting me see this note of R——'s. It is a glimpse such as one rarely gets into her heart of hearts. I know how the jewels that lie there glow and burn with a constant light, but she seldom opens the window for any one.

I can see that heavenly smile that came over Ted's face when something made him realize how people loved him.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

MARCH 7, 1894.

Dear Ellen,—I spent all last evening in reading Mr. Alford's letters to his people, and found at the end of it that I had been in the society of a very calm, good, wise, enlightened, high-minded man, with independent opinions and a most loving heart, so I thank you, dear, for such pleasant society. This A.M. at breakfast your beautiful butter came glowing and smiling onto the table and made me wish you were there to help us eat it. It disappeared as only very fine butter does under the appetites of the family.

To-day I have written countless notes and one good long letter. I have been to town to see my daughter Bessie, and waded knee deep in the drifts of snow to get to the dentist's door. Then home to a dressmaker and a quiet afternoon, with the wind blowing hard and the snow flying in all directions just as the wind chooses. It is so still indoors and so wild and lively out that one doesn't know which is the nicest. The combination makes one realize how comfortable it is to have fires and books and flowers to look at while the wind roars and the snow tumbles outside. "The unemployed" were to parade Boston streets to-day, you know, but I fear their pleasures will be cut short.

ELIZABETH CABOT.

TO MISS ELLA LYMAN.

MARCH 28, 1894.

My Darling Ella,— You know that you seem closer and dearer than ever in this great sorrow. Your precious, beautiful mother! She will never leave you, dear. Always will her inspiring presence fill your heart and her love follow and comfort you. I know it, for to this hour my own mother is close to me, helping me, strengthening me, and giving me faith and hope as the vision of her dear face meets me in every joy and every sorrow. Such love as your mother has given you is eternal, and you have all given her the deepest happiness that life holds in being what you are and in having given her the riches of your great love for her.

Rest in peace, my darling, for that belongs to such hours as these and is God's great gift to carry us through them.

With deepest love,

ELIZABETH CABOT.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BROOKLINE, April 11, 1894.

. . . I have been writing a memorial of Mrs. Hem-enway for the Women's Educational Association and a report for the annual meeting of the Mayflower, and now I have the report of the Brookline Friendly before me. So you see my literary labors are not small.

This all sounds pretty humdrum, but I do not find it so. Life is intensely interesting with its sorrows and

its joys. Ethel's beautiful, transparent life with those sweet children, Bessie's gaiety and fun and warm affection and strong good sense and loyalty, Ella's deep spiritual life and intellectual interests and delicate sweetness are three delightful studies for leisure hours, full of hope as well as full of lovely gifts. Everywhere, as I turn, the richness of life strikes me if only one had the power to drink it all in, and over all Ted's constant presence filling past and present with a wonderful greatness and inspiration, and making the loneliness full of memories of him.

I miss you, darling, always, for there is no one to listen to all my sense and nonsense when you are gone. Elliot is very patient, but I have to spare him. He is very well. Ethel rejoices his heart and he loves to hear all I can tell him of Richard and Ella.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BROOKLINE, May 4, 1894.

. . . Your letter of April 6th on the way to Seville to me is greatly entertaining and satisfactory, and as Elliot and I sit here each reading a newspaper with no news but the squabbles between the legislature and the mayor, I feel as if we were in our dotage and am ashamed of our unenterprising lives. I must lay it all to the want of daughters to stir us up to great deeds, so tell Elise and Mabel that they get a great deal of credit.

To-day the "Country Ladies" lunched at Mimi's and dear Lizzie Parkman came back and seemed like herself again. Pauline [Shaw] and Fanny [Cunning-

ham] and Mrs. [Francis] Fiske and Lucy [Lowell], Lizzie P., Mimi [Lyman], and myself made the party. Everything was beautiful, of course, and the people so fine that it is a blessing to see them. Bessie and Charlie are here, the weather exquisitely beautiful, and every leaf and blossom trembling in its perfect loveliness. It is the most pathetic of all seasons to me, perhaps because it is so fleeting. One knows all the time that it is flying away.

TO MISS ELLA LYMAN.

BROOKLINE, Sunday P.M., May 6, 1894.

Ella Darling,—I am so dumb with delight when you come in as you did yesterday that I long to tell you, when the dumbness passes, what joy you have given us. You bring with you such a delicious atmosphere of heavenly things that the rest of it is indescribable. The burdens seem to fall off and the shadows are filled with light. You do just what I think should always be done, but rarely is — make such a living memorial of your love for your dear mother that something of her seems to be always with you, and you bring the thought of her wherever you are, and so your life seems fuller and deeper and truer than ever, and with all the loss you have to bear there is no touch of the selfishness of sorrow; it is a purified love and a new power. The music last night seemed, for the moment, to bring us all together again, and all night the tones of your two voices sang through the stillness and I woke with such a deep sense of peace that the morning pain of Ted's absence seemed

quieted by something stronger. I thought I could feel his joy in your being here, as I have so often done, but now with an assurance in your being his sister that we couldn't have before, as if he felt the right to love you better than ever and delighted in it. It is all so much better than I can say, darling, but I want you to know all that I can tell you, for I know you love to comfort and help us and we dearly love to have you.

If you can find "another home" here, remember you are making another home better and happier and more homelike because you come to it.

With all my heart,

Your grateful,

E. C.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, May 7, 1894.

. . . Your letter with the tent-life brings back our beautiful camp life at Saranac. There is nothing like it. The living with sun and moon and stars and breezes and mountains and brooks and plains and clouds for constant companions seem to bring one nearer eternal realities and to soothe away all petty worries and discords. I love to hear of your horse, too. I rode on horseback all my early life and loved it dearly. I trust you are regaining all your old strength. . . .

Our weather is unusually warm and the trees and blossoms two weeks ahead of their usual time. The beauty is boundless and so tender and exquisite that it brings a sigh with the keenness of the feeling. . . .

TO MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR LYMAN.

191 MARLBOROUGH ST., May 14, 1894.

Dearest Susie and Arthur,—I have been silent because I have been again wrapt in a dark cloud of sudden grief,* but the thought of your new darling has broken through the cloud often and often, like a star, and made me rejoice in the midst of sorrow. Another Arthur Lyman! What a dear name, with none but noble and lovely associations, nothing but inspiration in the past and boundless hope for the future. I am so glad for you both and can see his "Grandma Ella's" delight.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BOSTON, 191 MARLBOROUGH ST., May 19, 1904.

Dearest Lillie,—Here I sit in Edmund's house watching the servants, who are carrying off the trunks for Winchester, and closing the last cupboards and drawers, and looking through the key-box in Ellen's place. Think of it, Lillie! She died after twenty-four hours of terrible suffering from pneumonia, that scourge of New England. It came on like a flash, supervening on an harassing cough which she had had for three weeks. Edmund was not anxious till three o'clock Tuesday P.M., and she died at dawn Wednesday the 9th. Edmund has been absolutely firm and calm from the first and is a wonder of goodness and tenderness. I have been here every day till evening,

* Refers to Mrs. Edmund Dwight's recent death.

and then Ellen and Mrs. Coolidge have passed the nights and breakfasted with him, and Ellen Vaughan has filled all gaps.

He makes it easy for us all by his heavenly peace and willingness to take what we can do, and so, Lillie, in every grief comes an inspiration. This house is an amazement of perfect housekeeping. Every drawer and every key and every closet reveals perfect order and perfect care. Every jewel and every bit of lace is marked if necessary, and the kingdom of material things has been conquered and ruled over as I have never seen it done. I go home every night with a humbled spirit and look at my own chaos and dirt and sit down hopeless.

To R. C. C.

BROOKLINE, May 22, 1894.

My Most Precious Richard,—Yesterday was your birthday, and all the month I have been thinking of it and looking forward to it and then in the rush of new work and worry it was driven out of my mind and I woke up this morning to the fact that it was gone by. It was on a day like this that you came into the world, beautiful, bright, and calm, and I lay in the heavenly peace that comes at such times, full of hope and happiness, rejoicing in the new blessing of your life. It was twenty-six years ago, and still we are rejoicing in you and for you and with you. God has given us great things through you, darling, and never, except when you have suffered, have we

had anything to bear from anxiety about you. You have been a constant source of delight and comfort, and in these last hard years you have given us strength and sympathy in our need. Now you have won the greatest treasure life holds, the love of a noble woman, and we know that you hold it sacred and will keep it holy. All that we can do now is to give thanks to God for such wonderful blessings, and to pray that every day may make you more worthy of them. You could not have won them if you were unworthy of them, for they are not the blessings which are the accidents of fortune, and therefore I believe that whatever lies before you will bring growth and true success and that you can never lose what you have gained, for love and truth and the service of God are eternal.

When I write or speak to you it is always to Ella, too, as she knows, and with a double thanksgiving.

Gratefully,

ELIZABETH CABOT.

TO MR. EDMUND DWIGHT.

BEVERLY FARMS, June 14, 1894.

. . . We came down yesterday very comfortably and to-day the rooms are in various stages of discomfort, but I leave the servants to "wrestle" with the dirt and the drawers and the trunks and amuse myself with other things. When one settles down to a quiet morning the empty places stare one in the face and even more in a different place than where one has become somewhat accustomed to them. This house

and place are so filled with Ted's last summer here that it seems as if nobody else was ever here, and then it comes over me what you have to bear, too, and the world seems a very solemn place with the stillness and the solitude. It is rather solemn than dreary, for the spiritual presences are so near and yet so far away that one feels the pressure of eternity all the time and the present moment seems less real and less alive than the absent and the unseen. Don't be thanking me for thinking about you, for you might as well thank me for breathing. Thinking doesn't do you much good, but I shall keep on doing it just the same and perhaps just now I can think of some things that you wouldn't.

TO MRS. W. W. VAUGHAN.

MAYFLOWER CLUB, Thursday, July 5, 1894.

. . . I went out to Winchester on Tuesday and shall go home to-morrow. The weather is perfectly comfortable and the life, as you know, the perfection of luxury and leisure. Yesterday, being the 4th, we could not drive, but we sat on the piazza reading Emerson, Browning, Swinburne, Family Records, Bosanquet, talking as much as we read, telling tales of the past, present, and future, comparing "Notes on Life," in short, and ended up with an hour's walk at twilight, then supper and to bed. The place is beautiful and Edmund's unwavering cheerfulness, his steadfast courage, his delightful and cultivated mind, and his loyal affection are enough to make life better

worth living. He is a rare being, and I am very glad he is my own brother.

I am very well, and keep a thankful heart for all that has gone as well as all that remains.

TO MRS. ARTHUR LYMAN.

BEVERLY FARMS, Tuesday Evening, July 24, 1894.

Dearest Susie,—How well I understand why Ted loved you as he did and how you answered to his great need! Your letter has just come and fills me with gratitude. Your love followed his life and now follows ours with such perfect comprehension that you bring a touch of Heaven to our longing hearts and speak peace and patience with your fervent lips. Every hot day has made me grateful that it could not make him suffer.

It was hard not to hear the word of wisdom that he would have spoken about the strike; how he would have torn Debs to pieces and lashed Gorman for his doings in the Senate!

We miss him more and more as each new turn in life is left without his vivifying touch, but as the love deepens I hope we gain something of his strength and reach a little nearer to his standard. It is my solace to try for that.

I went to your dear Arthur the other day to help me with a perplexing case, and he was his very dearest self and gave me just what I needed in advice, besides giving me the blessing of entering into his atmosphere, which was most refreshing, as my busi-

ness had carried me deep into a muddy pool where life was tortured with degrading ideas and disgusting conduct. I blessed God for giving us Ted and Arthur.

TO MRS. W. W. VAUGHAN.

BEVERLY FARMS, July 26, 1894.

. . . There isn't a particle of news here. Beverly is infinitely beautiful and we are thankful to be here, but the world has lost what was most precious in it to us, and wherever we are the same great silence and emptiness meets us. I was in William's office last Friday, having gone up to see Arthur Lyman on some business and hoping to see my dear William, but neither he nor Harry were there and I wandered through the empty rooms and longed for the days that are gone.

TO MISS ELLA LYMAN.

BEVERLY FARMS, Aug. 16, 1894.

. . . If you can only feel your dear mother's arms about you and see her loving smile following you you will find refreshment in other care and other faces, and more and more I believe you will feel this, for surely her love and care are eternal things, founded in God's infinite being and imperishable, though beyond our dim vision. Sometimes the utter loneliness comes in spite of the best we can do, and we can only suffer it and live through it, as we would through any other pain, knowing that it will not last.

The roots of such a tie as yours are inextricably woven into our lives and our characters, and when the living intercourse is torn away still we find these strong tendrils pulling at our hearts when we least expect it, and the very source of life seems weakened by their demands when the natural response of joyful love and devotion must lie silent. The rebuff of absence is so hard to meet and sends such a chill through us, but the love rises stronger than life or death and must overcome all suffering in the end and make us more truly one with our dear ones.

TO MR. EDMUND DWIGHT.*

BEVERLY FARMS, Sept. 3, 1894.

Dear Heart,—When the people you have loved all your life meet the hardest blows that life can deal with perfect fortitude and faith, then one's love grows deeper and stronger, and so to-day I love you better than ever.

BESS.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BEVERLY FARMS, Saturday Evening, Sept. 8, 1894.

. . . I have been attacking Dante's "Purgatorio" and feel as if I were wandering in his world to-night. Do you know it well? His exquisite enjoyment of daylight and twilight and sunlight and starlight and dawn and darkness are very beautiful and touch one as something pathetic, one sign of the longing for

* On his birthday.

eternal things which made him what he was, for nothing earthly seems so infinite as the sky with all its marvellous and beautiful changes and its steadfastness. I read it in Dugdale's translation with the original below.

TO MISS ELLA LYMAN.

BEVERLY FARMS, Sept. 13, 1894 (Ted's Birthday).

. . . "Ed una melodia dolce correva per l'aer luminoso." This was your birthday note, darling, when it came last evening with its music of love and loyalty. Birthdays are always beautiful to me, for they are always filled with the person they belong to and not with any sadness of our own. To-day has been so like Ted, strong and calm and tender and beautiful; the sea its deepest blue and the sky radiantly clear and a heavenly peace everywhere. Ruth and Lottie came, knowing whose day it is, and were dear as they could be and full of Ted. I hoped you could come, but your note was like seeing you and hearing you and made me very grateful to you and to God for you. I have been reading "Il Purgatorio" lately. Do you remember how many hard places Dante helps himself over by the singing of hymns? He must have realized how music gives strength to the weary and hope to the heartsick. Your note seems just like a lovely hymn, to help me on the way.

TO MRS. ARTHUR LYMAN.

BEVERLY FARMS, Sept. 13, 1894.

Dearest Susie, — I must send one word to you to day when all Ted's friends seem to me so near. You gave him so much ; you made such a resting-place for his weariness and so many gleams of light in his darkness and made him so warm when his heart was chilled with loneliness and gave him such cheer in the dreariness. It is so blessed to think that he had you all when he needed you and that no shadow can ever fall over the constant love that you and Arthur gave him.

TO MISS JULIA LYMAN.

NEW YORK,* Oct. 27, 1894.

Dear Julia, — The wedding [R. C. C's.] was so beautiful that I long to thank you all for it. We think we have never known one so perfect. That short hour seemed full of love and peace and holy memories and lifted us out of all the sorrows and the partings of life. For the time we felt reunited and more united than ever to all our dear ones. The music and the flowers and the few friends who cared so deeply made a perfect harmony, and the quiet and the simplicity made that moment like a jewel glowing with heavenly beauty to light us on our way.

Dear Julia, I know how you will miss your darling and how much it must have cost you to send her away. You trust us, I am sure, to "love her and

* The night before sailing for Italy with J. E. C., E. L. C., and R. C. C.

cherish her" as our best and dearest, and already she is giving us the love and sweetness and brightness which we need. Europe is great and Italy is beautiful, but neither of these can do so much for us as Ella's sweet ways and sympathy and comprehension. When you miss her most think of the blessing you have given us and it will help you, for blessed are they that give. I write this to Mabel as well as to you, dear. I longed to put my arms round you both yesterday and tell you how much I care for you.

Will you remember us most warmly to your father? He does not need words from us to tell him how gratefully we are yours and his.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

ON BOARD "KAISER WILHELM," NOV. 4, 1894.

. . . May God bless you, my dearest Lillie, and keep you in his holy keeping. I do not know where you are to-day, whether alone in the wilderness of grief with God and your darling children, or watching still by Walter's side, winning him back to himself little by little and in the presence of his great love and need. Wherever it may be you know I follow you as far as human heart may with unutterable love and sympathy.

We have had a good passage, though not a comfortable one. Five days of rough weather, beginning Monday and lasting till yesterday, kept me in my berth most of the time. The others have done finely. Elliot, as usual, a perfect sailor, cheerful at all hours,

good appetite and good digestion, and reading aloud to me long hours at a time without a murmur. Richard, after the very first, has been finely, and Ella is not sick at all, only a little headachy sometimes. These two have lived on deck, coming down to show me their happy faces now and then. They have made several entertaining acquaintances on board and had some music in the evenings. Richard has plunged into the steerage, which is filled with 400 Italians going home, as there is "no work" in America, and where a poor girl died yesterday. He has found some musical ones among them and to-night they are to sing for the passengers and get a few francs for it. To-morrow noon we are to reach Gibraltar and we hope to hear from Mr. Lyman and you.

I see already the good of the change for Elliot and feel it for myself. These dear children are so happy and so good and so sweet to us that that of itself is a great refreshment. Elliot seems strong and energetic and enjoys the pleasant things even at sea, so that in Italy he must find more to interest him and more to see at every turn. So you see, darling, I am hopeful and most grateful for such rare gifts as have fallen to our share, and if only you were not suffering my heart would be at rest among its blessings.

TO MR. EDMUND DWIGHT.

ON BOARD "KAISER WILHELM," Tuesday, Nov. 6, 1894.

. . . Edmund, dear, you seem to be just the person I want to write to to-day. You are in Boston again, and though I have no doubt your move was well-

ordered and easily accomplished I wish I had been at hand to help a little.

Yesterday we arrived at Gibraltar at 10 A.M. in the most exquisite June morning, with a quiet sun and a soft blue sky with a lovely mist which wrapped the great rock in a dim mystery, bringing out the shape, but sinking all the details, and one could well imagine the great English lion lying there watchfully in his majestic strength. It was very striking and beautiful, and the same blue veil was spread over the Spanish coast and covered the hills with the wonderful opalescent tints that I haven't seen since Rome. Elliot is very angry when I say that the air here makes different colors in the distance from those we have at home, but I am right and he is very wrong, as you will acknowledge when you come this way. Elliot and I didn't go on shore, but sent Richard and Ella to represent us to the British government. We only stayed three hours and amused ourselves very well with watching the shore and buying a few pretty things brought on board by the pedlars from the little boats. It is very remarkable, Edmund, how quickly I adapt myself to new surroundings and make little purchases which may give you a great deal of pleasure. If you were here to observe me it would teach you a great deal. Ella and Richard returned from the shore with their hands full of flowers and photographs and little silver spoons and sugar-bowls and a delicious embroidered tablecloth, which you will want, and their faces all aglow with the wonderful sights and sounds — the Moors and the market and the donkeys and the flowers and the aloes and

the palm-trees. So then we gathered ourselves together and set forth across the Mediterranean and now are twenty-four hours on our way towards Naples, where we hope to be Thursday A.M., and to reach Genoa on Friday. We get on finely with our old and young "honeymooning" and manage to keep out of each other's way easily. These children are as happy and as good and as nice to us as it is possible to be and we are having a blessed time with them.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

ON BOARD "KAISER WILHELM," NOV. 6, 1894.

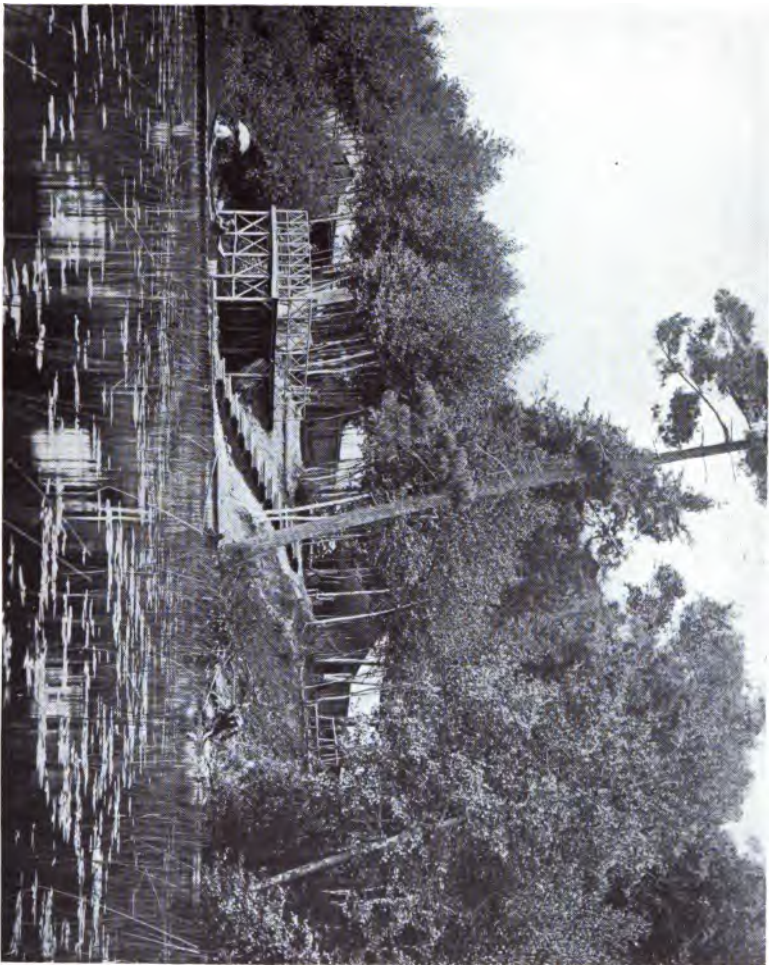
Dearest Lillie, — I sit here and think of you and Ted. A year ago I was sitting by his side, trying to light the dark road before him by love and care, and you, perhaps, are doing the same thing for Walter at this moment. Now I sit loving him more than ever, for the year of longing has only increased the love and shorn it of its shortcomings, deepened it, made it pure from thought of self and brought me ever nearer and nearer to the ideal he lived for. His love seems near, too, though beyond our sight and hearing; it penetrates the solitude and comes closest when I am most alone. Even though this be only the echo of my perpetual thought of him, it is a great blessing; it puts the seal of his sympathy on all the worthy parts of my life and softens the dreariness of his absence. It is a reality, something that I can seek and find, and goes with me wherever I am for my strengthening and comfort.

To-day we are travelling through the Mediter-

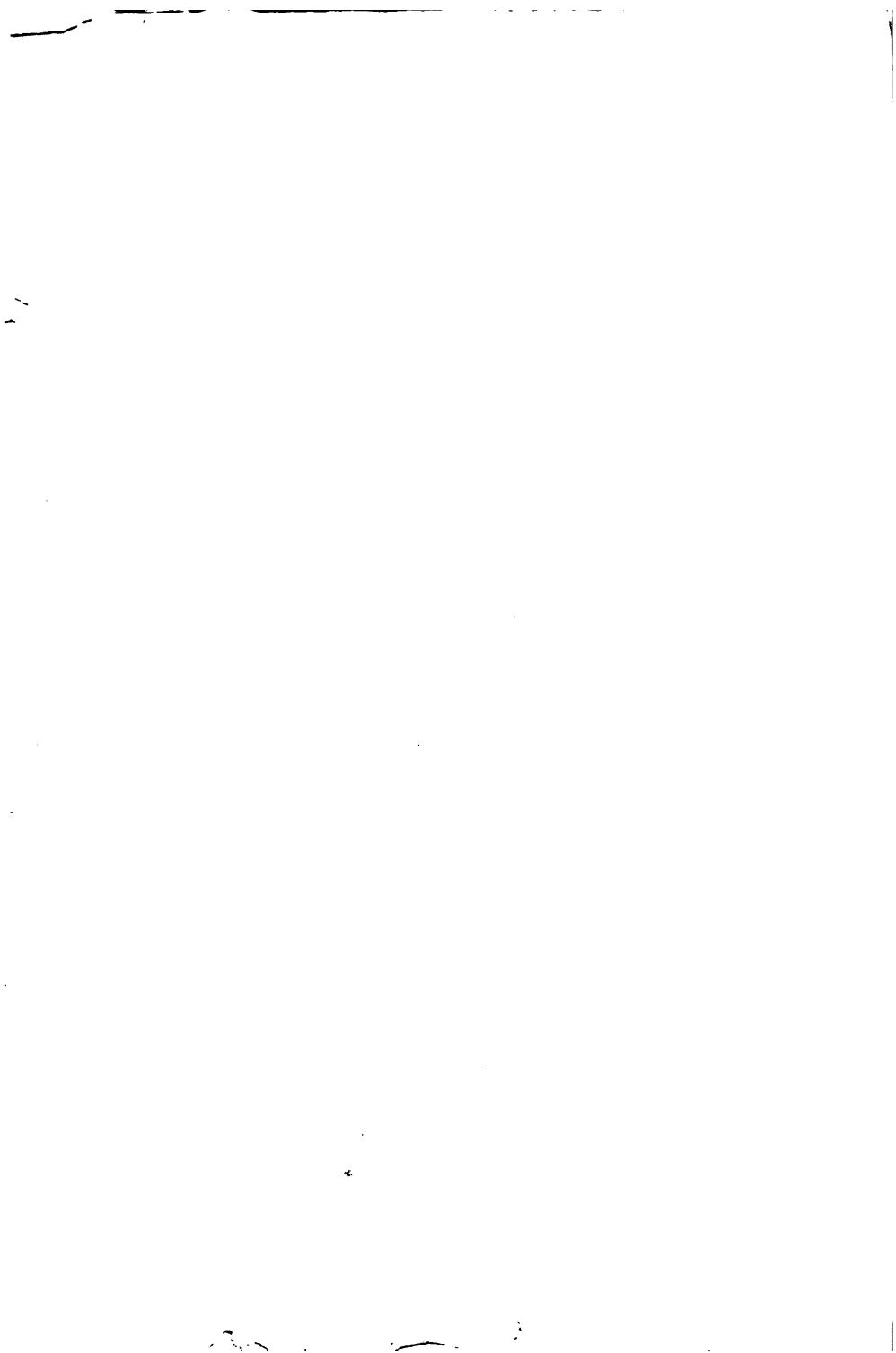
anean and it has put on its pleasantest look for us. The boat has been absolutely quiet all day, and we hope the calm will continue though the wind is freshening a little ahead. We are getting eager for our landing, and in our leisure have read up all the guide-books and are ready to seize upon every city and town with well-prepared appetites. The new sights and sounds and sensations are an irresistible refreshment, and the presence of such unsullied happiness as Richard's and Ella's is a perpetual benediction, for out of the very purity of their hearts they love God and each other and make the world a better place for all who are near them.

Wednesday P.M. — Our beautiful calm has continued and it is so warm that we sit on deck without our wraps and luxuriate in the soft air. We are to reach Naples at daybreak to-morrow and shall get on shore at least for an hour or two and get some new sights and sounds into our brains.

This is the first time that I have ever been on deck enough to realize the extraordinary miscellaneous quality of this steamer life. Everybody is good-natured and irresponsible and all jumbled together like cards in a pack. We have the male and female "globe-trotter;" the "college" woman with spectacles, aggressive and hideous; three or four bridal couples; two sets of young people with voices, going to Europe for three years of training, one of them dragging a pale baby; a rich, hideous old man with a really beautiful young wife who flirts with every man on board, and then many harmless families which make no impression. You know it all by heart.



SARANAC.



Oh, my dearest Lillie, what would I give for one look at your dear face. I keep your photograph where I can look at it every day.

TO MRS. F. E. C.

OFF NAPLES, NOV. 7, 1894.

Darling,—We have had two fine days on the Mediterranean, warm and calm. To-day a beautiful sight of the southern coast of Sardinia, so that the morning was taken up with looking at the mountain line and the sterile hills, the solitude (for not a village was to be seen) and the exquisite colors thrown over everything from what nobody can explain, but they are there and they are like the sweetest music sounding for hours in your enchanted ears.

TO MRS. ARTHUR LYMAN.

GENOA, NOV. 10, 1894.

Dearest Susie,—I long to write to you to-day and look into your dear face and Arthur's, who have lived a whole year without Ted and missed him and loved him all the time. It seems to me that I am learning to live more perpetually with him all the time; that the thought of him penetrates the present more and more and makes it beautiful or dreary as I feel his sympathy or the want of it in what comes or goes. Now I feel so sure of his delight in our trip that I can almost hear him speak and see him smile. When Elliot is pleased and jolly, "There now, see

father! I told you so." I dreamt the other night that he came back in the full strength of youth and health and said that he had come back, and before I could ask him about it I woke, but with such a sense of his presence and his look that it has lasted me ever since. Dearest Susie, you were such a joy and comfort to him, and Arthur such a companion and delight that you seem like blessed angels to me always. . . .

Everything is going admirably with us. We are all well and get on as smoothly as if we had always made one family. Ella and Richard are the happiest and the dearest children that ever lived I truly believe. They look out for us and save us all trouble and never seem to find us in the way. They write and read and sing and play and walk and laugh and talk together and compare every letter and every sight and every sensation, and never a shadow falls over either face. It is the greatest luxury to see and share such happiness. . . .

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

VENICE, NOV. 21, 1894.

Dearest Lillie,—Something has gone wrong with our letters and so we have heard not a word from anybody since we left home and you know how long it begins to seem, for it is four weeks next Saturday since we left home and I do long to know how you all are, though I couldn't have you yourself write a line for the world, but my consolation is in writing to you.

It seems to me that even here I am thinking more of you than anything else, for everything that interests

me I begin to talk to you about in my heart, and in the night I lie thinking about you and wake in the morning longing to help and comfort you. As I roam through the picture galleries so many faces meet me that make me think of you. The patient suffering of Leonardo's Christ, the perplexity in Cima's John the Baptist, the cheerful bearing of an intolerable burden in Titian's St. Christopher, the courage in St. George, by Mantegna, the fortitude in some of the faces of the Madonna, who foresees the inevitable doom of her best-beloved, the profound humility in the sweet St. Ursula. I go along gathering up the marks of experience in these great painters which enabled them to set forth the depths and heights of human life, and my hand is in yours and my heart close to yours knowing that, at the best, your road is hard and stony.

I haven't seen Elliot in such good spirits for eleven years, not since the day that we knew Ted must go. It seemed to me his youth and mine went then, but since he started he has been like his old self, full of energy and interest and enterprise, taking everything easily, no irritability or depression, entering into the children's plans readily and happily and pouring into their ready minds all his stores of taste and knowledge. Of course Richard saves him all the little annoyances of travelling, and Ella is always sweet and ready and quick to comprehend each situation, and he takes all the good of it and said more than a week ago that he already felt repaid for coming.

My happiness is so wholly in the happiness of the people I love that I am as well off as it is possible to

be, and more thankful than I can tell to be with these delightful, noble souls while the sun shines into their dear hearts.

Love to all your darlings from yours in all good or evil hours.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

VENICE, NOV. 24, 1894.

Dearest, Precious Lillie,— Last evening came our long delayed, much longed for letters, and among them two from you, two from that dear Ruth, and one from that dear Mabel. Oh, the difference that they made! We did not get Elise's telegram (but do thank her for it) and therefore not one word had reached us for the four weeks since we sailed. I only hoped since there was no mention of bad news in Ella's letters that Walter could not be more ill, and we could only wait. Now I think of you and Walter together, and that, at least, he is not suffering and perhaps is still gaining.

Oh, Lillie dearest, I trust he is coming back to you. If he knew what a difference it would make to all of us how surprised he would be.

I am almost glad you had a cold, because that gave another test of his strength and gave the girls a chance to help you. What darlings they are! They seem so close to me, all of them, and I can see their strength and loveliness coming out in all this suffering.

TO MRS. HENRY PARKMAN.

VENICE, NOV. 26, 1894.

Dearest Frances,— A rainy morning, when neither churches nor picture galleries have any light, gives me a pause to answer your delightful note which came like a piece of clear home sunshine the other day and brought back my last look at your dear, beautiful face as we drove away from the wedding. God gives me a great blessing in giving me you to love, and in your wonderful goodness and lovingness to me, and all I can do is to be humbly thankful. It makes my whole heart rejoice to think of you with Harry and the darling children. I am glad the dear boy is christened, with Sallie Whitman for his godmother. The three godmothers will make a happy company together when they are obliged to consult as to how they can supplement yours and Harry's neglect of your noble offspring.

You would be quite satisfied with our good times if you could look in upon us at any hour of the day or even of the night, when we do ample justice to the comfort of excellent beds. Ella and Richard spread a halo of romance round the most commonplace moments by their radiance over some meeting when they have separated for fifteen minutes and their infinite joy and amusement over each other's casual remarks. It is really enough for us to share such happy days as theirs, and their boundless consideration for us, their care to take all the trouble of travelling from us, makes us quite sure that we are doing them a great deal of good by receiving such

unselfish devotion from them. I haven't seen Elliot so like his old self for twelve years. He is the youngest of the party and never tired or cold or bored. He finds no end of interesting things to look up, sees twice as much as the rest of us, and gives Ella and Richard so much that they will come home much better informed and far more enriched than most young travellers. So all this is very fine and, as yet, there is no shady side to the picture. To-day we have a rainy day and the Grand Canal looks cross and stormy, but until to-day we have not been hindered once, and almost every other day has been brilliantly beautiful.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

FLORENCE, Dec. 3, 1894.

. . . I wish you could look in upon us to-night and see how homelike and pleasant our room is. We have an open fire, burning brightly; a lovely bunch of roses that Ella brought me; a piano which Richard and she have hired for three dollars for two weeks, moving and all! Elliot sits reading in an easy-chair, Ella is on the sofa, and Richard and I are writing at the table, where is a good lamp and two candles. This is all at the end of a large bedroom where Elliot and I sleep, which has a little cubby opening out of it for a dressing-room and where a parlor develops itself at one end and a bedroom at the other. We are in the Hotel Arno, with sunny rooms on the river side and all this for three dollars a day

for each person with meals. "Pension prices," as we took the rooms for two weeks.

Florence is as charming as ever. The old buildings just as strong and beautiful, the Campanile the same lovely presence, the mountains stand round it just as faithfully with their wonderful lights and shadows. We have been to St. Miniato and driven home in the full beauty of the sunset, heard a musical service in the cathedral in the solemn twilight, and thought of you all as the music uplifted its prayers and praises and laid its anguish before the Lord and then when it sank into a harmonious peace, full of Heaven and hope. This morning we spent in the room where Donatello's works are collected, and I felt as if I drank in a full draught of his great genius. All goes very well with us and we are very grateful all the time for such gifts of rest and such sight of happiness.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

PERUGIA, Dec. 18, 1894.

. . . I don't mind half so much that L—— should be in misery because he makes such an everlasting fuss about it, but that Walter's sweet, gentle spirit should be so wearied by successive attacks of pain and disappointment makes my heart ache to its very centre. I believe, as you do, that Walter is getting well, but it seems to me the most depressing illness that I have ever known for him and for you. How thankful I am for every detail you give me, for it makes me

understand exactly how matters are and is the thing I care most for beyond our own children. It is the greatest blessing that you have Ruth and Bob and their two darlings with you, but well do I know how Walter's empty place must have made a shadow at your Thanksgiving dinner.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

ROME, Dec. 21, 1894.

. . . We are having all the pleasure and all the good weather and all the beautiful sights and sounds that you could wish for us. Two weeks in Venice were filled with the enchantment that she alone knows how to give. We glided about in our gondola in summer seas and under summer skies at first, and then when the weather turned autumnal we wrapped up in cloaks and furs and still found the water beautiful and the sight-seeing most interesting. We had delicious music from the band in the Piazza and charming singing every evening from men on the canal under the windows. We explored all the narrow alleys that they call streets, on our own feet, and enjoyed the glories and brilliancy of St. Mark's more than ever. Then came two weeks of Florence, full of the solemn delights that belong there. The cathedral and the Campanile, with its deep-toned bell; the wonderful pictures; the sound of Savonarola's voice, which still seems to echo in the narrow streets; the touch of Luca della Robbia and Donatello and Fra Angelico still lingering, with its gentle pathos and fervent piety, all make Florence a profoundly inter-

esting place to me. Now we are in Rome, with heavenly weather and all new Rome as well as old Rome to explore. It is nearly forty years since we passed a winter here before and the changes are many and great, but most of them seem to me improvements, and I have no fault to find and cannot join the chorus of groans. We have passed two mornings in the Forum, where the recent excavations have laid open great stores of the past and made all the former discoveries plainer and finer. The work is so judiciously done that one gets a delightful sense of care and appreciation and real preservation of the past.

We are all well. Richard and Ella take perfect care of us and give us their dear society. I feel great refreshment from the change and enjoy and rejoice in our lovely opportunities.

TO MRS. F. E. C.

ROME, Dec. 30, 1894.

Dearest "Mountain Brook,"—Another of your dear letters this morning made me feel worse than ever that it is so long since I have sent you a little note all of your own to thank you for everything you have done and said from beginning to end and most of all for being what you are. Your visit to the house and above all to Walnut Hills made me cry, for no one in the whole world but you would have done that, and it is such a comfort. Christmas morning came all the dear little Christmas things and we had a

delightful time till eleven o'clock looking at everything over and over again and reading and re-reading our letters. It was really wonderful how the letters came in at breakfast time, just as if we were at home and a messenger had brought them straight from you.

TO MRS. HENRY PARKMAN.

ROME, Thursday, Jan. 3, 1895.

Dearest Frances,— You might as well invite water not to run down hill as to ask me not to answer such a charming letter as the one that reached me Christmas morning and made me both laugh and cry. Your appreciation of Handasyd's music brought the tears to my eyes, for I agree with every word you say. Can't you take him with you to play to Uncle Edmund? Edmund writes with such pleasure of his Sunday dinners with you and it is such a comfort to me to think of him with you. Your Mary's account of her manners and behaviors at the Christmas party sent us all into fits of laughter. The "man with curls" that she kissed must have enjoyed himself also.

As for coming home, with many thanks we decline staying over here any longer than we at first proposed, and have actually engaged our passages for Feb. 9th in the "Kaiser Wilhelm," sailing from Gibraltar. Richard thinks he ought to begin his work again by March 1st, and we have had such a delightful time under his care and protection that we do not want to stay without him. No two people ever had such a

delightful holiday, such rest and refreshment, such a chance to look over the edges of the rut they live in. We feel thoroughly "restored," and quite ready to come back to all the dear people and things at home. It seems to me that Ted has been with us everywhere, for I have such a sense that he would have believed in it for us. Think what a day we have had to-day! This morning Ella and Richard went off to Frascati, but being pretty cool we feared that our romance was hardly equal to keeping us warm "in the open," so we betook ourselves to the Vatican and roamed through the Sistine Chapel, the Stanze, the Loggia, and the picture gallery, renewing all the old impressions which spring up rapidly and vividly though they have slumbered so long. Then we drove back to lunch and started again for the National Museum, where are gathered all the treasures of the recent excavations and such treasures as I had no idea of. Beautiful new statues of the best period, exquisite arabesque work, evidently the suggestion of Raphael's Loggia, and most interesting frescoes from the walls of the baths and the houses of old Rome. I came away with a new store of beautiful visions. Then down into the Corso for errands and photographs, which is always most amusing, and back to the hotel for five o'clock tea and Ella and Richard fresh from the glories of Frascati.

As you told me not to write I will stop here.

TO LAURENCE MINOT.

NAPLES, Jan. 13, 1895.

Dear Laurence,— I love to think how Ted's friends help us all, perhaps quite unconscious of the comfort they are giving through that strong bond with him.

Our delightful holiday is drawing to a close and we are to sail for home on Feb. 9th from Gibraltar. It is impossible to say how much we are refreshed by these few weeks, but it will be good to be at home again. For the last fortnight Naples has been our headquarters, but we have radiated from here to Herculaneum, Pompeii, Pæstum, Sorrento, Amalfi, Capri, and Baiæ, and in each place found some new treasure to store away for future profit. I should never get to love Naples nor to feel at home in it. It is a gay, nasty, beautiful, thieving, enchanting, disgusting place, and the rapidity and violence and opposition of these emotions quite prevent the settled calm which takes hold of you in Florence, in Rome, in Venice, and in many other places, and make them your personal friends for life. The Museo here is, however, a place to love. There we have spent morning after morning, and I have learnt, for the first time, the power and beauty of the great bronze statues. The Mercury holds me spell-bound, and the Diana, the Sappho, the Wrestlers, the head called Plato are permanent additions to one's ideals of serious beauty and perfect grace. . . .

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

AMALFI, Jan. 16, 1895.

Dearest Lillie,—Your last letter, written just at New Year's, gave such a delightful account of Walter that it was a joy to read it and I have kept thinking about it ever since. To walk twice across his room and to sit up a little without harm is a great gain, and the best part of it is the encouragement that he gets from it. Oh, Lillie dear, was there ever such an illness, such nursing, or such a recovery! It makes me long to be at home to see you all so much happier than I left you. Dr. Sabine has proved himself even a better physician than I supposed him to be, which is saying a good deal. Oh, my darling, how I hope that your best hope will come true and that May will find Walter downstairs, Harry in his new house, with Nannie and the dear baby, and Ruth and Bob and their babies still happy neighbors. It will, as you say, seem like Paradise to your weary heart, and I trust we shall be there to see it.

After a rainy week in Naples, which gave us a fine opportunity for a thorough look at the wonderful "Museo," we left there Monday morning and have passed three delicious days at Pompeii, at Pæstum, and Ravello, passing two nights here. Were there ever such places in any other land on the face of the earth? I thought I had some idea what Italy was before, but I have learnt a new lesson in the possibilities of human existence in these three days. The weather has returned to its very best again. We have had uninterrupted sunshine and the temperature

of our best June days, fresh and bright, but perfectly warm. We put ourselves into "Cook's" hands for these few days, as he offers the excursion at a very moderate price and saves all the trouble of hiring carriages, guides, boats, donkeys, and rooms. We have found it most comfortable in every way. We are "personally conducted" by a very intelligent Italian, who does all the work, makes all the arrangements, and is never in the way. We have had capital carriages and horses, the best rooms, and entire freedom. It seems to be as good as having a courier, without any of the torment. Pompeii and Pæstum were both far more beautiful and interesting than I expected. I thought I knew all about both of them, but I found I knew nothing. Neither photographs nor pictures nor descriptions begin to give the charm of the real places, which apart from the tragic interest attached to them and the curious insight they give into the old life are wonderfully beautiful and full of dignity and romance. Then the drive from Salerno to Amalfi was indescribably, bewilderingly, amazingly lovely and striking. We had a perfect afternoon for it and one of those rare sunsets which light up sea and mountains and sky with every tint of opal and rainbow and mother-of-pearl, and we drove along in a perpetual ecstasy wondering whether we were dreaming or awake, and only half believing our eyes. It was an experience never to be forgotten. To-morrow we go to Sorrento and Capri and then back to Naples for a few days and then perhaps to Sicily, but we have not decided. We are all in first-rate condition and home seems near.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

NAPLES, Sunday, Jan. 20, 1895.

. . . Now, my dear child, I am going to scold you a little. You must not let even such worries as your brother's and yours, which are among the worst in the world, goad you on to overwork. St. Paul says, "Having done all, to stand," and that we have to learn when anxiety takes possession of our aching hearts. Leave all with God when we have done our best, and save our strength and our courage for further service, otherwise we fail when we are most needed. It can be done even when nerves are sensitive and trouble sharp, and it is our business to find out how to proportion rest and work so as to make us hold up the standard with a steady hand. Grace may warn and I scold, but you must do the work, dear.

TO MRS. F. E. C.

NAPLES, Jan. 31, 1895.

. . . Naples has persisted in having rainy weather to the last, and yet my last week has been more interesting to me than any other because I have made the acquaintance of a most delightful and interesting lady here, the "Princepessa de Strongoli," lady-in-waiting to Queen Margarita, but more than all that a woman whom I wish I could see often. She maintains here under her charge, and mostly at her own expense, a school for 300 children, girls only after the very youngest classes, to which boys also are admitted.

Mrs. E. L. Tilden, who is here, had the kindness to introduce me to her and she speaks English easily and is as simple as you are, coming down to see me in a plain, black woolen dress, and so enthusiastic about her work that she forgot that she was a great lady entirely. Then I went over the school very thoroughly and found it as good in all respects and better in some than our own, which in Italy is a wonder.

TO MR. EDMUND DWIGHT.

BROOKLINE, Feb. 18, 1895.

. . . I don't need to be reminded that you never forget, dear heart, for you never did. I came near forgetting my own birthday this time, but was reminded of it by my dear little granddaughter and my daughters-in-law. I have had a very happy day, thinking of all my darlings, young and youngest, and how good they all are to me. You came in among the youngest, and to-night the beautiful book has come with its delightful greeting and I have looked at all the pictures (how admirable they are) and wondered if it was a sign of old age to enjoy them so much. Sixty-six must stand for 6 times 6, which is 36, Edmund, and you therefore are 44 and we must conduct ourselves accordingly and go bounding on till we are old.

Your loving and thankful,

BESS.



TO R. C. C. AND E. L. C.

[BROOKLINE], Feb. 21, 1895.

. . . The undersigned hereby acknowledge the receipt in full from Richard C. and Ella Lyman Cabot of one long and delightful holiday bestowed by them out of their own free will for four months of 1894-95. This includes free service of two couriers, one physician, and two most agreeable companions versed in modern languages and music.

In part payment for the aforesaid the undersigned offer greatly improved health and spirits, with a renewed taste for foreign travel. They have already given the use of one powerful and well-stored mind supplied with information on every topic and ready at a moment's notice, also the occasional use of one wooden candlestick in the evenings. They further offer an unbounded supply of affection, respect, and admiration to be called for "at sight" and through life, with five o'clock tea, lunch, a bed, and a clean shirt ready on demand at their palatial residences in Brookline or Beverly Farms, and would humbly suggest that such a benefit cannot be repaid in what remains of life nor by any resources at their command, but must remain an unrequited service, blessed to receive and joyful to remember, and even better in the giving than in the receiving.

J. E. CABOT.

ELIZABETH CABOT.

Two weeks sea-sickness thrown in without extra charge for one member of the party and patiently endured by the others will not be forgotten.

TO MRS. R. C. C.

[BROOKLINE], Feb. 26, 1895.

Dearest Ella,— This is your birthday and I shall be thinking of you even more than usual, for I always rejoice in living especially with my darlings when the birthdays come.

I wish you were here to look out at the bright sun with us, which seems to give such a resplendent welcome to the day out here, and to let me put my arms around you and make you feel the living, speaking love that is here for you and is grateful for the great gift God gave us in you. I know well how Richard will keep your heart in his to-day, but I know, too, how keenly you will feel the silence of that other great love which is living its eternal life beyond your sight and hearing, though so perpetually present to you.

More and more, it seems to me, as longer separation lessens the keen pain which makes so many places and things powers of sorrow in the day, the inward presence strengthens, and our love for them and theirs for us becomes a steadfast, guiding light which pain cannot reach nor time make dim. So as the years go on, and new experience brings new problems and new joys, they still seem to share and enlighten our lives and come nearer and deeper than ever into them. This is where I am living to-day with Ted and there is infinite peace and companionship in it.

Most lovingly your "madre,"

ELIZABETH CABOT.

TO MRS. R. C. C.

[BROOKLINE], Saturday, March 16, 1895.

My Darling,— Your list is just what I wanted and enables me to work intelligently and easily. This is what applied brains do for us. Sometimes my friends say, "Ella is very intellectual, isn't she?" as if it were a difficulty, and then I proudly say, "Yes, very, but more practical than any of us." So you see I have two feathers in my cap.

It is very peaceful here this morning in Ted's home. His strong, loving spirit fills the place, and Elliot and I know that of all other places, however dear and beautiful they may be, this is the one we love best to be in.

Mary and Will [Cabot] and their children are still here. The children are as beautiful as flowers and very carefully taken care of. My household is gradually settling itself and my two women are very obliging and flexible, which makes everything easy. . . .

My precious Ella, I wish I could tell you what a ray of sunshine a note from you or a look at you brings. A flood would be nearer than a ray, for it goes deep and lasts long.

Your lovingest madre,

E. C.

TO MRS. R. C. C.

[BROOKLINE], Thursday, March 28, 1895.

My Darling Ella,— You have so filled your heart and mind with the eternal things that I know you can meet even the associations of this day trium-

phantly, but I know, too, how they will beset your path with sad memories, and I long to put my hand in yours and say, "I love you, dear." Your dear mother's memory has grown to be a blessing in my life in this last year and I love to think of her. The religious force and sweetness with which she met all parts of her life have become an inspiring influence to me, though I saw so little of her that I have only learned to know her through your great love and her abiding power in your life. These roses must say what I cannot, with their gentle beauty and the pathos of their tender life.

Your loving madre,

E. C.

To R. C. C.

[BROOKLINE], May 21, 1895.

. . . This is your birthday, my darling, and your first since Ella and you began your lives together. It is difficult to think of anything but that to-day, for such completion seems a new beginning, and to-day I give thanks not only for your precious life, but for hers, and for the joy of your companionship and the blessed hope of goodness and strength and happiness that comes to us all from it. You have given us so much out of your new wealth that our lives will be enriched to the end, and I think always of that sweetest of all looks on Ted's face when he thought of you and Ella together, and so to-day is very beautiful to me in its fulfilments and its memories and its hopes, and I can ask nothing better for you than that life

may bring you, with its great riches, the continued power to use it for yourselves and for all who love you, as you have already done, and that, offering it first to God and His service, you may reach and help your fellow-men and bring them into that Heavenly Presence where dwells all that we love and all that we long to become.

With all love for you both, ever yours,

ELIZABETH CABOT.

TO MRS. W. W. VAUGHAN.

BEVERLY FARMS, June 17, 1895.

. . . I am sitting in the parlor looking out on the periwinkles, the pine-trees, and the ocean, and thinking of Ted and how he said to me, "It must do you good to see such beautiful things, mamma." Ah, me! How long it seems since I heard his voice and how the silence deepens since so few people speak of him now!

TO MR. EDMUND DWIGHT.

BEVERLY FARMS, Tuesday, June 18, 1895.

. . . We are leading most unruffled existences. Beverly is very full and it is difficult not to fritter away your whole time with the snatches of agreeable conversation with the neighbors. Mrs. Whitman, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Henry Higginson, Mary Chapman, all meet you by happy accident, to say nothing of pleasant daughters-in-law, Bessie and Ella, and fascinating grandbabies and an occasional son. Last evening

Mrs. Fiske Warren came for the night with her pretty looks and her gayety and her loyal love for Ted, and Ella and Richard sang and played and I sat on the piazza looking at the stars through the pine-trees and thinking of many things. To-day Ella has been reading us her Italian journal, recalling all the pictures and the places we saw together, and the sea-breeze is blowing and the rhododendrons are blooming and the world is very beautiful.

The woods are beautiful and we walk almost every day and are consumed by mosquitoes, which injure our tempers more than our complexions and make Elliot say a great many wrong things.

This is a truly domestic and countrified letter, but will give you our whereabouts, which are certainly most fortunate and pleasant. Nothing ever fills the empty places for any of us, but such surroundings help us to bear the emptiness.

TO MR. EDMUND DWIGHT.

BEVERLY FARMS, June 25, 1895.

. . . We are in the deep peace of summer. I have just been to Brookline for the night; our two excellent cows are condemned and borne away; we have a new floor to our kitchen, and John is getting in the hay. Beyond these thrilling facts there seems little to relate. Here we have Ethel and her children with their whooping-coughs. The children are delightful and the cough is hateful, but it is improving with the change of air. Our weather is perfect, but poor Elliot is terribly in want of rain and so are the

plants, but he suffers the most I really believe. The cuckoo calls and calls, but gets no answer.

To-morrow Elliot and I are going off to Nonquitt to see the Edward Cabots for two or three days. Elliot, you see, retains his passion for travelling since his European trip and eagerly accepts all invitations. He makes calls and leaves cards by the dozen and is becoming a regular butterfly.

These little facts will be so wholly out of your line that you will hardly care for them, since it will be difficult to connect them with Cœur de Lion and your other recent acquaintances. We still live in the nineteenth century, vulgar as it may seem, and you must admit that I am your loving sister,

ELIZABETH CABOT.

TO MR. EDMUND DWIGHT.

BEVERLY FARMS, July 2, 1895.

. . . I can hear that boy's voice in the cathedral. There is nothing like it. It seems to reach Heaven and bring it to us. The sweet, rich pathos of it is indescribable, but penetrates to the inmost places with wonderful power and rings through those great solemn cathedrals like the voice of the indwelling spirit. Well do I know it! . . .

We have been wrapped in fogs and showers. Elliot has regained his spirits with the dampness, and the plants thrive. . . .

Our grandchildren are more charming than ever and I am fairly installed as school-ma'am and music

teacher, which in these days of happy "reading, writing, and arithmetic" suits me perfectly. I am a born "school-ma'am," as all Eliots are, and think of taking a course in the normal schools and starting out as a public school teacher for the children of the upper classes.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, July 18, 1895.

. . . We are enjoying our visit here very much and I have wished for you every day. The climate here is so soft that it reminds me of the English and yet there is a brace in the air from the mountains, which stand just across the bay and on the island, looking so grave and beautiful and so contrasted with the moving waters that the variety is endless and each hour has new fascinations. The walks and the drives are also most interesting and no fashionable life has invaded them. No barouches, no fine clothes, but plenty of nice people all living this free life and enjoying themselves in the very nicest way, really getting the benefit of summer, which is utterly lost if one must dress and make calls or even refuse to dress and make calls. The household, too, is very charming, and to us it is like more children and grandchildren. Mrs. Parkman is a most delightful hostess, and the children are great bouncing babies, refreshing to see and hear, full of life and lovely promise.

TO MR. EDMUND DWIGHT.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, ME., July 22, 1895.

. . . We are living at Ellen's now, dear, and your letter from Sackville St. arrived on Saturday just as we were leaving Frances. Your description of the country quiet of London is quite touching to us who are wandering through the noisy mazes of Northeast Harbor, and we naturally long for the peace and retirement of London. I can't say that the apartment which we had in Jermyn St. made me think of ploughboys or singing birds, for we were over-run with hurdy-gurdys and hand-organs, to say nothing of boys and men with their street cries, which roused us at the peep of dawn. But it is the charm and the marvel of London that while you may sit at home in all the privacy and peace of your own fireside, the glories and the wonders of the world stand ready for you outside and you have only to stretch out your hand to put yourself in relation with them. I always feel that I am at the heart of the world when I am there and that it must be the natural home of such greatness as yours and mine. Of course you sympathize with me "utterly, utterly." How foolish it was of Roseberry and the others not to arrange the prorogation to suit your plans! They must be really grieved to have missed the opportunity of displaying themselves before you and your interesting party. I have no doubt you will enjoy your Eastern cathedrals a great deal more for an interval of pictures and museums.

All are very well and very happy here. William is

in better condition than I have ever seen him, mind and body. He is determined to keep what he has gained and will not attempt his regular office work until the autumn and will pass the summer mostly on his brother's yacht. The children are really strong and Ellen is free from neuralgia and very happy. I like this house. It is small, but most comfortable and adequate, and Elliot and I settle down in these pleasant corners with the breeze blowing or the fire burning, just as we happen to want at the moment. Yesterday they called it hot, but we took a beautiful walk with them in the P.M., varied by intervals of rowing, and found ourselves well and happy. This Mt. Desert is a great place and I wish Beverly were more like it. We are going home on Thursday all the better for our vacation. Frances is still as fine as she can be. She is in a musical mood now and I have had a feast in hearing her play.

To R. C. C.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, ME., July 23, 1895.

. . . I read "Sister Dora" long ago, and have always remembered her as one of the most aspiring and inspiring, imperfect and admirable people I have ever known. The biography is a very rare one, because it is so true that when you have read it you have been in contact with a living person, with her shortcomings and her faults as well as her greatness. If she could have conquered a certain jealousy of nature she would have come into the peace and purity that she never reached.

I share your doubts as to the permanent hold of even the most devoted personal influence on the confirmed prostitute. There is a mass of experience the other way. Still we must keep trying, but I believe "too late" is the sentence that has to be pronounced over most of that work and that personal restraint is in most cases the best that can be done. That saves much mischief, though the individual remains unredeemed, and therefore nothing vital is accomplished. In most cases the capacity for repentance seems to have been burnt out of them. The woman of Samaria perhaps showed that still living in her heart, and to that Jesus appealed with certainty of a permanent impression remaining.

I find St. John's Gospel so absolutely satisfying that of late I have actually avoided reading it, thinking that I might be indulging a weak longing for expression without a sufficient foundation of rational thought. Now I shall go back to it with fresh joy, if you and Ella can justify it, after all your careful thinking and working.

TO MR. EDMUND DWIGHT.

BEVERLY FARMS, Saturday, July 24, 1895.

Dear Heart, — Your letters from Lake Saranac have kept me well posted. Well do I remember the evening in that gay west parlor and your devotion to your friend and the heavenly beauty outside in the wonderful moonlight and then the drive to Keene Valley and a great deal more!

At this moment the boys are holding a lively camp-

ing talk and are perfectly happy with their reminiscences. We have all been housed this afternoon with a heavy thunder shower and the children have had a great deal of extra steam to work off in consequence, so that the house has resounded with the screams of girls instead of the shouts of boys, as of old. What a difference there is in their joys and sorrows !

I am involved in a lunch and tea for Mr. and Mrs. L—— F—— and my family wish I had never been born, but they will like me better when it is all over. Monday afternoon is the appointed time and it won't last very long. Mrs. L—— is a very gentle, quiet person, with short brown hair curling all over her head and no English assumption. The Bullards are coming to help me out and Lizzie Perkins and John Moors at lunch, and all the neighbors I can get in the afternoon. As I have no equipment for any purpose down here, I am going in for sweet simplicity and hope to justify Republican government in the bosom of a humble home.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BEVERLY FARMS, Aug. 12, 1895.

Dear Ellen, — . . . Mr. Cabot and I took the two little girls to a very quiet beach this P.M., where there were no nursery-maids, and we played with boats and shells and watched a chipmunk on the rocks and followed all the pretty white sails over the blue ocean and came home feeling as if we were all between seven and four years old. . . .

TO MR. EDMUND DWIGHT.

BEVERLY FARMS, Aug. 12, 1895.

Dearest Edmund, — It makes me blush to think of the shabby note I sent you last week. I went to the "Mayflower" with three hours to spare, as I believed, which were to be spent in writing to you and settling the accounts of the club. Instead of that I found Mrs. Greene and Mrs. Fiske Warren and Mrs. Charles Curtis and Mrs. Alpheus Hardy and Mrs. John Bancroft, all with much to say that I wanted to hear, and when these pleasant interviews were over my time was gone, and lunch must be eaten and the station must be reached and your letter was crowded out into the abyss of nothingness. Instead of writing it, I had annexed much valuable news from Dublin and the Walter Cabots', tidings from Elliot's cousin Mrs. Kuhn, who is in Europe and in great trouble about her son, many interesting complaints about the club, valuable remarks about King's Chapel and Mr. Brown, and then, Edmund, I had "shed a beautiful influence" over the club parlor and made it the home of a liberal hospitality, "sound thought, and right feeling." Now you see what use I make of my opportunities and what remarkable power I have of adapting myself to circumstances and laying aside the important things when trivial amusements offer themselves, and so you went without your letter.

You do not speak of the two heads by Giotto, in the National Gallery, two profiles which are wonderful. That is the only Italian picture in that gallery

which impressed me much. The others are first-rate specimens of painting, but not of art, to my mind, but, Edmund, perhaps that is too delicate a distinction for you to grasp. I will try to explain it to you when you get home. I never can care about Land-seer. His animals are too dramatic. They are always posing. Now I hope the French cathedrals will pour their glorious colors into their stately aisles for you. They are wonderfully different from the English. The endless richness of statues and the glass and the magnificent space of the interiors tell of a lavish, superabundant devotion which expressed itself without stint, but with a masterly control. I love them dearly.

I have been for three days to Cataumet, one of the South Shore places, to see my friend and colleague Mrs. Crane. It always requires a tremendous effort of courage for me to set foot on that shore, for what little mind I have leaves me utterly and I become a monster of stupidity. This time it wasn't as bad as usual and I saw very nice people enjoying themselves in the most rational way, with boats and walks and music and pleasant companions and a delightful "crowd" of young folks and spending so little money for it all that it seemed within every one's reach. Tilestons, Wares, Browns, Cranes, and their various guests making plenty of fun. No dress, but plenty of clothes; no yachts, but plenty of boats; no tournaments, but beautiful golf links, and I fell quite in love with the life and thought we should have to sell out here and move over to the South Shore. Now after three days at home I have decided that Beverly

is too enchanting to be abandoned, no matter if it is overgrown with "fuss and feathers."

TO MRS. R. C. C.

BEVERLY FARMS, Aug. 15, 1895.

. . . Your letter from Waltham was a perfect delight, as your letters always are. You carried me through that quiet day with you, when, all by yourselves, the spirit of the place and all that belongs to it must have come so near. I enjoy such days intensely if they do not come too often, for they leave such strong impressions and tell so many things. I had one day entirely alone in the camp at Saranac when I sent all the others off on a picnic, and it will always remain an inspiration to me, for there was nothing between me and God's beautiful world that day, and the sense of infinity was absolute and constant, and the presence of God's love and God's power filled it with peace, though I knew that Ted was leaving us hour by hour. Oh, dear children, how good it is that I can speak of these things to you two darlings! Silence seems so cold and so ungrateful to me.

Last week I spent three days at Cataumet with Mrs. Crane. A new place is just like a new person and always interesting. It has a great sky-scape and all the lines of the islands and the shore are low and gentle and the bay is lovely, full of boats large and small and they come and go like flocks of birds. A little colony of pleasant bright people, with very little money, have a splendid out-of-door life and all the

fun they want and that is always delightful to see. They breakfast at seven and go to bed at nine and live on their piazzas and in the boats and bathing dresses. The girls do as much as the boys and all do it together. They have music and books and games and theatricals and no end of fun.

TO MR. EDMUND DWIGHT.

BEVERLY FARMS, Aug. 19, 1895.

. . . Your visit to Cheyne Row brought back many evenings spent in that house with Edward and Ellen. How near and how far all those beloved ones seem! Beyond our reach and yet included in every hour of our lives. It will never do for Ellen Coolidge to go on conquering the English clergy and laity at this rate. She will leave broken hearts behind her, which is a useless expense of human life.

We are well and quiet here. I have devoted myself to Beverly Farms and Manchester this week and of course they shine under my influence.

I don't believe you are seeing anything more beautiful than these woods and waters wherever you are. I am writing on the piazza just at five o'clock and the light is exquisite on everything, and I do not know which is the most lovely, the wood with its shadows or the water in the silvery light. When you get home you had better "calculate" to make me a visit here.

TO MR. EDMUND DWIGHT.

BEVERLY FARMS, Aug. 30, 1895.

. . . It is hard that to-day I must grieve you by telling you of dearest Lizzie Bullard's death. She died on Wednesday, the 21st, and her funeral was on the 23d. So all is finished and we are here without her. I do not know whether anything in my letters has prepared you for this. I have known all summer that it must come, but no one thought it would come so soon.

She has had the most absolute devotion and perfect care from her two girls. They are beautiful nurses and have sheltered her from every pang, mental or physical, that could be spared her. Mary is a splendid woman and has been her mother's comfort and support for years past and to the very end. Ellen is younger, but full of fine qualities and they will work out their problems, which are many, wisely and bravely. I have been so absorbed in their lives since I wrote you that there seems nothing else to say. Nothing can bring greater loss to me than this, beyond my own family. It is the first trial I have ever had to bear without her. I have no memory of any time without her. But God be praised that she did not linger and suffer.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

MONDAY, 4.30 P.M., Oct. 7, 1895.

My Beloved Ellen,—I know that your brother can never leave you, that even death cannot prevail over

such a living love as his has been and always will be to you, but none the less the parting is terrible and the loss irreparable. Life is forever changed, but God is unchangeable and souls are eternal. God bless you and help you.

E. C.

TO MRS. HENRY PARKMAN.

BROOKLINE, Dec. 31, 1895.

My "Dear Delight,"—The fascinating mats came in perfect order and are even more wonderful than before. I think of giving a lunch and having nothing on the table but those mats, which would be ample entertainment for the most exacting guest. They came just at the right moment to cheer us up, for your poor Uncle Elliot passed Christmas Day in the grip of a horrible lumbago and we were enveloped in blankets, hot water bags, morphine, and phenacetine, with sorry boys trying to make him comfortable in vain.

Now he is comfortably in bed and beginning to move without pain and New Year's Day will find us quite set up, I hope. My little preparations were all upset, but one of these days I shall get on with them, and high-days and holidays, sick-days and well-days I am always loving you and your darlings and thanking God for the blessing of your beautiful existence.

May God bless you all in all ways and make this New Year the happiest of all.

Most lovingly yours and Harry's,

AUNT LIZZIE.

TO JOHN F. MOORS.

BROOKLINE, Jan. 2, 1896.

Dearest John, — I have been all my life using a hairpin or a match to extinguish candles instead of the proper extinguisher ordained by the world for that important function. Now this beautiful little object makes it plain that some other great soul has felt the inadequacy of the "proper thing," and has made something exactly fitted for the emergency, and I shall be much happier for this timely aid, for just at this moment we live wholly by candles in Mr. Cabot's room. . . . You, dear, are always making me happier by day and night, and so your New Year's gifts only seem a part of the daily blessing and I say, "Oh, yes, John, bless his heart!" and am grateful to you and to the Lord who made you and let me have a piece of you.

I have just been reading again your precious words about Ted. I am going to keep them till to-morrow, hoping that I shall have a chance to show them to Mr. Cabot. He is down to-day again, more than for several days, with the pain in his side, which though not serious, I believe, is very teasing and uncomfortable and keeps him back. He has to bring in another pile of patience, but I hope it won't be a long business.

With grateful love and hopes and prayers for all that is beautiful and noble and prosperous in the coming year and all that follow.

Most faithfully and lovingly yours,

ELIZABETH CABOT.

TO DR. AND MRS. R. C. C.

BROOKLINE, Feb. 13, 1896.

. . . It has just come. There was never anything so beautiful or so full of love and memory, my darlings. That great harmony of love and faith and prayer and strength which is always sounding through our lives, if we listen for it, sings out in your lovely verses and drawings like a trumpet and makes me glad, though the tears fall like rain. I have been thinking all day of all my darlings and you have all seemed so near that I have been very happy.

How can I be thankful enough to God for giving you to me, and now that our precious Ella is coming back to us it seems the crowning blessing.

God bless you and make your hearts rejoice as you make mine.

E. C.

3 P.M.

TO MRS. R. C. C.

SARANAC INN, July 25, 1896.

Dearest Ella, — Saranac is as beautiful as ever. "The peace that passeth understanding" seems to dwell here as it always did. I am so glad I came and I long to have you and Richard come. Yesterday was very warm for Saranac and in the afternoon it rained and we could not get on to the lake. Last night it cleared off cold. The glass fell from 80° to 60° and the day has been perfect. This morning we went to the camp. The old pine still hangs over the

steps. The steps are fallen in so that you cannot use them and the wharf is going fast. I scrambled up the bank and turned to look at the hills, and there they stood so blue and so serene that it seemed like Heaven. The camp-fire is there, with old logs on it still, and some of the platforms are pretty good. The seat between the trees still holds up, so that I could sit on it, but the back lies on the ground. I picked these little sprigs of moss for you, darling, right by the seat.

This afternoon we took a wagon and drove up to the little church as the hill was too steep for walking for Edmund, but he enjoyed the view immensely. The trees have grown and shut out something. When we came down we took a boat and went to Green and Folingsbee and round to Saranac. Not a leaf has changed. It was all there and just as still and clear and green and lovely as of old. The "carries" look as if we had just walked over them. It was wonderful. It seems as if a piece of the past was given right back to me and every moment was precious. There wasn't any pain. It seemed to soothe the pain instead, with such a sense of love and patience and steadfastness as healed and comforted.

To J. E. C.

ST. HUBERT'S INN, KEENE VALLEY,

Sunday P.M., July 28, 1896.

Dearest, — We arrived here about 12.30 to-day and were delighted to find two notes from you written on the 24th and the 25th. It is a great addition to

fine scenery to know that you are prosperous at home in these months and months that I have been away. To-day is only the sixth day and it seems like a whole summer. . . .

This A.M. it rains and we cannot drive over to Mr. Davidson's as we intended, but we don't object to a quiet day and can watch the ways of the mountains, which are wonderful with their wreaths of mist and their shifting clouds.

Last evening when we came in from the Putnam's we heard music in the parlor, and I soon recognized the Bach Andante that Size plays. Going in I found three girls playing — piano, cello, and violin. The next thing they played was a piece of the Jadassohn Trio, then the Bach air on the G string. They seemed to be professionals and I went and spoke to them and found one a pupil of Giese's, one a pupil of Arthur Foote's, and the other of Löeffler. It seems they are engaged here for the summer and play twice a day. A more civilized entertainment I never heard, and it made the place home-like, and we thought how impossible it would have been to get such a thing even twenty years ago and how music was spreading all over the country from Boston. So we felt very superior indeed before we went to bed. . . .

America is getting on and there is no doubt one enjoys scenery more when one has had a good breakfast. Good-by, dearest. There is no use saying that I want you to see everything all the time. We shall be at Westport Wednesday evening.

To J. E. C.

WESTPORT, Thursday, July 30, 1896.

. . . We were much entertained at Mr. Davidson's yesterday. It is a very beautiful place and he welcomed us literally with shouts of joy. His study excited my envy. I wanted it for you. Nothing could be more comfortable or more civilized. There were 35 people there yesterday at dinner, eight men, of whom Edmund was one. Mr. Harris was there and paid his usual tribute to you and so I liked him. Professor Gardner from Smith College seemed solid and sensible. Davidson read us a passage from Lucretius to begin dinner with, which made Edmund furious, but he recovered in time to eat his dinner. The women were yearners, except Miss Kent, the housekeeper, who seemed hard working and coherent.

To MRS. R. C. C.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, Sept. 7, 1896.

. . . As usual this place is full of interesting people and Frances gathers them in for me to see and it enlarges my horizon wonderfully. Saturday President and Mrs. Low took tea here and I had a first-rate talk with both of them. He is young and fresh and strong and very frank, so that we talked college hard and he was quite ready to tell what he was thinking about.

I have had a most beautiful morning's drive among

the hills and the woods and the sea, and a row across the bay in the brilliant sunshine, and yesterday we had a great storm of wind and rain and were housed all day by it, but had the waves and white-caps in the bay to amuse us, to say nothing of the four big handsome children, who make a fine addition to the scenery and give me much food for thought by their absolute differences in physical and mental organization from our children.

Then Frances is always a delight to me and never more than now, when she shines out like a great beautiful plant growing and flourishing, according to her kind, and filling the house with freshness and beauty and joyfulness. My own life seems so grim beside her, so unresponsive and heavy-hearted. I am sure we have much to learn from these Southern women who live so much more from instinct than we do and thereby reach an inspiration we do not know, but which is God-given and full of light and life.

TO J. F. MOORS.

BEVERLY FARMS, Sept. 13, 1896.

. . . When I found that you had become a national statesman I felt, of course, that our humble walks were beneath your notice, but I rejoiced that you and such as you (if there are any more of them) had been chosen to represent "the integrity of Massachusetts." You evidently had a good time of it and it is consoling that for once the men who have no expectations have shaken hands with each other and danced

round a brass band in a railroad station. I read the newspapers diligently, and between Bourke Cochrane and Carl Schurz am beginning to hope that I know something about the times we live in. They are curious times, aren't they, when an Irishman and a German are our best instructors in politics and finance. Where are the results of the public schools? Smart Americans seem to be the best we have to offer, and I am thinking of resigning from the Brookline School Committee. Mr. Cabot is serene through all the blasts of folly and ignorance. He is not going to vote for McKinley and delights in the Indianapolis platform. He is most excellent to live with because he unfailingly represents the triumph of justice and honesty and all other old-fashioned virtues and believes that all will come out right in that final æon on which he persistently fixes his far-seeing eye.

TO J. F. MOORS.

BROOKLINE, May 20, 1897.

Dear John, — It begins to look as if we must be contented with "luxuriant foliage" and the grass crop of New England instead of seeing you, but we miss our Sunday joy in your coming and so I take up my pen for a few feeble remarks. . . .

We are well here and we love you very dearly and remember with heartfelt gratitude the many times that your dear face has brought us comfort and cheer in this long, solemn winter. Oh, dear John, I cannot thank you, but you are a part of what is deepest and

tenderest in our lives, of memory and parting and loving.

Yours always,

ELIZABETH CABOT.

Good-by for a little and God bless you.

TO MRS. W. W. VAUGHAN.

BEVERLY FARMS, June, 1897.

. . . Elliot is quite firm about going to Hallowell, but he says he won't go to Northeast and he will go to Dublin. I tell him that he is both wilful and capricious and that I shall not try to make any polite excuses for him. He replies that he "doesn't care." So you see the state this family is in.

TO MRS. W. W. VAUGHAN.

BEVERLY FARMS, Friday P.M., 1897.

. . . Safe at home and all the better for the trip. Hallowell was "beautiful to see and still more beautiful to describe" as the man said of Niagara Falls.

We had no casualties in the train and we were very glad of our seats in the parlor-car. Michael arrived about five minutes after the train came in and we packed ourselves and our luggage into the wagon and started home through the greatest tangle of electric cars and steam trains and gas-pipes and "dig-outs" in the roads that I have ever encountered. Elliot cursed his stars either silently or loudly all the way home, and just as we reached Chapman's corner

the horse turned lame and we reached home in low spirits, but with grateful hearts.

TO MRS. R. C. C.

BEVERLY FARMS, July 30, 1897.

Ella Dearest, — Ethel has gone to town to be with Frank and I am sitting under the trees near the rock with the children, who are playing house to my entertainment as well as their own with an ancient grate and a wooden box and a tin pan and iron spoon and an old raspberry basket. I have a delightful time with them, in Ethel's absence, for she leaves them all in tune and they respond to every touch, and very few discords come in to disturb us. It makes me feel young to have them calling out for sympathy and suggestions, and bringing me mud-pies for my dinner or sand cake with plums in it for admiration. Ethel is great at giving orders and Ruth is full of contrivances and care, and it is great fun to watch the way they work together. They are very different from boys. Instead of quarreling violently they get their feelings hurt and either retire to a gloomy solitude or melt into tears on my shoulder. . . .

After I stopped yesterday Hester came. Mrs. Cunningham had been here for several days to my great pleasure. When I get an old friend in the house it is more like having one of my sisters again than anything else. We have all the old ideas and associations together and a thousand things "go without saying."

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BROOKLINE, Feb. 18, 1898.

My Dear Ellen,— We are jogging along at the usual pace. My cold has at last disappeared and I am out-of-doors and doing my work. There is a great move on just at this moment among the Suffragist women. Four petitions before the legislature and that means hearings and debates to attend and running about and spending unnecessary time, but one petition is already defeated, and the loud firm "No" that came out from the men was enough to rejoice one's heart. It also means parlor meetings, and I have been twice to Cambridge within a week to read a paper on the right side. . . .

TO R. C. C.

MAY 21, 10 A.M., 1898 (R. C. C.'s Birthday).

Dearest Richard,— The first thing I thought of this morning was the beautiful, happy day that brought you into the world, and the next was what a blessed gift God gave us in you. Then I recalled all the early days of delight in you and of struggles with you; how often you came like pure sunlight into our hearts and how often you baffled me and how stupid I was. And now that fiery little will is wholly turned to the seeking of God's will and that stormy energy to the finding of His truth, and Ella is at your side fulfilling your ideal, sharing your work and your pursuits, and an angel of love and peace

and goodness and beauty for your joy. What more can we ask for you or for ourselves? Only that life may yield you both the harvest you seek in due time, and it will, for you are not seeking happiness, nor pleasure, nor esteem (though all these are "added unto you" now), but you are ready to meet and to conquer difficulties and disappointment and loss, and you are all the time giving to those who need and "holding up the feeble hands."

So, my darling, my heart is gratefully at peace as I think of you and know besides that your strong arm and loving heart are ready to give your father and me every help and support and every encouragement that we need. I wish I could transfer to you the conviction that fills my heart that such lives as yours and Ella's are what God meant when he made men, and that in such noble fulfilment the salvation of the world is beginning. Now don't say that I exaggerate, for I do not.

To R. C. C.

ON THE TRAIN TO CHICAGO, MAY 21, 1898.*

. . . We have had a most comfortable journey thus far. The stateroom is worth a great deal more than we gave for it. It saves us more fatigue of body and agony of mind than you (being a man) can understand, though I saw that you knew it. Usually after a night's journey I feel like one of a drove of pigs, but this morning I have felt like a human being all the time, which saves much mental friction. Ella

* A trip to visit the best of Chicago's public schools.

didn't display much talent for sleeping, partly because just after she had virtuously taken her Trional the electric lights, which had been extinguished, suddenly burst forth in a blaze of glory, and Ella rose in her might and in her height to put them out, performing a great gymnastic feat, but, I fear, undoing the Trional. Still she did sleep and is now as fine as ever, with no headache, and with her usual bad temper well under control. I am in roaring health, of course, but furious that the Spanish fleet has got into Santiago and outwitted us completely. Good-by, dear. With endless love,

E. C.

To J. E. C.

CHICAGO, Sunday Evening, May 22, 1898.

. . . We drove about first by the lake side and then through the Central Avenue and stopped at last at the Lincoln statue, which more than answered all my expectations. It is a wonderful work of genius, giving all the greatness of the man and yet bringing out his profound humility and the intense feeling of responsibility that weighed upon him without overwhelming him. The marvellous beauty of character so irradiates the features and the whole figure that you feel nothing else, and yet he stands before you a raw-boned, gaunt, western man, in his plain clothes and ungraceful attitude, absolutely majestic in his simplicity and unconsciousness and strength. I have always wanted to see it and would take the journey ten times over for the sake of it.

To J. E. C.

CHICAGO, Tuesday Evening, May 24, 1898.

My Dearest,— We have been as busy as bees all day, continuing our investigations. We went early to the school and met Professor and Mrs. Dewey there. They were very pleasant and showed us a good many specimens of work that we should not have seen without them, particularly in the sewing and manual training, where the work had been put away. Professor Dewey, however, escaped when I tried to make him answer questions. Mrs. Dewey is equally interested in the school and more willing to talk about it. I talked a good deal with the music teacher and she gave me the address of the man who started them on their system, which is very different from and much better than ours. We came home to lunch and then I went back to the school to see a French lesson. They have two sessions. The French was no better than ours. From the school I boldly set forth by myself to go down town to find the music teacher and find a photograph of the Lincoln statue. I did both, and the music teacher was a very intelligent and interesting person and I had quite a talk with him and mean to see him again. I also found a photograph which I like, and came home with my trophy and neither lost my way nor my purse nor my parasol. Chicago is quite a simple city, for the streets are all either numbers or presidents and the avenues are States and the lake is too big to have a bridge across it and so there is no other side to worry you.

TO MR. EDMUND DWIGHT.

BEVERLY FARMS, June 20, 1898.

. . . I have just sent off, dearest Edmund, two of the happiest young creatures you ever saw to look for a small apartment in Boston. Elise came here from Newport on Saturday. We had told Handasyd his good fortune on Friday and he met her in Boston and told her and then they came beaming down to us. They both wrote you yesterday, but no letters can tell how their faces glow with joy. Elliot and I are living right in the midst of it and we gobble it all up and you can't even feel the reflection of it three thousand miles away. It is wonderful the relief you have given us all.

TO MR. EDMUND DWIGHT.

BEVERLY FARMS, July 3, 1898.

. . . Elise keeps on her sweet, simple, gentle, unselfish way, without shadow of turning, and looks more lovely than ever since she knows she is to be married.

I am disappointed that the money comes in so slowly for the "Hospital Ship," which the Volunteer Aid Association is fitting out to carry supplies to our wounded men, and to bring back to our northern climate the men who are ill and yet able to be moved. Six weeks ago we asked for \$60,000, and as yet we have only \$30,000. Henry Higginson is the treasurer, and the money perhaps will come faster now that the



BEVERLY FARMS HOUSE.

wounded and dying men are waiting for it, but I hoped we should have been ready for them before they needed us. Now Shafter is calling for more surgeons and surgical supplies and it makes me sorry and ashamed, perhaps more than I need to be.

Friday I went to Brookline to see how Ethel and Frank fitted into our house and found them all well and happy. Their addition in Milton begins on Tuesday, and Ethel was rejoicing in your goodness to them, and so, dear, on all sides I get appreciation of my brother, which makes me very proud of my near relation to him. Hugh has just received his degree of M.D., and stands second in his class, which is a good showing, as he has done a great deal of hospital work besides. He is well, but we never see the boy.

TO MR. EDMUND DWIGHT.

BEVERLY FARMS, Thursday, July 6, 1898.

. . . We had beautiful fireworks all along the shore the evening of the 4th, and Hugh came down to dinner, which made a celebration for us. I am reading Worcester's "Philippines," which is very entertaining, easy reading, but carries one into the depths of barbarism. Cruelty and lying and stealing prevail almost everywhere. Now and then you meet a gleam of civilization, but it is rare. The climate varies greatly in the different islands, sometimes being deadly and then again either healthy or possible to make so. You certainly will have your hands full

for many years to come if you are going to educate that people, but since you are determined to do it, I shall give you all the help I can.

TO MR. EDMUND DWIGHT.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, July 25, 1898.

Dearest Edmund, — I am really here in spite of Frances's objurgations and I am enjoying myself highly, of course. She is a great creation, like Niagara Falls or Mt. Blanc or the Desert of Sahara, and one can't afford not to see it and hear it and live with it as often as may be. She is in fine condition, though five children with whooping-cough would have reduced most women to a rag-bag. The children are all well again now, though the baby Francis was alarmingly ill for a few days, but she always rides on top of the wave, in storm or calm, and carries things through with a high hand. I do admire the woman who has some spontaneousness left. We Boston women are so afraid of doing wrong that we grow tedious and monotonous. Mrs. Parker is here, too, and "she's another." With two sons in the war, both waiting for orders at Chickamauga, she holds her own at seventy-one; reads the papers eagerly, knows everything, remembers everything, appreciates all the heroism, and is ready that her own boys should go to the front.

So I came home to my own "settled functions," rejoiced that there were so many ways of doing and behaving.

TO MR. EDMUND DWIGHT.

BEVERLY FARMS, Aug. 1, 1898.

Dearest Edmund,—Saturday evening came your delightful and entertaining, interesting, informing, and improving letter from Norway.

Our hospital ship, "Bay State," will get off this week, I trust. Even if there is no more fighting there is six months' work to do, we are told, to cure our sick and wounded and get them home. We none of us do anything but read the newspapers, which are full now of interesting and detailed reports of the battles and skirmishes on land and sea. The more we know about it all, the more heroism and endurance and patriotism we find. We really are a great country.

I am more than ever "in love" with Frances. She has a great heart, a big, capacious mind, as well as a beautiful bodily presence. Her control of her children and her servants, her care of her mother and father, her intense interest in the war and the country, her love for her friends, her loyal devotion to Harry, to say nothing of her bright, charming ways, her music, her taste, which shows at every turn, are all a delight to me. She is predominant, but she is true and fearless and just, and she rejoices my old heart and makes me grateful and happy. I'm terribly glad I went and I hope to go again some day. . . .

Nancy is growing more and more a social centre, with topics of conversation and graceful intervals of attentive listening.

TO MRS. HENRY PARKMAN.

BEVERLY FARMS, Aug. 2, 1898.

My Dearest Frances, — I wish I could tell you the comfort your dear note gave me. Of course I know you are a great deal too good to me and think a thousand times better of me than I deserve, but you do not feel that I am living without God in the world nor that Christ is forgotten and deserted and that humanity is my only Bible.

Do you remember, darling, the evening after Edward's death when you and Harry came out to see us? You seemed to me then to bring with you the blessing of the living, loving God, and as you put your arms round me lifted the weight of death and loss and grief and brought me courage and strength. I never forgot it nor what it meant and still means to me, for you always give me out of your abundance and make me grateful to God as well as to you. So, dear heart, never let any shadow of doubt come between us, for I love you in the very depths of my heart and no matter what obstacles of circumstances impede me nothing can change my "constant mind" towards you.

TO MR. EDMUND DWIGHT.

BEVERLY FARMS, Tuesday Afternoon, Aug. 16, 1898.

. . . Now, Edmund, you promised to land on the 29th Sept. That is Thursday. You come home Friday. You go to your office Saturday A.M., and Saturday P.M., at 3 o'clock, you can go with me to

Dublin. We can spend Sunday at the hotel and we can drive and I will be nice to you ; you can see Elise and go to the wedding with me, and spend Monday night at the hotel and go down Tuesday A.M., and arrive in Boston about 11 A.M., and go to your office again and go to your Manchester meeting on Wednesday. This is a very good plan. . . .

We are full of the Peace and the return of our men. It is a comfort to me that you can speak as you do about the war, and have changed your point of view as I have since the beginning. We must trust such a nation as ours has shown itself to work out its own salvation, in spite of the politicians, and such a record as that of the last three months is a guarantee of the future. The greater the difficulty the greater the heroism. Now, of course, the politicians will take hold again and the fight for prizes will begin. They step into the background when the danger signal is up and then all goes well. How to convince the people that they must keep their hand on the trigger is the difficulty, but whenever they are roused they put things straight with a strong arm.

TO MRS. R. C. C.

BEVERLY FARMS, Monday, Sept. 5, 1898.

My Dearest Ella,—I woke at five this morning and had hard work to refrain from taking the 6.30 train to Boston, not so much for the sake of seeing Richard * again as to find out what was left of you after he had gone to the boat. I am only afraid of your behaving

* R. C. C. went to Porto Rico in the Hospital Ship.

too well, being too cheerful, and thinking too much of other people, and so tiring yourself that you have to pay for it by a hard headache. You know well enough that the test of wise self-management is not to wear yourself out, either with physical, moral, or mental effort, and so I will not preach on that well-worn text.

I hope the "Bay State" really got off, and that this hot, breathless day will give them a calm sea for the start. It is strange to me how little anxiety I feel about Richard. He always seems to me to be working for and living by eternal things, and the dangers of time touch him less than most of those I love. I can never think of him as stepping outside the eternal love and care by any disloyalty or disobedience, and so I rest in perfect peace though I follow him day and night with you, my darling Ella. The one that stays at home has much the hardest time always, and so I long to shorten the days for you were it possible.

I am glad you are going to Naushon, for that beautiful place is new to you and you will enter into the life that is and the life that has been there with all your heart.

TO MR. EDMUND DWIGHT.

TUESDAY, Sept. 13, 1898.

. . . I have just left the Volunteer Aid Rooms where one after another the applications from the soldiers who have been taken ill in their homes are coming in. It is all we can do to visit and send nurses and physicians to them. The nurses are doing splendidly.

They and the doctors give their time and work without pay and will carry us through this last stage of the war, but it will last months yet. The hospitals are also generous and hospitable and are saving many lives. We have everything to be proud of except our governing politicians, and I think of Kipling's refrain perpetually, "Lest we forget, lest we forget." We mustn't forget, and how easy it is.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

SEPT. 15, 1898.

My Dear Ellen, — I feel uneasy about the work we are doing for these sick men, lest we should find ourselves becoming a Charity Bureau and leading them and their families to become dependent. Miss C—— is admirable and charming, but she has no experience in such matters and as outside people have given her money for which she is not accountable to us, I fear her having too free a hand in fulfilling the impulse of her very warm heart. Will you be there as much as you can under the guise of a visitor, or by giving any other assistance, and write me how matters are going? I will write to Miss C—— that she can refer to you for advice.

Also, will you try to get from Mr. Mansfield a written statement of what aid the State or the U.S. will or can give these sick men? There is first their State pay, which is \$7 a month, then the U.S. pays something, and under some circumstances they get State aid. We ought to know precisely about all this and Miss C—— should be supplied with the facts.

We are obliged to act for a week or two without a proper organization to take hold of the work belonging to Boston proper, because at this season it is impossible to get the people who ought to do it and are qualified to do it, since they are out of town, and I fear very much that in this interval bad habits will be formed of expectation and response.

Don't kill yourself, dear, in curing other people.

TO MRS. HENRY PARKMAN.

BROOKLINE, Nov. 10, 1898,
(Anniversary of Ted's death).

My Dearest Frances,— They have just come, those heavenly roses and mignonette, bringing such a flood of loving memories with them that I can only bow my head and thank God once more that such a heart as yours lives in this world for the strength and delight and consolation of all who are blessed by your existence.

Words are nothing, but my heart's love is yours, darling.

TO MRS. WALTER C. CABOT.

BROOKLINE, Christmas, 1898.

My Dearest, Precious Lillie,— The exquisite centre-piece with its beautiful peacock and opal shades is a real work of art and a treasure for the household and for me, but the verse* is still more lovely and brings

*The first verse of Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra."

me the unfailing love which has been my refuge and my comfort for so many years. How can I thank God enough for giving me your constant love? Nobody ever had such a friend as you have been to me through sun and shadow, through good and evil. It is vain for me to try to tell you the profound gratitude with which I look back through all the years that we have been together, but sometimes, as to-night, I long to make you realize it, for it would do your beloved heart good if you could know it and see it as I do.

TO LAURENCE MINOT.

MAY 11, 1899.

My Dear Laurence, — I send you our memorial of Ted, believing that you will care to own it.

We are only giving it to the friends who knew and loved him best, for it is essentially private in its character and not of general interest. Show it and lend it to your brother William if you think he would like it, for I care very much for his interest and remember most gratefully his kindness to Ted.

Of course we want any one to see it who would care for it, but it is not a book for the parlor table. I think of it on your desk in a quiet corner, kept as you keep your friends, a little in the quiet depths of your heart, but never pushed aside or forgotten.

I love to send it to you, dear Laurence.

TO MRS. WM. BROOKS CABOT.

CLYDE ST., June 1, 1899.

. . . You do not need that I should tell you, dear, that we have all watched and waited with you and your dear husband by your darling's bedside. Now we hear from Hugh that all is going well. But, dear, I know so well the agony you have gone through that it seems to me that you are the one to pray for and to watch now. I know God always sends us the strength we need, but few people have such a storm to meet as you have had. The greatest help I have ever had is the remembrance, pressed close to one's heart, that no matter what human agency is His instrument God sends everything we meet. When we look at it simply we can bear it better, — we do not use our strength in vain imaginings of what might have been, or regrets at what is, but putting our suffering hearts into His tender hand, we find the infinite love that rules all and can rest in it. Do not think I mean to preach, for you know it all. You are so sweet, so patient, so heroic, that you have taught me much, and I only want you not to fear that your heart or your hope will fail because this new demand is made upon you, for I am sure that you can answer to it with courage and hope and "faith unfeigned."

God bless you, dear, and give my love to your husband, whose strong arm will never fail you.

Your loving friend,

ELIZABETH CABOT.

To J. E. C.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, Monday A.M., July 25, 1899.

. . . Frances and the children are a constant and varied scene of joy, with occasional woe from Penelope or Harry to give it spice. I never saw such happy, healthy children. Mary is already the calm and unselfish elder sister. She sinks into Robinson Crusoe when nothing else offers, but takes entire care of herself, demanding nothing from anybody. If it is Frances's predominance which creates this pervading calm it is a magnificent effect. I still continue my "studies in education" in all places, you see.

Best love to all.

To J. E. C.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, ME., Friday, Aug. 11, 1899.

My Dearest,—Your two precious, delightful letters came yesterday and did me untold good. It seemed forever since I left you on Monday and yet I knew I could not hear sooner. I am so glad I didn't let you go to the station with me, even if you were uncomfortable, for I should have felt like a selfish old ghoul to let you, on top of a day in town, and without your dinner, go down to stand over my trunks and see Eaton put on the checks, which he did with many bows and much purring. I haven't read Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson for nothing, you see, and, guinea-pig as I am, have arrived at momentary inde-

pendence. So I shall continue to maintain my wise despotism, but I will admit that when I reached Boston I came very near turning round and coming back again, for I was deadly homesick. Your account of Nancy is as good as seeing her. She is a rare creature, but don't let her break your neck on the rocks.

To J. E. C.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, Sunday, Aug. 13, 1899.

. . . In the evening to tea with Mrs. Casper Wister, Miss Irwin, and Mrs. Winter. They are great people, whom it is an acquisition to see; so articulate, so educated, so rich in enthusiasm and in solid virtues behind it. You leave them with a sense of real gain, which makes society worth having. Mrs. Henry is the niece of the lady who in the olden time was engaged to my uncle Charles Eliot, the man so beloved and remembered that all the boys in the family have been named for him. The most honest, straightforward, warm-hearted woman, who said she hated the Cubans and "wished L—— G—— would let them alone," though, in fact, she is contributing to their support, but is worn out with L——'s overwhelming ardor and unwisdom. I am buried in Cuban documents, which L—— has sent me, and am trying to dig out a path for my own mental feet to walk in, and find it very hard digging.

To J. E. C.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 15, 1899.

My Dearest,—Two notes from you yesterday rewarded me for trying to be patient on Monday. How good it is when they come! I am at Sadie's this A.M., and am steeped in more heavenly beauty and human kindness. What a combination it is! They took me to Sutton's yesterday, where Andrew has bought land and built a bungalow, and there we sat and drank in the wonders of creation; the hills, just opposite, bold and beautiful; the water blue and sparkling in the breeze; the sunset, at last, filling everything with rosy light and turning the hills into living velvet. Oh, if you had been here it would have been perfect. At the end they made up a cup of hot tea with bread and butter, and so our "emotions" did not exhaust us, but we came back all sound and ready for our supper.

I had a great sleep and now we have another lovely morning.

To MRS. W. W. VAUGHAN.

BEVERLY FARMS, Aug. 21, 1899.

My Ellen darling,—I must send you one word this A.M. to tell you that I am alive and better than ever after my delicious visit with you. "Green pastures and clear streams" are nothing to what you provided and the rest and refreshment and invigoration are "beautiful to see and still better to describe."

The journey was hot and disgusting, thank you.

The dirt cannot be expressed and I arrived in Salem at 8.30 P.M. loaded with the soil of Maine. I had hardly landed, however, when that angel William appeared like a vision of cleanliness and good cheer. He performed one of his usual feats of turning degrading discomfort into positive enjoyment by putting me into an open electric car and escorting me to Marblehead, where he took an open wagon and drove me back to Salem in time for the Boston train. I returned cool and comparatively good-tempered and reached home with a grateful heart, but wrapped in clouds of adhering dust.

TO MRS. HENRY PARKMAN.

BROOKLINE, NOV. 10, 1899.

Oh, My Darling,—God be thanked for making you what you are. It seems to me always that you are the special gift of His abounding love. Just six years ago this very hour I came away from Edward's room leaving him in peace, the end of my long watch of ten years, and now to-day come these exquisite tender flowers full of the promise of heavenly joy, in their unfolding buds and delicious fragrance—so gentle, so beautiful, so unspeakably fresh and untouched by any wound or any suffering. I cannot tell you the beautiful messages they bring, but you sent them and you know them.

I can only love you more and more. Yesterday I was alone and I stood a long time looking at your photograph and studying out all the strength and

loveliness and depth there is in it, and adding to it besides all that makes you what you are. I had a happy little time.

Your grateful, admiring, and most loving,

AUNT LIZZIE.

TO MRS. R. C. C.

BROOKLINE, Feb. 15, 1900.

My Darling,—Your note completed the beautiful evening that you gave us. That lovely Scripture brings a heavenly ideal in its words, and no matter how far short one may fall of it, it does one good to read it. To think that it could remind any one of my meagre fulfilments seems impossible, but it is a blessed delusion of your dear imagination. The evening was a great delight. I never enjoyed one more. Your faces round the table seemed to me like a heavenly company. You dear daughters looked so beautiful — Ethel with her simplicity and humility, Elise so gentle and loving and unconscious, Bessie so bright, so strong, so charming, and you, my darling, always to me like an angel of light and purity and peace. I thought Ted would have said, "How nice they all are to you, mamma," with that smile of his.

The gayety was the greatest refreshment possible, for it is hard not to be too serious as one grows old, and I had been thinking a great many solid things all day long. Your sympathy, dear, I could no more doubt than the sunshine. It is part of the eternal things that cannot change or cease. You must have all taken a lot of trouble, but you "buildded better than

you knew" and gave me a present joy and a future remembrance which will last as long as I do.

With dear love to Richard, physician, actor, painter, son, and brother, and a blessing and comfort besides.

Always yours and his most loving

E. C.

The Japanese roses are fresh and fine.

TO MRS. W. W. VAUGHAN.

BROOKLINE, May 1, 1900.

. . . I am wading along quite happily. I have annexed a new laundress who may turn out a fire-brand and may not, but she "does shirts" perfectly. Edmund's new woman seems a "Fit" and has a care-worn cheerfulness which seems promising. I have had my dressmaking done and the house cleaned and now I am folding my hands. We have had an Educational Conference in Brookline and I feel very highly educated indeed, but I can't imagine how to educate a child, for the experts all differ. In Europe they know all about it.

[Written after the death of her brother, Edmund Dwight.]

TO LAURENCE MINOT.

JUNE 9, 1900.

. . . Thank you, dear Laurence. The roses are full of summer beauty and life, and your tenderness touches and comforts me. You can never intrude, for you are one of my dear ones, and I count on your love and sympathy, as it has always come to me when

I needed it. No one ever had such helpers as I have. Our sons are strong, tender, and true, and give me a perfect support and enable me to do what is needed without fatigue. Take Phil to Wareham with you if he can go. His heart lies deep, but beats strong, and he is tired.

Your loving,
COUSIN LIZZIE.

TO MRS. W. W. VAUGHAN.

BEVERLY FARMS, Sunday, June 24, 1900.

Ellen darling,— Three letters from you came Friday night, the 22nd, only two weeks and two days from June 6th. It was sooner than I hoped to hear and it seemed to me I could hear the cry of pain forced from you by the telegram and then could see you gather yourself together and grow calm and begin to see your way to go on with your plans as you intended. I am sure it is far wiser for you. It would be a mistake to come home. He is near us, wherever we are, and we should reflect each other's grief more, perhaps, if we were together. The material part of such an experience is not the vital part. More and more I see that the spirit is the reality in this world, and when our beloveds are gone from our sight it is their spirit that remains and the externals that clothed the spirit grow daily less important. He rejoiced in your happy letters from Greece and loved your all being together and wanted you to get all the advantage of the change and the beauty. He

was so sorry about Bertha's illness and the cloud that it cast over your trip. Now I feel that loyalty to him and love for him means living bravely and, above all, cheerfully the life that "is set before us," whether in America or Europe; turning from no pleasure which we are able to take, giving and receiving as he did, and learning, as he did, to rise above the pain and grief, to put it aside (it was amazing how he did this the very last day of his life) and take hour by hour whatever comes, making it beautiful in his dear memory. You will want to be quiet, but you can be, with your three darlings who love him and with Ben and Anna who will understand your need and with Bertha who will need it, too. The right to be quiet after such a loss seems to me the great help — to lead your own life, to think your own thoughts, to search among the beautiful memories, to study the dear, heroic life which has been fulfilled in your sight, these are the privileges which one may claim and which strengthen one's heart. So this is what I am doing here — seeing only a few people among those that I know best, walking and driving and sitting out-of-doors and reading whatever interests me. I have all his little diaries here and his birthday book, and they have many little words of his and I delight in looking them over slowly.

TO MRS. R. C. C.

JUNE 26, 1900.

My Darling,— It grieves me that you should have to meet so often the breaking of the chain between

the mortal and the immortal, for it is a pain in spite of all that we believe and all that we hope. Death never quite becomes a part of life as it should. It stands outside and we feel that there is a closed door opened for a moment and then closed again, though the light that shines through, even for a moment, never grows dark again.

TO REV. W. W. LYON.

BEVERLY FARMS, July 5, 1900.

My dear Mr. Lyon, — . . . We have not much to offer but a warm welcome and our beautiful coast, for we live here as always, very simply and quietly, but it would give us great pleasure to have you both under our roof. . . .

Why do we class and pay teachers with coachmen and dressmakers? They should rather count as the professional men and women of the country do and be paid as physicians and lawyers are, by their success and skill. It distresses me to see the picture of that great showy schoolhouse going up in Brookline, costing enormous sums of money, and to know that the women who will teach in it will be pinched for necessary comforts.

TO MR. AND MRS. W. W. VAUGHAN.

DUBLIN (at Handasyd's), July 15, 1900.

. . . We are having a delightful little visit here from last Wednesday to next Tuesday. The little

house is quite perfect in its kind. Simple and inexpensive, but done with so much judgment and good taste that there is everything one wants and everything one can love and admire. Elise has shown quite wonderful talent in her arrangements and there is real elegance in the result. The parlor is large, well-proportioned, and charmingly colored; the dining-room a good size and shapely; open brick fireplaces in both rooms give a look of comfort; upstairs the chambers are fresh and pretty, and from every window in the house the views are enough to make your heart rejoice. They are both delighted and they make everything very pleasant for their guests. It seems like a little bit of Paradise here, so serene, so simple, so beautiful. Elise is like a spirit of love wherever she moves, and so child-like and so winning that the atmosphere seems to be without a cloud and storms are forgotten. You can hardly imagine the comfort we take in it all, and we owe so much of it to "Uncle Edmund" and they treasure his memory so truly that everything is in harmony.

TO MRS. W. W. VAUGHAN.

BEVERLY FARMS, July 23, 1900.

You, dear Ellen, are somewhat recovering from the shock of that telegram, I see, and more able to throw yourself into the present surroundings. We must learn not to let the past overshadow the present. If we know how, it ought to cast a great light before us, to illumine the path and show us the way. Our

love and loyalty ought to look out in following the patient footsteps of our dear ones, not in regrets and tears. But we are human and we falter by the way.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

BEVERLY FARMS, July 23, 1900.

My dear Ellen, — . . . I have been asked to do a piece of work which I want your help about. To write a paper on some leading woman for our church society of women called "The Alliance." I said "I can only write about Miss Octavia Hill, and I will try." Now what can you give me of the facts of her life and her work which are already known, and, therefore, would not intrude on her privacy, or where can I find them? Her character always stands before me as an ideal, and it will do me good to think and write about it. There is no hurry. Would you let me have again the volume of Dr. Southwood Smith? That throws much light on her inheritance. . . .

Always yours,

ELIZABETH CABOT.

TO J. E. C.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, ME., Friday P.M., Aug. 3, 1900.

. . . At the wharf (at Bar Harbor) came Frances like a tower of beauty and took me and my trunk to the buck-board, where she had provided a supper for the drive, which exactly met my wants, for I was really hungry. We drove along under moon and

stars and with woods and mountains and fields and ocean all singing their songs, and I did not know that I was tired till I was in bed, and had no time to think before I was asleep. You see I am enjoying myself as I always do and only wish you could enjoy it, too. Frances is her usual great, splendid self and the children are nicer than ever, as they should be.

To J. E. C.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, ME., Wednesday A.M., Aug. 8, 1900.

. . . I went in the Wheelrights' launch to Cranberry to see the window Sarah has given to the little church. It was very "bobbolly" and left me partially sea-sick for the rest of the day, but I maintained a respectable appearance and the window is a delight. It is one of Mrs. Whitman's beautiful wreaths, with gorgeous reds and blues and enough white to show them off, laid on a white Greek cross, on the arms of which is the inscription. The church is absolutely bare, but well colored as to the walls, while some terribly lurid windows, on the sides, don't trouble you unless you look at them, and, on the whole, the window remains in possession and must always sing the praise of the devoted soul who gave his life to help those people. I think Sarah has done a fine thing in so testifying to a noble life.

I came home to lunch with the children and the nice governess, and in the P.M. Sarah sent a buckboard for me, and I picked their family up and we took the ocean drive, which gives a glorious succes-

sion of mountains and forest and ocean views and makes one feel as if one had "inherited the earth," although not deserving it, and leaves you humbly grateful.

TO MRS. R. C. C.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, Aug. 10, 1900.

. . . Yesterday I spent two hours with Mrs. Whitney, who has a house "set upon a hill," with all the kingdoms of the earth spread out at her feet, and enjoys it so keenly that it is delightful to see her. We talked a great deal about her girls, whose lives she watches and guides with such liberal care that they must profit by it. Then about the defects of Unitarian church services, and about Miss Perkins's appeal to the women who form the clubs of America to take hold of Civil Service. Did you see the abstract of her lecture in the "Herald" and the editorial last week? It fires me with hope to see such an appeal. I came home last evening to find a basket of flowers from Mrs. Dorr, long and deep and broad enough to hold a garden and all the glory of the summer sun was in it. Lilies and gillyflowers and sweet-peas and delicate sunflowers and unknown white stars, and all the evening they sat on the piazza in the moonlight and smiled at us.

TO MRS. W. W. VAUGHAN.

ON THE TRAIN FROM BAR HARBOR, Aug. 14, 1900.

Ellen darling, — I have finished my delightful ten days at Northeast and am going home very grateful

for them. I did not know, when I left home, that I was tired. I only felt like an old mummy and supposed that was the way I should always feel hereafter, but Northeast put the breath of life into me again and I begin to hear and see and even think and speak without difficulty. It is the worst part of sorrow, even a sorrow so filled with blessings as ours, that by the constant, though unconscious, sense of loss and change your very power of feeling is lessened, and you feel like a dried up old log not worth putting on the fire. Frances has given me just what I asked for and needed—a perfectly quiet visit without a “lunch” or a “tea.” She had to provide me with three solid meals a day, as I told her, but she provided me, too, with such an atmosphere of life and love that not only body but soul were rested and revived and reanimated, and I am going home at least twice the woman I went away. She managed, too, that I should see easily and quietly the people I cared to see; Mrs. Wister, Miss Irwin, Mrs. Henry Whitney, Mrs. Low, Sadie and Andrew, Mrs. Scull, and her own people, especially Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Parker, whose valiant self-control under their great loss and pain touches one to the heart and makes one long to make their days go faster, since time is the only medicine for their heartache. They do all that patience and effort can do and they live their faith that God is good, but the pain will not be quieted for many a long year, perhaps never, but it will diminish and take less of their strength.

TO MRS. HENRY PARKMAN.

BEVERLY FARMS, Aug. 15, 1900.

My dearest Frances,— Here I am a new creature in the old place, for I feel as if you had given me back something I had lost, and it is you, my precious, more than even the beautiful "Northeast" that has given it. I only hope I have not dragged the life out of you into myself, but I never in my life felt so great a gain from rest and change as I do now, and I know it is the breathing-in your atmosphere of love and peace and plenty that has so invigorated me. That sounds as if we passed our lives here in starving and quarrelling, which isn't exactly the fact, but new joys, new gifts, new beauties abound in each household, and yours is full of youth and hope and the "abundance of life," while ours has sobered and quieted with many years and we are reaping our harvest, and both are beautiful.

Elliot met me at the station at 10.30 last evening, and owing to the constant feeding on paté de foie gras I was neither tired nor hungry and I did not mind the journey at all, and feel as fresh as a morning-glory and look just like one.

All very well here, but no one so lively as your reanimated and most loving,

AUNT LIZZIE.

TO MRS. WM. AMORY.

BROOKLINE, Dec. 10, 1900.

My dear Louise,— I send you a whole library of books. There is no gospel in any of them, but they

all give valuable suggestions. The attitude towards the child is the important point in Froebel. Not to adore, not to indulge, but to study the character intelligently, as you would any other person and so escape the blindness of love. Self-control and obedience seem to me two of the best helps a child can have. Keep their unconsciousness above all and demand of them rather than give all to them. Praise and blame both tend to create self-consciousness, and correction can usually be given by an appeal to higher motives, which do not bring self to the surface.

Your darling is beautiful and strong by nature. She will be imperious, perhaps. Seek independence for her, but also consideration of other people's rights and needs, and make her your dear little servant instead of being hers. I think she has a strong will and a clear idea of what she wants, and you will need to use her will to control herself instead of controlling other people. A child's love for its father and mother is the beginning of its religious life, and must be strengthened by demanding daily sacrifices of the little will and the little selfish desires. You cannot begin too early, I truly believe. The first four years do a great deal. Above all keep her from the worship and the folly of servants, who undo all the time what we are trying to do.

Keep these books as long as you like. You can only read a little at a time of Froebel's "Education," and the last part you will hardly care for. This is a sermon, but you will forgive it from

Your loving,

ELIZABETH CABOT.

TO MRS. HENRY PARKMAN.

BROOKLINE, Saturday, Dec. 22, 1900.

Oh, My Darling, — That you should have to meet this * for Edith and Harry and yourself. How can it be? So much righteousness and nobility and sweetness and happiness gone from us. The world seems poor without him. Their two lives have been so beautiful, so bountiful, so inspiring, that it is like taking a star out of the sky to have them clouded.

Edith has always been an angel and now she will be a saint.

You will be everything to her, my precious. You will give her strength and love and support. I know it all. These are incoherent words, but I am useless and could not sleep all night. My dear love to Harry. Roger was like his brother. God help you all.

Your sorrowing,

AUNT LIZZIE.

TO LAURENCE MINOT.

CHRISTMAS, 1900.

Only once before, dear Laurence, did I ever see such exquisitely beautiful lilies of the valley and, as these, they made me feel as if angels were at hand. Thank you, dear, with all my heart. We miss you all the time, but I love to think of you giving wisdom and love to those dear children and making the empty places speak with voices that you can interpret as no

* The death of Ex-Governor Wolcott.

one else can. God bless your own heart as you bless others.

COUSIN LIZZIE.

TO MRS. WM. B. CABOT.

CHRISTMAS EVENING, 1900.

My dear Mrs. Cabot,—Your violets have been saying beautiful things to me all day and are still fresh and fragrant. They have been telling me of all your sweetness and courage, and of the victories you have won and the inspiration you are giving every day to children and friends and all whom you love. I love to listen to them and I wish you were here to hear all that I hear. You have met great fears and great blessings in the past year, and now I trust the New Year will bring you only joy and peace and happiness and we shall all rejoice with you. No one more than your loving friend,

ELIZABETH CABOT.

TO JOHN F. MOORS.

BROOKLINE, Thursday, Dec. 27, 1900.

The little pearl, dear John, suggests at once the grain of mustard-seed and you know what happened to that. The difference is that this is plucked from the great harvest of good gifts, more than can be named or numbered, which have already flowed into our lives from your dear life and heart—cheerful hours, gentle sympathy, unfailing affection, courage and faith and tenderness, each coming at our need, a mine

of wealth founded on eternal things and filled with eternal joys, for these things have no earthly end. My little pearl will be treasured and loved because it means all this besides its beautiful little self. Happy New Year, dear, and may the Public School Association continue its good work in your hands so that once more we may be proud of our city.

TO MRS. ROGER WOLCOTT.

BROOKLINE, Jan. 18, 1901.

My dearest Edith, — I cannot tell you the comfort your kind note brought me, for those weak, imperfect words of mine fell so far short of what I longed to say that I knew they were unworthy to be sent to you.

It seems to me I have lived at your side all these last weeks, for I have never felt any loss, out of my own household, as profoundly. You and Roger (may I call him so to you?) have always seemed to me the flower of our New England children, and your noble and beautiful lives have been one of the lovely realities that I have often turned to for refreshment and courage when I needed them. You kept the strength and elevation of our Puritan blood, and added to it the graces and charms of a gentler and less arduous experience, and we all rejoiced. It took me many days to see through the shadow of death the heavenly light that breaks to lead us on our darkened way.

You are more able to bear the burden of separation than most women, for you have always been ready to take the day as it came and to serve the Lord in sim-

plicity and with a thankful heart, grateful and humble under all your blessings, and ardent to perform whatever duties fell to your lot. With Roger by your side you welcomed every hour and were ready for its bidding.

Now, darling, you tread a solitary path, but I pray that you may feel that you still have his blessed presence near you.

Seven years ago I met with the greatest loss, but one, that can ever befall me. It came, after many years of preparation, when I walked with trembling steps, trying only to be faithful to the daily cares and to keep a cheerful life for the precious son, who, I knew, was dying by my side. I did not look forward, for I could not, but when the end came and the care that I loved ceased, I found that my darling had not left me, that his spirit was always at my side, strengthening, uplifting, loving, supporting me. It is so still, so that I sometimes think I live more with him than with any of my children. At first I thought I had no right to indulge the feeling (for there is no proof that those who have gone still are near us), but I have learned that it brings no weakness or superstition with it, and that it leads me to a higher, calmer, more "recollected," and braver life, and I cherish it now as one of my greatest blessings.

It taught me how much of our earthly life is eternal, if we can keep it so — that all love, all truth, all aspiration, all order, all progress, all beauty are eternal, and that, in so far as we can live in these, we are living with those who have entered the eternal life and may well feel near them. This spiritualizes

daily care and even our grief, filled as it is with love, gains peace and purity, and quiet comes into our troubled hearts. This not only brings those who have gone nearer to us, but brings us nearer to God and God nearer to us, and therein we may begin to reach the Christ-like life which is our goal. Do not think I speak as one who has attained, for I am only one of those who dimly sees the way and is far, far away from keeping the "narrow path" which leads to peace and the heavenly kingdom.

I rejoice to know that our precious Frances is at your side. Her sympathy never weakens, her insight gives light in the darkness, her tenderness brings comfort, her strength rest to the weary. Her great gifts are so controlled and mastered by her great power of loving that they bring treasures to the impoverished and suffering and make us able to live through the desolation. I know of what I speak, for Frances has, all unconsciously, been like an angel at my side for many years.

Now, dearest Edith, I have written this rapidly, just as I might have said it to you, just as I have thought it. It ought to be rewritten, but it is not worth it, so I send it in this imperfect shape, and you will forgive it, for it comes from the bottom of my heart and with all the love that you will take from

Yours always,

ELIZABETH CABOT.

P.S. Of course you will not answer this.

TO MRS. HENRY PARKMAN.

BROOKLINE, Jan. 19, 1901.

. . . I have wanted to come in to lunch with you every day this week, but I have stayed at home instead, and for the present I mean only to come in when something brings Elliot in and I never know now when that will be. He wouldn't admit that he feels his brother's death,* but he does, and I like to be with him as much as I can. I had the loveliest note from Edith about some Volunteer Aid resolutions, and yesterday I wrote her from the very bottom of my heart a long letter and an untidy one, but it wasn't worth rewriting, and if she says how horrid it was you needn't be surprised. I told her not to think of answering, but to send her love to me by you.

Good-by darling,

Always loving you,

E. C.

TO MRS. R. C. CABOT.

BROOKLINE, Feb. 14, 1901.

Dearest Ella, — I am delighted to have the Masque of Judgment from you and Richard, and your dear note is better than all books and all gifts. I am grateful for every year that is added to my life while I may share and enjoy my children's interests and the riches of this beautiful and wonderful world.

With dear love from,

MADRE E. C.

* Edward C. Cabot died Jan. 5, 1901.

TO MRS. C. M. C.

APRIL 4, 1901.

My Darling, — (For you are my darling.) Your note is the greatest comfort to me. I have wanted to write to you all the week, but I felt that my conduct was inexplicable even to myself, for what I said was exactly the opposite of what I felt and feel, and if dyspepsia will account for it, I am thankful.

All winter I have revelled in the feeling that you did love to come, and came because you loved to. Your generous sweetness has been the joy of our hearts, and every visit has made us both believe that we were your favorite companions. I haven't had a twinge of doubt or self-distrust. I have only thought that your Sundays were rather crowded, but when children are young and servants must be considered, there is no way of avoiding it. It was always so with me. Sunday is not a day of rest for young people if they do what needs and ought to be done.

Now I posed for the "neglected parent" when I spoke, but I meant it for a sort of joke. Having done more than I could ask, I wanted you to do more still, and I put it in the worst possible way, knowing what I meant myself and really not thinking, for a moment, how inevitable it was that you couldn't understand it and must think exactly as you did. Call it dyspepsia or whatever you can, only forget it, if you can, and I will try to remember it. What you are to remember is that you are a great part of the happiness of two happy old people's lives; that we love you better and better all the time; that you

have done more than any one else to help me through a pretty hard year (with a great many blessings in it), and that you said nothing Sunday evening that was not really deserved by my blundering ways.

I am very dyspeptic, but not at all discouraged, rather amused that everything I do for it is wrong.

With all the love that you will take. Always yours,

E. C.

TO JOHN F. MOORS.

BROOKLINE, April 10, 1901.

My dearest John,— No prayer, no poem was ever written that brought deeper joy or a more living consolation to a waiting heart than yours did to mine yesterday. I am always waiting and listening for a word from Ted. He is always with me, but he is often silent, watching, inspiring, expecting the noblest and best. But yesterday, as you say, was like a voice from the upper world (don't let us call it the other world).

If only you could know the joy you always bring with you here, it might help the "little blue" times which we all of us have. Just to have you in the house does us good, if you didn't speak or even laugh. I am so thankful you are going to begin again to speak your message, for I am sure you have one for us. When you are ready you *shall* dedicate it to him.

I must stop, dear, for "a meeting" hangs over my head this morning, but I am

Always yours,

ELIZABETH CABOT.

TO MRS. WM. AMORY.

BEVERLY FARMS, July 6, 1901.

. . . I could tell you all the reasons why we did not see each other last winter, if you did not know them as well as I, but there is one cause and one reason that never prevents either of us. It is never because we do not love each other and care for all that concerns each other as much as ever, but it is the law of life that we must do the same things at the same time if we are to meet, and that, at present, does not happen.

TO DR. AND MRS. R. C. C.

BEVERLY FARMS, MASS., July 8, 1901.

. . . Amy Folsom has gone to West Chop and Marian is still here. They are marvellous people and fill me with admiration. Their lives are so hampered with tedious physical limitations and perpetual cautions and interruptions, and yet their minds and hearts are so filled with great ideas and with patient activities, that they are lifted out of the penetrating weariness of details and live serene and gentle days and accomplish more than most strong and active people.

The minute consideration that their smallest plan involves would drive most people to despair, but they wade uncomplainingly through it and form a wise plan, and then, at the last moment, find it impossible and give it all up without a murmur. The combination of constant decisions and absolute uncertainty, which are both embodied in every hour of their lives,

is amazing when you look at their placid faces and hear their cheerful tales.

TO MRS. R. C. C.

BEVERLY FARMS, MASS., July 16 and 17, 1901.

. . . We are doing a good deal of music and at last, I believe, on the right principle of "ear-training." Miss Bosworth, the sister of the first Miss Bosworth, is here with the children, and she has learnt the ear-method. At this moment Marjorie is sounding the keynote of C major and Ethel the third, and Miss Bosworth the fifth, making a sweet chord, and I am revelling in the conviction that the little they are getting is genuine and fundamental. Ruth is studying French in the other room with her grandfather, and I believe I have missed my vocation in not opening a girls' boarding-school.

The reason of their indoor occupations is that this afternoon, after a great darkening thunderstorm, we are all kept in the house by a steady rain, delighting J. E. C.'s inmost soul.

This morning I went to Mrs. Morse's, carrying Ruth with me, to hear Jessie Morse sing. She gave us old English and Irish songs, and sang even better than usual. Miss Annette Rogers and Dr. Fisher and Miss Jackson came, three noble women, each bearing her own burden so magnificently that it seemed to me the angels sang as they came in. Annette is really blind, but her face has grown already sweeter and stronger than ever. Miss Jackson went from us to her at Magnolia and Dr. Fisher is living

with her, and both are giving their whole hearts to help her start, not on resignation and surrender, but on a new life with that "inward eye which is the bliss of solitude." They seemed to fill the room with inspiration and fortitude, and Jessie's music expressed all the love and sympathy that we could none of us speak. Oh, the music! the music! what should we do without it?

TO MRS. HENRY PARKMAN.

BEVERLY FARMS, July 18, 1901.

. . . Your dear note came yesterday and seemed to bring cool breezes with it. We are all well, in spite of the hot weather, and we have Ethel's three girls with us, which keeps us busy and happy. They are dear children and added to my Parkman darlings make me feel rich in new and dear friends. Every child is a new and delightful interest, full of hope and promise, and I watch and study them as I should a new language, for they each speak their own.

I hear that Mr. Henry Parkman, of 30 Commonwealth Ave., spent last Sunday at the "Thorndike Villa," on the North Shore. I don't believe it, because when I saw Mrs. J. Elliot Cabot, Sunday afternoon, she had not seen him, but it may mean that he is coming later. If you see Mr. Parkman don't mention it.

We have a delicious east wind this P.M. and I am sitting on the piazza breathing it in and loving you dearly.

To J. E. C.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, Tuesday, Aug. 6, 1901.

. . . Yesterday afternoon Frances took Miss Irwin and me to Jordan's Pond, which was more beautiful than ever. The "Bubbles" are absolutely individual, and I stayed with them long enough to get a fixed impression of them this time. They have built three or four sensible little arbors on the ground, where they give you a table and four chairs and serve you the best kind of toast and tea with jam. We are flesh-pots after all and a little carnal comfort works in admirably with fine scenery. I didn't take any tea, being too righteous, but had some ginger-ale, and tried to prefer it. Then we walked down to the shore, where two dear little girls playing in a boat gave us landscape figures, and a mohair sofa in the middle stages of decay brought us back to the meagre realities of Maine life.

While I write Frances begins to play, and all her strength and tenderness and insight speak right out through the music. You see things are wonderfully pleasant here, and I am only always wishing for you to have it, too.

To J. E. C.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, Aug. 9, 1901.

Dearest, — Your little note of Wednesday, with Beth's enclosed, arrived with perfect punctuality yesterday noon, to keep me happy. Only I want to know more things about you all, whether Annie

forgets all the spoons and forks or only a part of them, whether you get a drive and Ella a bath when you want them. I have a vision of Annie flourishing wildly and aimlessly in and out of the pantry door, and of Franklin entertaining his adoring family on the back piazza with no one to interrupt him. All this does not interfere with my health or happiness in this dear place, for I never felt its gifts and graces more. Yesterday Ellen and I announced that we should do nothing and go nowhere and settled ourselves on the piazza in the sunlight, each clasping a novel. There we sat all the morning, but we read little, as we found it necessary from time to time to take up the "topics of the day," and we found many of them at hand, both public and private.

To J. E. C.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, Friday, Aug. 10, 1901.

. . . All goes well here and more than well. This household is pitched on a higher key than most others, and goes at a faster though most reasonable pace. In most houses there are long pauses of dulness or vacancy, but here everything goes stepping on gaily and every one seems to arrive at their destination joyfully. I think it is the Southern climate that is so refreshing, more fun and foolishness playing about with the serious than with us.

To J. E. C.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, ME., Aug. 11, 1901.

Dearest, — Such a beautiful package of letters came yesterday, yours and Ella's and Richard's, that I felt for half an hour as if I had been at home, and home seemed so well and happy that I had nothing to ask. We have had plenty of rain here, too, with sunshine in between, so that every one is happy and the "social functions" prosper. Yesterday I spent the morning with E—— P—— and C——, and walked home to my great satisfaction in the cool damp air, and in the afternoon declined all companions and all "teas" and started all-my-lone to find what I wanted, a quiet walk and some flowers. I had a beautiful time strolling about in the woody paths and going to both nurseries, and finding at last some exquisite white lilies to leave at Edith's door. Edith is hard to find at home, for her plan is to live out-of-doors. She takes long walks of two and three hours, usually alone, and has a sail-boat where she often passes the entire morning and sometimes the afternoon, too, and I wish you could see the heavenly peace of her face. It is truly purified by suffering, for the suffering leaves its mark. Harry and Frances and Ellen and William, I think, see her every day and know all about her, just as friends and neighbors should, but she lives her own life and takes her own way so gently and silently and cheerfully that you feel as if you were in the presence of an angel serving the Lord.

We had a tragic period here yesterday when Sam's dog disappeared for the night and the morning and

left the family mourning and agitated. He is a puppy under discipline, and is not supposed to leave home without permission and without attendance, but he does it freely and agonizes his master. Also he declines sitting in the proper chair and doing many other important acts, so that three members of the family often rush simultaneously from the breakfast table with shrieks of "Prince, Prince," and return with him deeply mortified, covered with confusion and apologies.

To J. E. C.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, ME., Aug. 13, 1901.

Dearest,—How I wish you could have lived through yesterday with me, for it seemed as if I passed it in the inner chambers of human experience. First came P—— E——, so gentle, so timid, so faltering, but so loving [and] unselfish that, as she talked of all she was going through, the Christ-like soul shone out in her humility and the dawning courage that is coming to her through her simple faith in the perfect will of God. It is hard, at sixty, to begin to stand on your own feet, to trust your own judgment, to make your own blunders, and still believe that the Lord made you and that you are good for something. E—— is learning, and begins to see that though she cannot live in M——'s way she can live and find her own. I never saw a stronger proof that it is a mistake to shelter anybody from meeting their own experience in their own imperfect way, no matter how much better you could do it for them. Then we

went to lunch with G—— L——, who has at last conquered her overwhelming desire to be the general-in-chief of the universe, has regained her health, and is devoting her intelligence and her strength to her five children, who are just at the time when it is like being president of a republic to guide them wisely, and keeping in her heart all the great public interests and ready with sympathy and bright ideas; shutting no doors, but living now in the central duties of the hour and limiting her work to her strength. We talked of Booker Washington, of Tuskegee, of Bryn Mawr, and college life for girls, and her ability and grasp were as interesting as ever. They are in the midst of preparations for the wedding, and so Mary came just as sweet and joyful as a child should be, showing me her engagement ring and then bringing me Dr. F——'s photographs, with such a dear young earnest face and telling me what his profession meant to him so simply and so hopefully that it was like being in a spiritual flower-garden just coming into bloom. It seems that Dr. F—— is a very hard-working, high-minded young surgeon in the church, as they call it for their comfort, but not in its narrow trammels, and I should think the dear child in her simple gayety and innocence was going into the shelter of a strong, good man, with a life full of purpose and unselfishness. Two years ago I saw her full of little vanities and self-consciousness, but they have fallen off in the coming of something deeper, and so it was lovely to see. I left this to go for Edith Wolcott for a drive just by ourselves. Oh, if any words were made that could express the two hours I had with her! Her

absolute, unquestioning surrender of all that is most perfect and beautiful in human life, her invincible belief in the wisdom and love of God, her appreciation of her children and the thousand blessings that remain, her steadfast cheerfulness and her humble and resolute determination to hold fast to her highest ideal, all so deeply knitted into her love for her husband that being with her is being with him, too. The two lives, one beginning in joy and love and hope, the other bearing the cross of solitude and deprivation with such unfeigned faith and such heaven-sent courage, stood up before me and made the day never to be forgotten. I am almost afraid to send this for fear you should think I had lost my mind in my enthusiasm, but I really haven't and am only thankful to have been allowed to live among such realities for my illumination.

To R. C. C.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, ME., Aug. 14, 1901.

. . . Phillips Brooks's sermon your father wrote about, as he did about Stockton (which you must have discovered for him). He was greatly interested in the sermon and I long to see it. It seems to me that the revelations of truth come to us through experience and growth. These processes reveal to us the sins and the ignorances which blind us to the truth. It is not always sin which stands in our way, unless dense stupidity is sin. We learn a little something which we may call knowledge, and by using it

to make our blunders we often arrive at truth. We stand perplexed before some difficulty and live patiently in its grasp, and some day the solution comes to us like a flash, and I believe that is unconscious growth. You must have felt that in music, how an incomprehensible passage becomes suddenly clear, without conscious effort — that seems to me growth. Perhaps some sins have dropped away from us in this growth; some prejudices overcome; some bad temper conquered; some bad habit improved, and left our inward eye clear to see the blessed truth, but it has not been through conscious struggle with conscious sin. This is probably quite beside the mark and useless, but I send it just because I love you.

To J. E. C.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, ME., Aug. 15, 1901.

. . . My day here as usual was full of pleasant things, though at present fogs hang thick over the glories of the island, and Sam having a touch of bronchitis has to keep out of them, thereby seizing the opportunity to be a saint.

We went to a little concert where we heard a sweet-voiced girl and an able but somewhat loud-voiced man sing. I didn't care much for anything but three Folk Songs, which seemed more like cries out of the heart of the poor and the sad and the gay than like songs, and went straight to my heart like Millet's pictures. . . .

TO MRS. R. C. C.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, ME., Aug. 15, 1901.

Dearest Ella, — Your lovely note was like a strain of music, filled with home voices, and brought me Elliot and Marjorie and all the rest so delightfully that like music it said all the unspoken words that are needed to bring completeness. It is delightful that you are going on with Marjorie's music, for I was sorry to have it broken up even for a time, as I have great faith in continuity for children, until the seal has really made its mark, and after that a pause is good; she was not quite ready for the pause. It also consoles me that she is what you call "good," when my awful presence is removed, for I feared it was the weight of seventy years that subdued her and that I do not like. I only hope Ethel will not find that the long quietness of being with "grown-ups" has taken away some of the ardor and energy that are so charming. I think they are only lying-in-wait and will spring forth when the cage doors are thrown open again.

TO MRS. W. W. VAUGHAN.

BEVERLY FARMS, MASS., Aug. 20, 1901.

My Ellen darling, — After a long night's sleep I have a more vivid sense than ever of the blessed fortnight with you at Northeast. I feel so well, so wide-awake and so happy that it seems as if all "tears were wiped away" and the sun of life shone out more beautifully than ever. I talk so fast about you all that at intervals the family probably think I

have become insane, but they show only a lively interest in all my anecdotes and descriptive periods. Then I have private interviews with Elliot, when I reveal to him all my inner secrets and he enters into all my private researches and makes me very happy.

TO MRS. C. M. C.

BEVERLY FARMS, MASS., Aug. 21, 1901.

My Dearest Bessie, — "James Elliot" is the joy of our lives. He did not arrive till 4 P.M. on Monday, and we were just walking down the avenue as he came up. He had caught up with Franklin, who was driving up, and had seated himself on the front seat and had full charge of the horse. He stopped politely and offered us seats, at the back, with a courteous wave of his hand, but we declined and he moved on. Since then he has taken his place in the household, with his usual dignified calm, and we feel the repose of his presence hour by hour. Yesterday we went to see Aunt Lillie, and the conversation naturally turned on James Elliot, and she said, "Oh, he is a remarkable child. I have always thought so." So you see I am not the partial grandmother, but the discriminating observer. He is perfectly well, and has just gone down to see his Aunt Sadie and Aunt Lizzie and Aunt Sue. Sarah came up yesterday and was even more delightful than usual. We talked almost without interruption about Nancy and James Elliot, and had a first-rate season of sympathy — no differences of opinion. The only news here is that I have returned to Beverly Farms. I left "North-

east" with a grateful heart, for nothing could have been more delightful than the days I spent there, and I feel distinctly stronger for the change and better in every way.

Please have as fine a holiday as I have had. I can't wish you anything better.

TO J. F. MOORS.

BEVERLY FARMS, MASS., Sept. 7, 1901.

. . . What an appalling list of losses this week has brought, and to-day the attack on the President * fills one with horror. How his courage and his tenderness shine out at the crucial moment! I hope there is a good chance of his recovery, but what possibility is there of reaching this crime of anarchy cloaked as patriotism? You can kill this man, but the heart of the crime cannot be reached by any punishment any more than the lying boy can be cured by a whipping. We need a good deal more wisdom than we are likely to have to deal with it.

We have had a very happy and restful summer, illuminated by children and grandchildren, and shall soon be in Brookline again with our summer faces on.

Always affectionately yours,

ELIZABETH CABOT.

* McKinley.

TO MRS. HENRY PARKMAN.

BEVERLY FARMS, Sept. 17, 1901.

My dearest Frances, — It was a blessed comfort to see your dear handwriting this morning and read your precious words. The week has been so inexpressibly solemn and pathetic that we need to draw near first to God and next to our dearest ones, and feel the love that rules the world and makes life beautiful in spite of crime and suffering and death. How grandly the country has taken this shock! How much you feel the strength and the calmness of the nation in the midst of its tenderness and sorrow! McKinley himself set the standard by his own heroic and dignified behavior, and the country has responded. Still the oppression of such an awful deed remains; the power of evil even in this country of freedom and law is appalling, and every one feels the weight. Roosevelt has shown himself manly, respectful, and tender, and all that he has done has been well done. We liked his proclamation very much and are glad that he appointed a day of mourning immediately, while the people are full of real emotion and need legitimate expression.

We have had a series of private shocks here for the last two weeks in George Nickerson's, Frederick Warren's, Lillie Codman's, and Mrs. Charles Paine's deaths, and we need to take into our inmost lives what we believe, that death is only one step in life, but how difficult for those who are in the anguish of separation.

I still miss my morning visit to you and wish

I could always begin the day with a sight of you.

Most lovingly,
AUNT LIZZIE.

To J. E. C.

PLAZA HOTEL, NEW YORK, Oct. 16, 1901.

Dearest, — Here we are in the vortex, but this evening snatching a few moments repose in the "Ladies' Parlor" for domestic life. No one passes the evening in a New York hotel apparently, and we have found it very difficult to find "a place to sit down" in the midst of all this gorgeousness. You will say "What is the matter with your bedroom?" I'll just tell you, you really can't do anything there but wash yourself and go to bed, and those things pall somewhat for evening entertainments. We each have an electric chandelier at least eight feet from the ground, and no ladder convenient to reach it or to sit on to read. No candles or other alleviations. Two gorgeous ladies' parlors downstairs are furnished with tapestry covered furniture and velvet carpets and white grand pianos, but the only lights are chandeliers, closely attached to the ceilings, and again no ladders to reach them, so we have taken refuge in a humble reception room by the entrance, where the door is guarded by a black waiter, who paces the entry like a sentinel, and all kinds of ghastly pictures of sheep and row-boats and various kinds of shipping glare at you from the walls, and a large lamp heavily draped with green and white

muslin presides over a vast polished surface of mahogany, which Ella and I are defiling with writing upon it. If I raise my eyes I see a full length figure of myself gazing stupidly at me from a mirror, and feel that I am truly becoming acquainted with American home life.

In spite of these home attractions, however, we managed to arrive at the Horace Mann School at 10.30 A.M., where Mr. Dutton received us most cordially, and showed us the whole institution himself. Ella went back at one o'clock to meet Richard, who went home at three, and I stayed till four, and then came back and we took a hansom and drove in the park and then on the Riverside Drive. The weather is perfect, milder than with us, so that the open cars are still in use and perfectly comfortable. We dined last evening at Mrs. Creighton's little apartment.

After dinner we went down by cars to the Manhattan Theatre to see Mrs. Fiske and were well repaid. She has a charming little theatre, managed by her husband and herself, and her acting is the best I have seen for a long time. She has a delightful voice, which she uses to perfection, and, though her part was extremely high wrought, there was never a moment's ranting, but such restraint that it intensified your sympathy for her in a really human way. The play was extraordinarily varied in scenery. It began in a London drawing-room, then removed to our dear Ronda in Spain, then fled to South Africa, and ended in Tangiers.

TO MRS. T. H. C.

BROOKLINE, Oct. 22, 1901.

. . . At this moment Bessie is on the "war-path" for a second girl, but she gets so much fun out of it for all concerned that we begin to think it a desirable occupation. Nancy is becoming a scholar and a young lady rapidly; she goes into town three times a week and knows so much that Elliot is the only one who can cope with her at all in conversation. At the same time when she is dressed for dinner in her smocked white dress she looks like a pearl of great price as much as ever. James Elliot stumps round in a blue dress, a scarlet jacket, and a white hat, with black leggings and black mittens, and is a trifle more fascinating than the other members of his family. What will become of us when they all go to town I leave you to conjecture. Ella and I went on to New York last week as we planned. Leaving here Tuesday A.M. and returning Friday P.M. gave us nearly three days there, and we had a royal time. We steeped ourselves in schools in the mornings, and in the afternoons drove on the Riverside Drive, went to the Art Museum, and one evening to the theatre. We stayed at the Plaza Hotel on 59th St., where in the midst of a great deal of grandeur you still can be quiet and comfortable, and the situation is close to Central Park and not very far from anything. I never enjoyed any pictures more than those in the Marquand collection there. There is not one ordinary picture; every one is interesting, and most of them are rare and beautiful. It is practically a collection

of the Old Masters — Titian, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Velasquez, Sir Joshua, Constable, all shine out there in splendid specimens, and it is refreshing beyond words. In another room is the finest Turner I have ever seen, and I have seen almost all the English collections. This is the "Grand Canal," Venice, and it is literally like being transported there.

We are still having the most gorgeous weather, day after day of sunshine and stillness. The two maples in front of the house and the oak in front of the piazza are all bright gold, and shed the most glorious golden light into the house morning and afternoon. Good-by now, dear children. Don't write a word more than you feel like doing. A postal each week is enough to keep us happy, and I don't want you to be a good correspondent.

TO MRS. C. M. C.

BROOKLINE, Nov. 9, 1901.

My dearest Bessie, — You can't be told what comfort and happiness that blessed note of yours has given us. That you and Charlie, who are as true as the stars, can really think that you could happily pass a winter with us throws a new and beautiful light on our lives, for if you hadn't been so good as to say it we never could have believed it, but now we do, and we shall keep it safely put away as a delightful new truth. Not that we should for one moment think of letting you do it, for it wouldn't be good for any of you and therefore it wouldn't be good for us. Your Boston winter enriches all our lives, for you are

always giving us something from it, and your home is almost a part of ours, so absolutely have you made us welcome and at ease there. When we need you, as perhaps we shall some day, we shall know that you will come gladly instead of willingly, and we shall lay our burdens gratefully on your shoulders. In the meanwhile we rejoice in your independent lives, and watch you and your darlings "working out your own salvation" with unmixed satisfaction and profound interest, and our afternoons with you are treasures in our week. So, darling, let us all be thankful that, year by year, we love each other better and live nearer to each other, and bless God for such inestimable happiness.

Elliot backs up all these sentiments thoroughly, and we are both

Your most loving father and mother, in love.

TO MISS ELLEN CHASE.

Nov. 11, 1901.

Ellen dear, — The violets are beautiful and sweet, but sweeter and more beautiful is your tender and constant memory.

Your loving,

E. C.

TO MRS. T. H. C.

BROOKLINE, Nov. 14, 1901.

. . . The other startling event in the household is that I have acquired a pianola. I can hear Han-

dasyd groan, but Elliot and I are very happy with it. It is capable of musical playing and I shall get a lot of fun out of it. I have been starving for music and music right here in the house, and now that they have arranged really fine music for it I can bring back to myself and to Elliot some of the things we love best, and which I was losing out of my head and my heart. It is easily moved from the piano and replaced, so when you come home it can go to the attic if you want to have it, but I think you will play on it yourself.

To J. E. C.

AUBURN, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1901.

. . . Here we are, dearest, installed in all the luxury of Mr. Osborne's house. At the station a nice boy met us and said that Mr. Osborne was not quite well, but had sent a carriage and hoped we would breakfast with him. We drove for fifteen minutes through the city and up a beautiful broad street, with detached houses looking large and comfortable on each side, and near the end stopped at the pleasantest looking of all, and Mr. Osborne met us at the door looking quite well and as young and handsome as ever. Now it is ten o'clock and we have had a long talk about the Republic, hearing many interesting stories about the boys, of course. It seems that the boy who met us at the station is a Republic boy, and Mr. Osborne is trying him in his own house to see what he amounts to. Here I find established as housekeeper a Miss Jocelyn who I knew years ago at

Chicopee, and she welcomed me as an old friend. The house is full of beautiful photographs and books, and has altogether the air of cultivation as well as the greatest comfort. Two of the boys are at the Milton Academy, so we have had a good talk about that and I find that he is very well satisfied with it.

TO MISS LORING.*

BROOKLINE, NOV. 25, 1901.†

. . . Phil asked me to go with him to see a Reform School in western New York, and though weather was dreadful and time inconvenient, I would not lose the chance of two days with him, as well as seeing the school. It is so hard to see these busy boys in an intimate way that I seize every chance. They come and go for little visits at home, and we see each other with the household sitting about, and I often find it difficult to get a good long inside talk.

So this little journey gave us three days "alone together" and I had a most satisfying time with him, and am sure now that I understand just where he stands and am very happy about him. He is a fine fellow and as lovely to me as it is possible to be.

* In Florence, Italy.

† Her death occurred Dec. 12, 1901.

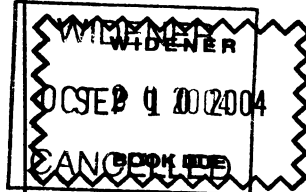


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